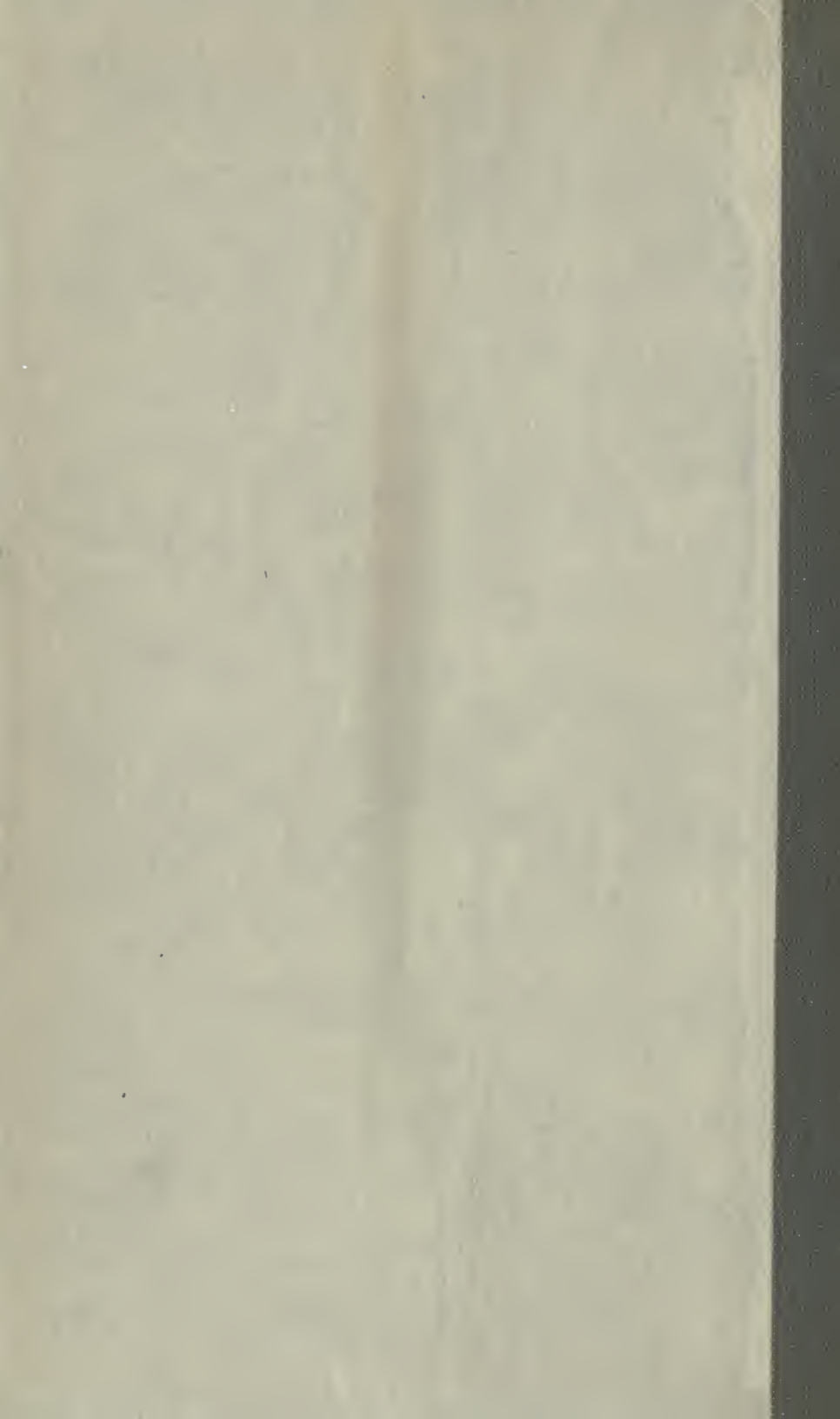




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I

TO THE  
FOUR CORNERS







I JOIN THE TURKS DURING THE BALKAN WAR. "AT CHORLU WE WERE PERMITTED TO DETRAIN AND TAKE TO OUR HORSES." (See page 140.)

TP  
G

By Bernard Grant

*To the  
Four Corners*

THE MEMOIRS  
OF A NEWS  
PHOTOGRAPHER

*With a foreword by  
SIR PHILIP GIBBS  
and 80 illustrations*

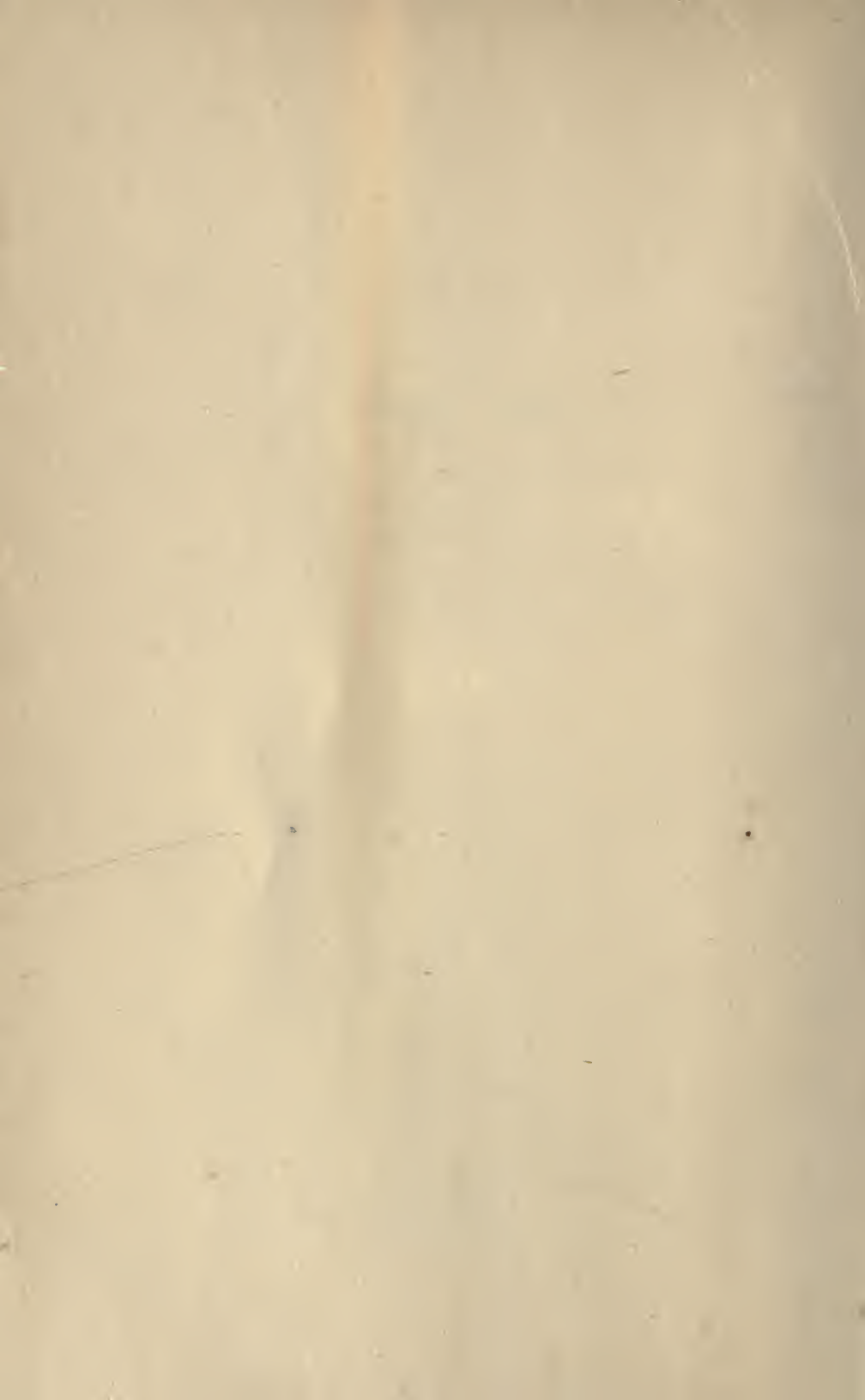
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*To*  
MY WIFE



## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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*The writing of this book has been made possible by the kindness of the proprietors of the "Daily Mirror" and the "Sunday Pictorial" in permitting me to use material obtained while in their service.*

*To my friend Leslie Sheridan I owe a debt of gratitude for his kindly criticism and advice.*

B. G.



## FOREWORD

THIS book reveals in a most entertaining way, as I am sure all its readers will acknowledge, the professional experiences of that modern type of adventurer, the Press photographer.

So far, as a type, he has not been given the credit due to him for his extraordinary service to the public, strangely incurious of the way in which the pictures which record every incident of the drama of our times in all parts of the world, in war and peace, are produced by the man behind the camera. He must have been there, very close, at the very tick of time, when some sensational episode of history was for a moment enacted, or when some famous figure passed.

Now and again to get some picture of riot or revolution, fire, or shipwreck, or earthquake, he must have taken great risks. His pitch is only a few yards away from the heart of danger. Time does not stand still for him nor pageantry pause while he adjusts his camera.

How does he get the front place always when these things happen? By what magic does he get his pictures to his newspaper from far places so that his million-eyed public may see the events of yesterday on the morning's breakfast-table?

People are apt to accept all that without question or curiosity, yet I believe they will be vastly interested to read in this book how such things are done, and

by what ardour, and adventure, and audacity, these pictures are procured.

The Press photographer has not found his way as far as I know, into modern fiction as a new type of D'Artagnan, or even as worthy to rank in romantic quality with the special correspondent in the Street of Adventure. John Galsworthy, in one of his plays, astonished his audience by taking such a man for his hero, but apart from that the man with the camera has been very much neglected in contemporary literature, even of the Edgar Wallace style.

And yet a man like Cherry Kearton, who has stalked wild beasts to their lairs and revealed the secrets of the jungle at close range, is well worthy of hero-worship.

During the World War the Press photographer was a marvellous fellow whose heroism has not been sufficiently acknowledged. I think Providence gave him special protection, unless he had a secret gift of dodging high explosives, but certainly courage never failed him and he carried his camera into the front-line trenches and the most "unhealthy" places, risking his life for pictures which afterwards may have failed to pass the censor.

There is perhaps still a little prejudice against the Press photographer, not wholly unjustified, as I must admit, when he invades the privacy of life, waits for the unguarded moment at a public banquet, and snapshots his victims when they are most anxious to avoid publicity.

Some of us are still camera-shy, strange as it may seem in this age of self-advertisement, and I remember one man—he happened to be a king—who had a real hatred of Press photographers. This was Ferdinand of Bulgaria—old Fox Ferdinand—who was haunted by the

thought that he might be assassinated by some fellow using a camera to disguise a bomb.

During the Turkish-Bulgarian war he stopped to speak to me on a bridge over the Maritza river, and at that moment a photographer pointed a camera at him. King Ferdinand raised his stick with a threatening gesture as though about to strike him down, but I ventured to intervene and explained that it was a Press photographer who was only trying to do his professional duty and was quite harmless.

"Photography is not a profession," said the King. "It's a disease."

It is perhaps a passion, like art, and literature, and mountain-climbing, and Polar exploration, and other pursuits in which men will suffer many hardships, and put all their energy and endurance and spirit and purpose for something beyond financial reward. Like newspaper correspondents, of whom I was one, these Press photographers will travel hard, go without food and sleep, go to all lengths of ingenuity and craft, use all their qualities of character in order to get to a place where some historical act is happening and, if possible, beat all their rivals by a first record of it in the newspaper which they represent.

It is a young man's game. There is not much dignity in it sometimes. The reward is not always commensurate with the fatigue involved. But it is a game of backing one's own character and luck against the difficulties of an odd adventure and a race with time.

The brothers Grant have a remarkable family record. In their combined experiences there is hardly a chapter of history during the last quarter of a century which they have not helped to record by their cameras.

They have photographed kings and princes and heroes

and murderers. They have been photographers of war and revolution in many countries. They have been in the forefront of world pageantry, coronations, weddings, and Royal funerals. They have rushed to frightful disasters, and seen great tragedies near at hand.

With one of these brothers—Horace Grant—I had strange experiences in the Balkans when he and I, for instance, were arrested by hairy men with long bayonets in a Turkish farmhouse, and had other unpleasant moments at which we laughed quite a lot when they had passed.

The adventures of Horace will never be fully told because he is one of the “strong silent men” of his profession (though not without a gift of humour), but he has been a great wanderer in Queer Street, where sometimes he has had amazing encounters.

Newspaper photography in its presentation of contemporary events, apart from portraits and pictures of still life, is less than thirty years old. It was Harmsworth, afterwards Lord Northcliffe, who first developed its possibilities in recording news.

Years later than that, on the old *Daily Chronicle*, I edited a page which was still illustrated by artists with pen and pencil drawings, and it was one of my black days when these artists had to be told that their services were no longer required because photography was to be introduced.

But now I see that this was the inevitable form of progress. The photograph beats the artist’s drawing every time as an actual recorder of events. It may not be a work of art—sometimes it is—but it is the very image of the thing seen, and that is its immense value as an illustration of contemporary history.

This book by Mr. Bernard Grant is therefore more than a narrative of personal experience. It is to some extent the story of the last quarter of a century of camera history, and it reveals the life behind the scenes of Press photography which has become so much a part of life that the imagination of young minds will hardly understand a time when there was no such pictorial representation of daily life, and when the written word was the chief method of conveying a description of some historic scene.

In these few words I am glad to pay a tribute to a class of men who have added so much interest to life's peepshow, and who are the illustrators of its chronicles. Among them the brothers Grant have a very special and honourable place, as Bernard, who writes this book, has modestly revealed.

PHILIP GIBBS.



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## INTRODUCTION

THERE are few more varied occupations than that of the photographer employed by an enterprising newspaper ; his life is full of strange adventure and change.

Wherever the interest of the world is centred, there, too, is the interest of the newspaper man ; journalists and news photographers are the ears and eyes of the people, and they will be found wherever things are happening.

Sometimes the work is thrilling, often more so than the pictures one obtains, and sometimes a mere page of illustrations may represent a month of adventure.

My twenty-seven years on the staff of the *Daily Mirror* have made me an eyewitness of many of the most remarkable spectacles of the century : the Sidney Street siege, the Messina earthquake, the amazing Derby of 1913, the Suffragette campaign, wars, revolutions, and many other events that will live in history.

It has taken me on tours through the Empire with our Royal Ambassadors, the Prince of Wales and his brothers, and it has brought me into contact with many of the most interesting people of our age : Marshall Hall, the superb advocate ; Erskine Childers, the man of mystery ; and Trebitsch Lincoln, the spy turned monk ; and with pioneer airmen, explorers, famous detectives, and murderers.

It has enabled me to travel over the greater part of the world by almost every conceivable method of transport : in luxury liners and tramp steamers ; in a

submarine and in a Zeppelin ; in racing cars and in rickshaws ; on horses, bicycles, and a camel.

And it cannot be said that my lot has been exceptional. Two of my brothers have been on the *Daily Mirror* as long as I, and each has had similar adventures in as many strange places. Many news photographers have had equally vivid experiences.

It is in the belief that the story of these travels and unusual events may prove of interest that I have written this book.

# TO THE FOUR CORNERS

## CHAPTER I

### IN THE COURTS

Photography in the Courts of Justice—Forbidden in Britain, encouraged in America and France—Cameras invented to foil Police—Stirling divorce case and Lord Guthrie.

CRIME and law cases occupied a great deal of my time before the law was passed forbidding the taking of photographs in or near the Courts.

Unlike America, and many Continental countries, Britain has never actually permitted the use of cameras in her Courts. But while some of the Presidents strongly objected to photography and enforced their decisions in the matter, others obviously did not much mind, so long as there was not a parade of apparatus.

In France, it is not unusual for special lights to be erected to assist the camera-men to get pictures of the prisoners and witnesses ; and this was done at the trial of Landru, so that photographs could be taken of the scene during the passing of the death sentence.

He murdered ten of his numerous fiancées, and seemed proud of his achievement.

Americans, of course, have their own methods, and it is by no means unusual for the photographers to take charge of the proceedings, and with some such peremptory cry as, "Say, Judge, hold it!"—let off blinding flashlights.

In a murder trial in Detroit recently, when a juryman protested that flashlights had prevented his hearing the evidence, the Judge said: "Please be patient—the safety of the administration of criminal law is publicity"—and the photographers remained undisturbed.

Prominently displayed in all our Courts were large notices forbidding photography and sketching, but what—in the old days—made the warning rather feeble was the information on the same notice that offenders would merely be ejected. The obvious result was a battle of wits between Court officials and photographers.

Tiny cameras were made for Court work, and excellent results were obtained, particularly by men who specialized in their use.

All kinds of devices were tried, and one man had a bowler hat made from the inside of which a camera could be worked.

Through the hatband was a hole for the lens, and this was covered by a second band which could be removed when necessary. His scheme was to place the hat on a desk, or ledge, and to take his pictures in complete safety. Fate decreed otherwise.

He tried it out at a police-court, and, having selected a good position near the witness-box, began to fiddle with the hat. Little difficulties arose, the slide would not draw easily, the lens slipped out of the hole, and so interested did he become in the adjustments that he did not for some moments realize that almost every eye in Court was focused upon the mysterious bowler.

The swift descent of a large blue-clad arm ended the episode. The grabbing of the hat left revealed, not the conjurer's rabbit, but the evil intentions of an innocent-looking man.

An even swifter fate overtook the photographers who had a false book made from which photographs could be taken.

It resembled a large family Bible which the inventor fondly hoped would be mistaken for a book of reference borne by a solicitor's clerk. It was not! He reached the door of a Court, where an inquisitive policeman rattled it—and there the matter ended!

I was, I think, the first man to be "arrested" for photographing in Court—during the Stirling divorce case in Edinburgh in 1909.

Just as I was furtively attempting to take a picture of the beautiful Mrs. Atherton in the witness-box, I was suddenly pounced upon by an usher and removed summarily to an inner room.

Later, during the luncheon interval, I was taken before Lord Guthrie, the President of the Court, in his private apartments; but the famous judge was so interested in the camera, a mere scrap of apparatus exhibited on the palm of the usher's hand, that the interview became a discussion upon its possibilities and photography in general.

Finally he asked me to send him copies of the pictures I had taken, and I returned to the Court happy in the knowledge that if I could work without being seen, no objection would be raised. I did not do very well, however, for I was rather over-anxious not to abuse his kindness.

## CHAPTER II

### I CHASE CRIPPEN, THE MURDERER

Dr. Crippen murders his wife—Flight—His mistress disguised as a boy—Dramatic radio message from S.S. *Montrose*—I follow fugitives to Canada—Chief Inspector Dew's war against newspaper men—Watch on the prison—A telephone message before dawn—The chase up the river—I am just in time—Prison quarters in the S.S. *Megantic*—Precautions against suicide.

THE murder of Belle Elmore, the music-hall artiste, by her husband, the quack-doctor Crippen, in the summer of 1910, was of such unusual interest that when the murderer took flight it fell to my lot to follow him to Canada.

The story possessed not only all the details common to crimes of passion, but many new features which gripped the imagination of the people in all parts of the world.

It was at 39, Hilldrop Crescent, Camden Town, that Crippen lived with his wife, and, it is said, timidly accepted the rôle of a henpecked husband.

Without doubt they were an ill-assorted pair, and it is perhaps not surprising if Belle Elmore, large, breezy, and virile, found her insignificant spouse, with his over-long frock coat, his weak, bulging eyes, and retiring manner, quite unsuited to her world, and an object of some exasperation.

Whatever may have been the inner workings of the mind of this man—whether he was prompted by the

love he held for Miss Ethel Le Neve, a girl less than half his age, or whether in a spirit of retaliation he hoped, by one swift act, to reach a happy issue from all his troubles—it is certain that he killed the unsuspecting actress by dosing her with hyoscine, and afterwards used his surgical skill to dismember the body.

Some time after he had performed this unusual feat I was spending an evening at the Palladium, when, during the interval between two turns, I was surprised to hear my name being called loudly by attendants in all parts of the house.

I soon learned why.

Hannen Swaffer, then art editor of the *Daily Mirror*, needed me urgently at the office. News had been received that Crippen and his girl companion, who had by then bolted from Camden Town, had been recognized in a ship bound for Canada. I was to dash off in pursuit.

A few hours of hectic preparation, and I was on the broad Atlantic, making for New York, for that was the quickest route to my destination—Quebec.

Crippen planned his crime and flight with great care, but he was not quite careful enough.

In the first place, he overlooked until too late that his wife was an active member of the Music Hall Ladies' Guild, and when he sent a letter of resignation from that Society on her behalf the officials did not believe it to be genuine.

When Miss Le Neve, now living with him as his mistress, appeared in public wearing some of Mrs. Crippen's jewellery, her friends felt that their suspicion of foul play had been confirmed. They knew Belle Elmore's love of finery, and that had she gone away, as Crippen said, she would have taken her trinkets with her.

They communicated with Scotland Yard, and Chief Inspector Dew, of the C.I.D., went to Hilldrop Crescent, where he made a complete, but fruitless, search of the house.

His departure might have lulled Crippen into a false sense of security; but, fearing further enquiries of his wife's friends, he was suddenly seized with panic.

As a result, he persuaded his companion to cut off her hair, dress her slim figure in the clothes of a boy, and join him in flight.

That was his fatal mistake. Through not parting, if only for a time, from the girl he loved, he rendered his chance of escape almost nil.

Their departure was soon discovered, and the police, on making a second search of the house, found buried under the floor of the coal-cellar remains of the missing woman wrapped in old pyjama jackets, once the property of Crippen. The head and some parts of the body were never found, it being supposed that the little doctor had disposed of them by chemical process. A scar on one of the limbs supplied the necessary proof of identity.

A hue and cry for the missing couple was raised, but nothing was heard of them for several days.

Then came the dramatic wireless message from Captain Kendall, of the S.S. *Montrose*, in mid-ocean, bound from Antwerp to Canada, informing Scotland Yard that he felt sure they were on his ship.

This message marked a new era in scientific development in crime detection, for it was the first occasion on which wireless was used to assist the police.

As it has so often done since, it had the effect of bringing a criminal to justice.

This was before the time of general passport examinations, and Crippen and his "boy" friend had no difficulty in leaving England. They made their way to Brussels, where they took up residence at the Hôtel des Ardennes, a small pension near the Gare du Nord, and made the following entries in the register :

John Robinson, merchant, age 55, born in Canada, *en route* from Vienna to Quebec ;

and

J. Robinson, son of the above, age 16.

They made themselves very popular with the proprietress of the hotel, who did not for a moment suspect that Crippen's companion was anything but a good-looking boy, and it was with much regret that she bade them farewell when they left for Antwerp to join their ship.

Travelling as father and son, the doctor and his ex-typist shared a cabin in the *Montrose*, and it was their room steward who, noticing certain peculiarities, reported his suspicions to the Captain.

That there was something unusual about the trim lad soon became evident, and it was noticed that on several occasions the father politely opened doors for his "son" to pass through before him.

They soon rectified this mistake, but it was too late. Unknown to them, the radio message had gone forth, and the murderer's fate was sealed.

Chief Inspector Dew, the one police officer who knew Crippen, left at once for Canada by a ship timed to reach there before the slow *Montrose*, and when that ship arrived at Father Point, at the mouth of the River St. Lawrence, the "pilot" who came up the rope-ladder,

wearing a borrowed uniform, was none other than the man from Scotland Yard.

He was expected, and, going to the top deck, he found Crippen on a seat chatting with the ship's doctor, and admiring the fine scenery of the land in which he hoped to make his future home.

"Arrest this man on a charge of wilful murder," came the voice of the gold-braided pilot, and that was Crippen's last moment of freedom.

Chief Inspector Dew's words were addressed to a Canadian detective named McCarthy, because, being in Canada, he could not himself make the arrest.

In Crippen's pocket was found a postcard bearing a message of love to his companion, and explaining that the strain had been so great that he intended jumping overboard that night.

Had he known of the radio message, he would probably have done so before; but without doubt the arrival of the police officer came to him as a terrible shock.

In the cabin they found Miss Le Neve, quite unprepared for the dramatic end to her voyage.

When arrested, she uttered no word, and the only sign of the emotion she felt was that she locked her hands behind her back, and for a moment became convulsed in muscular tension.

No announcement was made by Scotland Yard until it was too late for me to follow the suspects by the same ship as the detective, so I left for New York on the German liner *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, the next boat outward bound.

She was a fine vessel, and now lies at the bottom of the sea, sent there by British gun-fire while serving her country as an armed cruiser during the war.

On board I found my old friend Percival Phillips (now Sir Percival), then the special correspondent of the *Daily Express*, also bound for Canada on the Crippen story, and I was indeed happy to have as a companion one who is ever ready to help those less experienced than himself. In these days his articles from the remote corners of the earth are a feature of the *Daily Mail*.

It was a pleasant, uneventful voyage, and all too soon we arrived in New York.

A hustled tour of the great city, in which I had but time to gape in wonder at the skyscrapers, to visit Wall Street, to be dazzled by the lights and skysigns on Broadway, and to experience the fascination of a fashionable roof-garden, half-way to heaven, on a hot night, and I was on my way.

We had learned that Crippen was in gaol in Quebec, and, though I knew he must remain there for some time in accordance with Canadian extradition laws, I could not rest until I was on the spot.

Reaching picturesque Quebec, I at once called upon Chief Inspector Dew, and my hopes were dashed to the ground.

Not one word would he say on the subject of his prisoners, and he left no doubt in my mind as to his feelings towards all pressmen. War had been declared between himself and the American and Canadian newsmen, and that war was both bitter and personal.

In the ordinary way, I believe he was good-natured enough to have helped me if he could, for he knew the importance of success to a youngster so far from home; but he told me quite frankly that, even if he had anything to say, he would not take the risk of my passing on information to the enemy.

Without doubt the ill-feeling was largely a matter of misunderstanding, for on the other side of the Atlantic it is the custom for the officer in charge of a case to discuss it fully with the Press representatives, and, if there is a general request, to arrange for photographs of the suspects to be taken in the cells.

However undesirable this may be, Mr. Dew's denial that there was even a case to discuss annoyed the journalists, and most of the papers published outspoken comments upon him, statements about which the famous detective had grave cause for complaint.

Within a few hours of my arrival in Quebec I had met the men who had so upset the Chief Inspector, and no stranger could have wished for a more hearty welcome to a strange land. They proved to be trusty and pleasant companions, and I have particularly warm recollections of Spanyardt, of the *Montreal Star*, and W. Beazell, of the *New York World*.

Spanyardt, a fine journalist, also had a great reputation as an amateur detective, an exceptional ability which served me in good stead before I left for home.

Phillips had remained in New York for a few days, and when he joined us there was called a council of war of all newsmen interested in the case.

Finally it was agreed that we should divide up into pairs and watch those points of exit which the Inspector might use in attempting to spirit away his prisoners.

We felt sure he would not adopt the obvious course of putting them on a ship at Quebec, but we dared not ignore the possibility, and it fell to the lot of Phillips and myself to patrol all homeward-bound liners with our baggage on a cab in readiness to be rushed on board if necessary.

Other possibilities were that the prisoners might

be taken by train to Montreal, and there put on a liner, or that they might be removed by road to some other point. For these reasons we kept the trains and the prison on the Plains of Abraham under strict supervision by day and far into the night.

On the evening of August 19, Beazell and I took watch at the prison, and, although we stayed until nearly two in the morning, we saw nothing of interest save a glorious display of Northern Lights. The sky was brilliant with continuous flashings, like a display by searchlights of a great fleet at sea.

Returning to the Château Frontenac, the fine hotel in which I was staying, I had been in bed but a few minutes when I was out again with a bound—the telephone bell in my room was ringing.

"Spanyardt speaking," came a voice through the receiver. "Get busy, Grant; Dew cleared out half an hour ago, and has taken them in cabs to a point up the river! He's boarded a tug called the *Queen*, and is now making towards Montreal under full steam. The *Megantic* left there this morning, and he will stop her and tranship in mid-river. Tell Phillips!"—and he was gone.

From the first Spanyardt had adopted his own method of obtaining information, and, like the good fellow he was, had "shared" without a moment's delay.

As it proved, his message came only just in time, for had it arrived ten minutes later it would have been useless to me.

I glanced at my watch; it was just four o'clock; and, rushing into Phillips' room, I told him the news as I flung on some clothes.

From my point of view the situation seemed hopeless. Dew already had a long start and would almost

certainly have disposed of his prisoners before I could hire a tug and give chase.

I felt sure he would so arrange matters as to prevent me from obtaining pictures of the prisoners on the voyage home; and yet, for a moment, I was in doubt whether to add to my heavy list of expenses by a futile run up the St. Lawrence.

It is so easy to give in at four o'clock in the morning. Should I merely book a passage in the *Megantic* and take my chance of being able to get photographs on the way home?

I had nearly decided upon this forlorn hope, when in a flash there came to me a silent message from my editor, 3,000 miles away. "Never forget," he had said in giving me advice years before, "it is better to do wrong than to do nothing!" and at that moment I remembered his words.

I was in doubt no longer, and the next minute, in the darkness before the dawn, I was dashing to the quay, finishing dressing as I ran.

There is one thing I like about men associated with ships and the sea—they are always awake.

Breathlessly I asked the first man I saw whether he knew of a boat faster than the *Queen*.

"Why, sure! The *Martha* there could give her five knots!" and he pointed to a trim little craft with steam up.

Joe, the skipper, was called, and the negotiations were so swift and to the point that within five minutes we were under way, carrying one extra hand, a youthful idler, to assist in stoking.

Joe's pride in his ship was very real.

The captain of the *Queen* was an old friend for whom he felt much sympathy that he should have been born to command so inferior a craft.

"I'll show him!" said Joe, spitting a pellet of chewing-gum over the side with the efficiency of long practice; and, having swung his tug into the open river, he banged over the engine-room lever to "Full speed ahead". The chase had begun.

Phillips had decided not to join me; he did not need photographs, and I could give him all news of the transshipment if I arrived in time; so it was agreed that he should book passages in the *Megantic* for us both, and meet the ship when she came to the landing-stage.

I hoped she would stay there long enough for me to return in my tug and join her. If she did not, I was indeed in trouble.

After more than two hours' hard steaming there came a cry from our deckhand in the bows.

"*Queen* ahead, sir!" he yelled; and, sure enough, near the vanishing-point of a long stretch of river I could see a craft, looking no bigger than a rowing-boat, with a smoking funnel.

"Pile it on, Jock!" shouted Joe down the tube to the engine-room. "Don't let that cranky tub lick us!" And the trusty *Martha* was soon churning forward at her best possible speed.

There was now considerable excitement on board, for I had promised heavy reward for success, and it seems Chief Inspector Dew had "insulted" the *Martha* by choosing the *Queen*.

At first he had intended to take the faster boat, but had finally changed his mind in favour of the one with two cabins—one for Crippen, and the other for Miss Le Neve.

The people in the police boat did not at once recognize us as an enemy, for when we first saw them they were steaming at half-speed, and it was some

time before they suddenly went full out in an effort to escape.

Obviously the *Martha* was the faster craft, for the other appeared to grow bigger every minute, and for the first time I began to feel confident of success.

When she was still a long way ahead the *Queen* suddenly altered course, taking a wide sweep towards the left bank; and Joe supplied the interesting information that "her steering had bust", and that she was going aground.

I must confess to thrills of joy at the thought of the pictures I would get during our work of rescue; but Joe was wrong. A moment later the boat had completed her turn and was now steaming slowly towards us.

The mystery of this manœuvre was soon solved, for as we got nearer we saw, looming out of the morning mist, the great liner *Megantic* on her way downstream.

Soon the *Queen* went alongside, and while the business of tying up and placing a gangway was being carried out I had time to have my boat brought so close in that she was touching both the ship and the tug.

Standing on the roof of the wheel-house, I awaited events; but not for long!

Chief Inspector Dew took a quick look at me, and, as he told me afterwards, was relieved to find that I was neither American nor Canadian. Nevertheless, it came as a shock to find that his deep-laid schemes for secrecy had failed, and I knew he was most anxious to discover where the "leak" had occurred.

Having dived into the deck cabin, he reappeared almost at once with Miss Le Neve, who was wearing a thick veil attached to her hat, and muffled in a big coat.



MISS ETHEL LE NEVE, CRIPPEN'S COMPANION IN FLIGHT, WEARING  
HER DISGUISE. *Inset*, MRS. CORA CRIPPEN, THE VICTIM.



CRIPPEN BOARDING THE S.S. "MEGANTIC" FROM THE TUG "QUEEN". SERGEANT MITCHELL LEADS, AND THE PRISONER IS CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY CHIEF INSPECTOR DEW. (See page 43.)

She was closely followed by two wardresses, who had recently arrived from London. They hustled her across the connecting gangway, and in a moment she disappeared through a doorway which had been opened in the side of the ship, not, however, before I had obtained my picture of the unusual scene.

Next came Crippen, led by Sergeant Mitchell, an English detective, who came out to assist in bringing home the fugitives, with the Chief in close attendance.

The prisoner had loosely thrown over his shoulders an overcoat, which he held in position in front with his manacled hands, and his hat had been pulled down so far over his eyes that he could not see where he was going.

As a result, he walked into a stay-rope which threw him backwards into the arms of the Inspector. He lost his balance for a moment, but in the next was being guided under the rope into his floating prison.

When the police and their prisoners had entered the ship the steel door was slammed to with a loud clang, which must have struck a chill to the heart of the man whose days were numbered.

In sharp contrast were my own feelings. I simply glowed with satisfaction at my unexpected success, and I settled down to enjoy the voyage back in the craft that had served me so well.

The photographs were not quite what I wished to obtain, but nevertheless they were the first taken of the couple since the murder, and they certainly illustrated a somewhat dramatic incident in the case.

Not for a moment did I consider whether those accused of murder and other crimes should or should not be photographed while in custody. Some people, I knew, thought it an injustice so indelibly to associate

a person with a crime before a verdict of guilty had been given; but questions of that kind left me undisturbed. The sun was shining, and I felt very pleased with myself.

But pride goeth before a fall, and I came very near to failure after all.

Owing to congestion at the landing-stage at Quebec, Joe moored the *Martha* alongside a coal-lighter, so that I might land without delay.

Hurriedly jumping on to the deck of the coal boat, I stepped on to an improperly fitted hatch-cover. In an instant the sun was blotted out, and I found myself falling into a well of utter darkness. I landed on a heap of coals in the bowels of the ship, and lay there dazed. I could see nothing but a slit of light from the hatch, over which the cover had again almost closed after my entry, and I dared not move for fear of stepping on my camera and slides, which were scattered in all directions.

At last a man with a lamp appeared, and I discovered that I was not a hospital case. Together we collected the bits and pieces of the broken camera and fittings. My heart sank—some of the plates were shattered into a thousand splinters, and for the moment I could not tell whether they were the ones I had exposed, which I prized so highly.

As it proved, it was my lucky day. By almost unbelievable good fortune, only the unexposed plates were damaged, and once again I had cause for elation.

Joining Phillips, I had but time to inspect our quarters and bid farewell to our many friends before the liner swung slowly into mid-stream and began her voyage to Liverpool.

On board there were six hundred and twenty officers

and men of the Queen's Own Rifles, a Canadian Volunteer regiment under the command of Sir Henry Pellatt, who for patriotic reasons was bringing them to England at his own expense. I could not help wondering what must be the extent of a man's wealth to carry out such a project.

To assist his plan of slipping out of Canada without the knowledge of the pressmen, the Chief Inspector had booked the passages for his party in assumed names.

Crippen, who on his outward journey had chosen his own alias, now figured in the passenger list as Mr. Field, and Miss Le Neve became Mary Bryne, the daughter of her principal wardress, who had dropped her own name of Stone.

The identity of Sergeant Mitchell was hidden under the name of M. J. G. Johnson, and the passenger known as Silas P. Doyle was none other than Chief Inspector Dew of Scotland Yard.

This last selection was, I think, a mistake, because it gave an opportunity to one of the most rabid of the newspapers to take a final tilt at the departing detective.

"Sillyass P. Doyle sails for England", it stated in flaring headlines in its next issue; and once again I felt he had serious cause for complaint.

On that voyage home I got to know the famous detective well, and I hold him in the very highest respect as an officer who would allow nothing to interfere with what he considered to be his duty. Frankly, I hoped to persuade him to weaken in the matter of photographs, but I soon realized that I must give up the idea.

We were keen rivals at deck games, and we shared many long walks; but mention his prisoners, and he shut up like an oyster. I allowed myself one feeble retaliation.

Not one word would I tell him of how I learned his secret. In the end he believed that, had he not permitted the cabs to return at once to Quebec after taking his party to the *Queen*, I should not have witnessed the transshipment; but in this he was wrong. Spanyardt, the quick-witted scribe, never trusted to luck.

The prisoners occupied staterooms opening into a *cul-de-sac*, and, as the Inspector had engaged all the rooms in this section, none but members of his party had any right to approach them.

Neither prisoner was ever left, Sergeant Mitchell spending the nights in the cabin with Crippen, and the junior wardress in that of Miss Le Neve.

Nothing was left to chance. Both were allowed to choose their meals from a menu supplied from the first-class saloon, but the food reached them already cut up. Steel knives were strictly forbidden, and the most dangerous implements permitted were fish knives and forks.

The cord and tapes on the lifebelts in the cabins were removed, and even the wire on the electric ventilating fans was taken away. Suicide was not to be the way out.

A steward was always on duty outside their rooms, chiefly to prevent intrusion by passengers, and the last thing the senior police officer did each night was to padlock the doors on the outside.

Each evening, after dinner, the prisoners were taken separately to the topmost deck for exercise. Before they came the deck was cleared, and all doors leading to it securely locked, for it was not necessary for them to enter the public parts of the ship.

They reached the deck by passing through the

Captain's quarters and crossing a bridge from his cabin, when for a moment they could be seen by other passengers.

One evening I was standing facing the Captain's room, when there appeared at the door the figure of Sergeant Mitchell walking with his body twisted sideways and his left arm outstretched behind him. He was handcuffed to Crippen.

Chief Inspector Dew followed closely, and the three black forms, silhouetted against the pale moonlight, crossed the bridge, silent in their movements except for a slight clank of the fetter.

The wind whistled through the rigging, and the distant strains of a dreamy waltz, played by the regimental band at a dance on deck, seemed to add a touch of uncanniness to the scene.

Just before they disappeared they passed into the light of a lamp, and I saw the man whose crime and flight had stirred two continents.

He was an insignificant-looking little being, wearing a soft felt hat pulled well down and, under a partly unbuttoned overcoat, an old-fashioned frock-coat. As he passed he peered at me with his curious eyes—eyes that seemed to bulge from their sockets—and, no doubt, he envied me my freedom.

On the morning of Saturday, August 29, we steamed into the River Mersey, and were soon moored up at the landing-stage at Liverpool.

A huge crowd had gathered to see the prisoners, and Chief Inspector Dew's strategy on this occasion was to rely upon the general belief that he would not do an obvious thing. While the ordinary passengers were coming ashore by the usual gangway he hustled his charges down the one used for baggage near the bow

of the ship, and in a few moments had them securely locked in the London train.

It is safe to say that at no time in his life did Crippen show to greater advantage than during that period when he was nearing his end.

Those who had charge of him after his arrest described him as a calm, courteous little gentleman, and his only concern during the whole of that time was for the safety of Miss Le Neve.

He never relaxed his efforts on her behalf, and when she was acquitted of the charge of being "accessory after the fact", and he knew she was free, he seemed quite unperturbed when sentence of death was passed upon him.

In the end he went boldly and unconfessed to the scaffold.



CRIPPEN AND MISS LE NEVE IN THE DOCK AT BOW STREET POLICE COURT. CRIPPEN'S ONLY ANXIETY  
APPEARED TO BE FOR THE SAFETY OF HIS COMPANION. (See page 48.)



GUARDS FIRING AT BANDITS BESIEGED IN SIDNEY STREET. THE GUARDSMAN ON THE EXTREME LEFT IN TOP PICTURE WAS WOUNDED.  
*Below:* MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, THEN HOME SECRETARY, SEES FOR HIMSELF. (See Chapter III.)

## CHAPTER III

### NUMBER 100 SIDNEY STREET

The amazing siege—Arrival of the Guards—Mr. Winston Churchill  
—Two plucky women—The Houndsditch murders—Death  
of Gardstein—Machine-guns and artillery—The fire.

THE siege of No. 100 Sidney Street was one of the most extraordinary events in the history of crime.

In this humble dwelling in a poor Whitechapel street two desperate men withstood the attack of hundreds of police and soldiers for many hours, and finally died in the fire they had kindled.

I reached the scene of the battle some hours after it had begun, and it was difficult to realize that what I saw was really true.

Men of the Scots Guards were lying in the slimy mud of the street steadily firing their rifles at the windows of No. 100. Armed policemen and more soldiers were crouching in doorways and sniping at intervals; from almost every window of that street of many houses a rifle barrel protruded; and through the open door of a stable I saw a squad of Guardsmen hastily fixing up a machine-gun on a tripod.

The men in the besieged house were working in a frenzy of haste, rushing from room to room and firing automatic pistols from the various windows in swift succession. Only a hand appeared, firing the weapon in wild sweeps without any effort at aiming, but nevertheless there were several casualties.

After I had been there some hours, a battery of artillery arrived ; but as they came the house burst into flames and the siege was over.

The principal actors in this amazing scene were two Russians, known to the criminal world as Fritz and Joseph, who, with the desperation of cornered wild beasts, sought to kill whom they could. It is surprising that they were not successful ; only Detective Sergeant Lesson was badly wounded, and one Guardsman and two spectators received slight wounds. A fireman was killed by falling masonry after the house had been destroyed by fire.

The siege was a sequel to the Houndsditch murders, when three policemen had lost their lives, and was the final act by the police in the breaking up of a gang of criminals which had preyed on London for some time.

The Houndsditch affair was dramatic enough, for members of this gang, of which Joseph and Fritz were the leaders, had planned to enter the shop of a jeweller by boring through a wall from some vacant premises at the back.

They had not got very far with their work when, just before midnight, they were warned of the arrival of the police by a loud knocking at the front door. They rushed to the back, only to find the police ready to receive them there also, and they immediately opened fire with their automatics.

After a short burst of firing, during which time Sergeant Bentley fell mortally wounded, the back door was slammed to, and the gang made a rush for the front of the house. Here they again opened fire, sweeping the street with a hail of lead from inside the open doorway. Then, coming into the open, they deliberately shot any police officer they could see.

Sergeant Tucker and Constable Choate were killed on the spot, and Sergeant Bryant and P.C. Woodhams were severely wounded ; all were unarmed and unable to do anything in self-defence.

Choate was hit by seven bullets, and an eighth, undoubtedly intended for him, did much to establish the identity of the murderers, for it accidentally entered the back of George Gardstein, one of the most desperate of them all.

He it was who had opened the back door and shot Sergeant Bentley, and, at the front of the building, had advanced so far in front of his fellows that he received their fire.

It was not known to the police for some time that one of the gang had been wounded, and the next move in the tragic drama happened at about 3.30 the same morning, when the voice of a woman at the speaking-tube at the house of Dr. John Scanlon, in Commercial Road, hysterically begged the doctor, in broken English, to come at once to a sick man.

He went, and was guided by a weeping girl to No. 59 Grove Street, Commercial Road, where, after groping his way up a flight of pitch-dark stairs, he found in a room at the top a fully clothed man lying on a bed with a bullet in his right lung.

In halting gasps the man gave his name as George Gardstein, and said he had been accidentally shot by a friend ; he begged the doctor not to report the matter to the police, nor to have him removed.

Dr. Scanlon did what he could, and, returning some hours later, he found the house empty and the dead body of Gardstein.

It did not take the police long to discover that the house in Grove Street had been the residence and

meeting-place of a number of Russians who had disappeared since the shootings. A hue and cry was raised, and one by one these wretched aliens were accounted for. At last only Fritz and Joseph were at large in London, though it was known that the notorious Peter-the-Painter, and one or two others of the gang, had escaped to France.

Again and again the police traced the last two fugitives to various lodgings, only to arrive just too late to make an arrest.

At last, in the small hours of January 3, 1911, information was received which caused Scotland Yard to arrange for one hundred men to surround the house in Sidney Street.

It was known that the assassins were sleeping in an upper room, and it was also known that it was their declared intention to shoot any policeman who came near them.

The problem facing the police was not easy.

To reach the bandits, it was necessary to mount a narrow staircase, and as this had a sharp twist at the top it could be safely held by one man almost indefinitely, for this was before the days of tear gas.

The officer in charge first tackled the task of clearing the house of its other occupants.

Those in the lower rooms were soon accounted for; but Mrs. Gershon, the occupier, was, like the desperadoes, on the first floor. These gentlemen so far mistrusted her as to remove her boots and skirt to their own room before retiring, and to get at her the police enlisted the services of a very plucky woman, who occupied a ground-floor room.

She went up and, pretending her husband had been taken seriously ill, persuaded Mrs. Gershon to come down.

It is very doubtful whether the men had slept through all this commotion, and it was decided not to take the risk of sending policemen up the staircase. Instead, just after dawn, they hammered loudly at the front door, and, receiving no reply, began throwing pebbles at the bandits' window.

The effect was almost instantaneous—a declaration of war from the house!

The window was thrown up, a hand flashed out, and the contents of a revolver was emptied into the group of police with incredible rapidity. Sergeant Lesson fell, severely wounded, and was carried off by his comrades, who lost no time in taking cover.

And so the siege began in earnest, the police firing from doorways, windows, and the roofs of the houses opposite, while the bandits replied as best they could without taking aim.

They could not be seen, because they had barricaded the windows with mattresses and furniture, and had left only spy-holes and room to thrust out their pistols when ready to fire.

At 10.30 in the morning an SOS was sent to the Tower for troops, and shortly afterwards fifty Scots Guards arrived.

Some were detailed to join the police for sniping duty—how those little houses held them all I really do not know!—while others, spreading newspapers in the mud, lay across the street at both its ends and opened fire on the house.

These men could have been shot had the bandits dared to put their arms out far enough to fire at an acute angle down the street; but they would almost certainly have been wounded had they made the attempt.

With the din of battle at its height, Mr. Winston

Churchill, then the Home Secretary, arrived and, with his usual thirst for first-hand information, dodged about in the thick of things. Unfortunately I had no opportunity of photographing him, but a very famous picture was obtained by one of my friends on the Central News Agency, and it was quite the most interesting photograph taken at the siege.

When the matter was discussed afterwards, much political capital was made out of the presence of Mr. Churchill. While the suggestion that he assumed control of the proceedings is not correct, there is little doubt that he was consulted upon what should be done. At the subsequent enquiry he loyally defended the police and all concerned.

During this time my aim in life was twofold : to obtain photographs and to avoid being shot ! By good fortune I was successful in both endeavours.

At the same time, no photograph could possibly do justice to that unparalleled scene, for one could not depict the noise and "atmosphere" of this battle in the very heart of London.

It all seemed so unreal, and yet, when in a moment of over-boldness I crossed an exposed space to obtain a better position, the problem of getting back again was real enough, and I stayed in my "funk hole" for a long time.

One of the pluckiest acts of the day was performed by an elderly woman, who, finding the police in her house had run out of ammunition, decided to replenish their supply.

She walked quite calmly, and without haste, out of her door and through the danger zone opposite No. 100, carrying in front of her stout figure a beer jug. Shortly afterwards she returned, still carrying the jug—now full of cartridges !

Fritz and Joseph let her pass unhurt, as she believed they would.

Another extraordinary incident was the performance of a man who, if he was not a cat burglar, was well qualified to be one.

He was standing near to me, but in a position from which he could see very little of what was going on, when suddenly he walked over to a house upon the side of which was fixed a stack-pipe. Grasping the pipe, and giving it a careless wriggle to see if it was firm, he began to climb up it with the ease and agility of a monkey up a tree.

Nor for one moment did he pause, until, reaching the roof, he peeped carefully over the parapet into Sidney Street. Apparently he was not pleased with what he saw, for the next minute he was on his way down again, and in an incredibly short time reached the ground.

It was an amazing exhibition of climbing, that caused the crowd and myself to gape in wonder.

About noon I had to leave the battle, as I wanted more plates, and I got back just in time to see Fritz fire his last round. As he did so wisps of smoke curled out of the window from which he had fired, and flames quickly followed.

Suddenly there was a roar from the crowd, led by the piercing shriek of a woman, as there appeared at the window a blazing mass resembling, for a moment, the body of a man. The mystery was soon solved. It was the curtains, released by the falling of a barricade, bellying out before fading into smoke.

Soon after the fire began a battery of artillery arrived, but did no more than rumble past the burning building from Commercial Road to Whitechapel.

How it was intended to use the guns I could never find out. They were thirteen-pounders, and had been supplied with common shell which explode on contact, and I believe it was intended that they should fire at the door and windows ; but to get them into position for this to be effective without endangering the men and horses would have been impossible.

Perhaps they would have risked ricocheting and fired from the ends of the street ; but, in spite of the difficult situation, I do not think the authorities were justified in sending for the guns. It is a cumbersome method to kill wasps with a steam-roller !

What happened inside the house during the final scenes will never be known with any certainty. The jury's verdict at the inquest on the two men was that Joseph met his death by a bullet fired by an unknown soldier, and that Fritz died from suffocation.

It was generally supposed that Fritz set the house alight accidentally by firing his revolver through the curtains, and he must have been in desperate straits by that time, with his companion lying dead beside him.

It was known from the first that the men had been associated with the Houndsditch affair, and this was further established by the finding of a key among the ruins that fitted the door of No. 59 Grove Street, where the body of Gardstein had been found.

## CHAPTER IV

### ROBERT MURRAY'S CRIME

Five deaths and one escape—Who was Robert Murray?—A clue—The mystery solved—Who murdered Mary Money?

THE crime of Robert H. Murray was one of the most baffling mysteries of the present century, and through a chance remark made to me by a landlady my paper was the first to obtain inner details of this sensational story.

Early one morning in August 1912 a young woman known as Florence Murray rushed screaming from a house in a quiet street in Eastbourne. She had been twice wounded by revolver bullets, and, having uttered a warning that her children were upstairs, she collapsed.

This was the climax to an extraordinary story of a love triangle and tragedy.

About seven years before a man calling himself Captain Robert Hicks Murray had met a girl named Florence Paler in London, and, having persuaded her to take up residence with him, he had from that time accepted her loyalty as a matter of course.

He had not, however, rewarded her with his undivided attentions.

Some time after their second child was born they were visited at their home at Clapham by Edith Paler, a young and undoubtedly beautiful sister of the lady who now called herself Mrs. Murray.

The self-styled Captain, evidently well pleased with

his experience of the Paler family, straightway fell in love with their charming visitor.

Dashing, apparently wealthy, and with time to spare, he paid his court with marked success, and, much to the annoyance of the mother of his children, he finally married the girl at St. Michael's Church, Battersea, on September 26, 1910.

There is some mystery as to what happened to Florence and her children for some time after this, but it is certain that Murray kept in touch and lived with them for such periods as he could spare from his very attractive wife.

There was, in fact, evidence that he had described to Florence in the friendliest manner details of the beauties of the baby that had blessed his union with Edith, and the lady had been sufficiently interested to repeat the information to a third sister.

During the early part of their married life the Murrays lived in lodgings in Putney. Later they settled at Eastbourne in a house that Murray had taken in the name of Charles Richard Mackie. Thus the Murrays had disappeared, and Mr. and Mrs. Mackie lived in their stead.

According to the evidence of their relatives, neither sister knew anything about the man with whom they lived. He usually went out during the day, but, so far as they knew, he had no occupation.

All he would tell them of his past was that he had been a cavalry officer and had served in India. They told their other sisters this, and, as evidence of its truth, explained that his legs were slightly "bowed" as becomes a good horseman.

The Mackies appeared to be supremely happy in their Eastbourne home; they took drives into the

country and lived a life that made them the envy of their neighbours.

But as time went on the man became seriously worried, and, try as she would, his wife could not discover the cause of the trouble. Then came the tragic week-end.

One Saturday morning he told several people that he was taking his wife and child to London, and the servant was sent off for a holiday.

They did not go, however, and some time during the Saturday night the man shot his wife and child and locked the bodies in a room over the hall.

The next evening he was seen alone at Eastbourne station, and at 8.30 the same night Florence arrived with her children Stanley and Winifred. Once more they took up residence with Murray, but it is not disclosed how he explained the absence of his wife.

There is no doubt that Florence was unaware that her sister and the baby lay dead upstairs, though she knew of the locked room, because Murray told her that she must not enter it.

During this time Murray was agitated and distraught, so much so, in fact, that Florence became frightened at his condition. All night he paced the floor of his room, and early on the Monday morning he offered her a cup of tea, and at the same moment shot her twice.

She was only wounded, however, and was able to rush from the house, but the help she obtained came too late to save the lives of her children. Murray shot them both, and, having set fire to the four bodies with the aid of petrol, he shot himself and fell into the flames.

This, then, was the awful story so far as it was known.

But who was Murray?

I was one of several of our staff deputed to find out. I called upon one of the landladies in whose house Murray had lived with his bride, and found her to be a friendly person who, like so many of her class, talked endlessly but said very little.

She gave me minute details of their life in her house, of their idyllic love and happiness. Of his playfulness, and how frightened she had been when, on one occasion, she found him on the top of the stairs with his wife in his arms holding her over the banisters and threatening to drop her if she refused his kisses.

But nothing she said was of real value, and at the end of half an hour I had almost given up hope.

And then I asked a simple question which, in the end, resulted in our solving the mystery.

It was not an obvious question, because she talked a good deal of the man's affluence, and it was more by chance than anything else that I asked whether he paid his rent regularly.

"Oh yes," she said; "he went to his bank on Kingston Hill every Thursday morning and paid me in the afternoon."

Here was a clue indeed. Murray of Clapham and Putney and Mackie of Eastbourne might easily be someone quite different to his banker at Kingston. I went off to find out.

At the bank I was told, as I expected, that nothing could be divulged about clients, so later I lunched at the same table as a clerk from that branch. I innocently asked him if he knew the name of a customer who came every Thursday morning and, among other characteristics, had a gold tooth. I believe the lad knew the man well, but to his credit be it said he gave

nothing away. But the secret was hidden in Kingston, and in the end we discovered it.

Murray, whose real name was Robert Henry Money, had been a dairyman there in partnership with his brother. The business had been very successful, and about three years before Robert had sold his interest to his partner. It was upon this money that he cut a dash until, having frittered it away, he desperately decided to end it all.

He had never been in the Army. At one time he had been known by the name of Stirling, and yet he did not appear to have any difficulty in escaping from his various identities although moving freely in the districts in which he had lived.

Strangest of all, however, was the fact that his sister, Miss Mary Money, was the victim of the Merstham Tunnel murder some years before. The girl's body was found in the tunnel on September 24, 1905, and, though there were unmistakable signs that she had been brutally murdered, the mystery of her death has never been solved.

## CHAPTER V

### A CONTRAST IN CRIMINALS

The murder of William Whiteley—Horace George Rayner escapes the gallows—A talk with Ronald True—The fake monocle.

A TRAGIC happening in the year 1907 was the murder of Mr. William Whiteley, the millionaire shopkeeper, by Horace George Rayner.

It was particularly sad, because it is probable that the whole thing came about through a genuine mistake. Rayner was no blackmailer. He believed that he had a real claim upon the man known as the "Universal Provider"; he believed, in fact, that Whiteley was his father. All the evidence went to disprove this, and it was asserted that the murderer was the son of George Rayner, a one-time friend of Mr. Whiteley.

It was a dramatic scene at Westbourne Grove on that January morning.

Rayner called at the store and obtained an interview with its founder. They talked for some time, and then the older man left his office, followed closely by the visitor.

"Fetch a policeman," he ordered an assistant behind a counter.

"What? You won't do it?" cried Rayner. "Then take that," and he shot the millionaire through the head.

Instantly Rayner turned the weapon upon himself, and he, too, fell badly wounded before a horrified crowd of customers and shop assistants.

There was a great deal of public sympathy for Rayner, and particularly for his wife and two young children. They lived at Bewdley, in Worcestershire, and, with a colleague, I was sent down there charged with the delicate mission of interviewing Mrs. Rayner.

She told us of her happy life with her husband, and her desperate anxiety to help him, as, indeed, she eventually did.

Rayner recovered from his wound, and I saw a great deal of him during the trial. He looked anything but a criminal, and, while nothing could excuse his crime, it was the general opinion that he had committed it out of sheer desperation.

He was found guilty and condemned to death, but, thanks to the loyal efforts of his wife, assisted by a sympathetic Press and a huge public petition to the Home Secretary, he was reprieved.

A very different type of man was Ronald True, with whom I talked some time after he had murdered Olive Young in her flat in Finborough Road, Fulham.

He was sitting in the Hammersmith Coroner's Court in charge of two warders, awaiting the opening of the inquest on his victim, when I went in with several other photographers.

"Hullo!" he said. "What do you want—pictures?"

"Yes," I replied, "we do"; and, having smoothed his hair and preened himself generally, he faced us with a self-satisfied smirk.

We were about to make our exposures, when he stopped us.

"Wait a minute," he said, and, fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, he produced a monocle, which he

screwed into his right eye. It would not stay there, so he tried the left, and then I noticed that it was but a frame from which the glass had been removed. However, he succeeded in making it stay in long enough for the picture to be taken, which seemed to please him very much.

And then True made a remark which, in spite of his wretched history, showed that he was not entirely void of decent thought.

"See here, you fellows," he said; "I have done that for you, now do something for me—see that my wife is kept out of this."

Little else can be said in favour of the ex-airman.

He committed a sordid murder so that he might steal his victim's jewellery, and it is typical of the man that when he was arrested a hired car was awaiting him outside a theatre in which he was occupying a box. These extravagances were to be paid for out of the savings of the woman to whom he had made love and afterwards slain.

When the Home Secretary reprieved True, there was a national outcry of protest.

He had been condemned to death after a jury had found him guilty and sane, a verdict that had the full support of the Court of Appeal.

It was the later report of three doctors that saved True. They certified, not that he was insane when he committed the crime, but that he was mentally unsound when they saw him in prison.

To me he seemed perfectly rational, except that he was obviously pleased with the notoriety he had brought upon himself. I thought him a cheap swash-buckler.

## CHAPTER VI

GEORGE JOSEPH SMITH

Love-making and murder as a profession—An identification parade—Smith in a fury—The power of his eyes—The error which cost Smith his life.

It is a common belief that the evil in a criminal is depicted in his face, but, in a general way, this does not seem to me to be correct.

I have photographed a large number of murderers and men who have spent their lives in crime, and, with a few exceptions, I do not think their appearance could be expected to warn their victims.

The worst rogue with whom I ever came in close contact was George Joseph Smith, the professional wife-killer. He might, I think, be classed as an exception.

He was a "nasty"-looking man at the best of times ; and when I saw him blaze up in a fit of uncontrolled fury he stood revealed in a moment as the human tiger he was.

I had been asked to join an identification parade in the yard at Bow Street police-station, and when about a dozen of us had ranged ourselves into a line Smith was brought out.

He was a powerfully built man in the early forties. He had high cheek-bones, a strong jaw, and a heavy curled moustache. His eyes were dark and "beady"—eyes that were said to possess the power of hypnotism

and to be the secret of his extraordinary control over women.

"Where would you like to stand?" asked an inspector.

Smith made no reply. For a moment he paused, smoothing his moustache as he gazed at the line; then, with a quick movement, he pushed roughly between myself and a man who was about his own build and wore a similar moustache.

Two women appeared and walked slowly down the line.

"There he is!" cried the elder woman, pointing at the murderer; and after a moment's hesitation she carried out the inspector's instructions to touch him.

As the hand fell upon his shoulder, Smith sprang back with a vicious snarl, shouting loudly, "It's a ——— lie! She has never seen me before!" His teeth were bared, and his eyes flashed in fury as the police closed round and hustled him back to his cell.

The history of George Smith supplies, in my opinion, the strongest of all arguments against the abolition of capital punishment. He was a diabolical villain, unfit to live, and he died at the hands of the hangman.

He made a comfortable living by deceiving women, causing them, in many cases, to steal for his benefit. Almost without exception he rewarded them for this service and their love by deserting them after robbing them of all they had. He cared not a jot whether they starved or what means they found to live.

Years before he was charged with murder a very kindly friend of mine gave employment to one of his unfortunate wives after she left prison. She had served a sentence for larceny, the proceeds from which had been enjoyed by the man she believed to be her

husband and who had bolted at the first sign of trouble.

Once removed from the influence of Smith, or rather of George Love, as she knew him, she was without question a perfectly honest woman, as she had been before they had met.

She told my friend of the man's extraordinary power over her, a power she could not explain. But her love had by then turned to hate, and, urged by her employer, she spent all her spare time in looking for the man who had wronged her.

At last she saw him. He was looking into a shop in a busy London street, and she kept him in sight until she came to a policeman.

Smith, on this occasion, got two years' hard labour, and he swore to murder Mrs. Love when he came out; but she was one of the wives who escaped that fate.

All the women did his bidding gladly; and yet he was guilty of the sin so few women can find it in their hearts to forgive—meanness in its worst forms.

Of the seven women he bigamously married, he murdered three by drowning in their baths, and greatly enriched himself in the process.

The mentality of the monster may be gauged by the fact that, having obtained more than £2,500 by killing Miss Bessie Mundy, he had her buried in a pauper's grave, and "argued" with the undertaker, who contended that deal was not strong enough for a coffin.

He believed firmly in his ability to escape justice, and backed his belief by using the money to buy annuities to supply ease and comfort in his declining years.

Probably he felt the profession of love-making

would become more difficult as his years advanced. Certainly he looked forward to the time when he might retire upon his savings.

As so many criminals have done before and since, Smith fell beneath the power of Press publicity.

Had he confined his activities to the provinces, and thus lessened the chances of exciting public interest in himself and his unfortunate brides, he might indeed have lived to fully enjoy the proceeds of his crimes.

As it was, he came to London and committed the fatal error of slaying Miss Lofty on a Friday night. He had been married but one day, and the story of the inquest provided material interesting enough to be "splashed" by at least one national Sunday newspaper. That was the beginning of the end of Smith.

The headline—"Bride Dies in her Bath"—caught the eye of a Mr. Burnham, who thought it extraordinary that his daughter should have shared a similar fate. It proved that they had had the same husband. Chance could not supply such a striking coincidence, particularly when it was learned that another of his wives had died in the same way.

Scotland Yard and the Public Prosecutor did the rest.

## CHAPTER VII

### A CURIOUS AUCTION

Sir Edward Marshall Hall—A secret of his success—A newspaper war—Trial of Greenwood—The auction—Greenwood in disguise—His death.

IN discussing murderers and their trials, one cannot proceed far without mentioning the name of the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall.

I remember him particularly during the trial, at Carmarthen, of Greenwood, accused of murdering his wife, in November 1920. Here he added to his already great reputation by obtaining an acquittal of the prisoner, mainly by his masterly cross-examination of the experts on poisons, whom he was always capable of meeting on equal terms.

Shortly after he had finished his speech for the defence, I was standing at the entrance to the Assize Court, when Sir Edward joined me, intent, like myself, on obtaining fresh air.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he said, turning to me.

"An acquittal, almost certainly," I replied.

"Yes," he said, "I think it will be all right. I am certain I have convinced all but two of the jury."

He then told me where the two doubtful ones were sitting, and explained that during a speech, and in fact, at all times, he made a practice of trying to read the minds of the various people in court.

Without doubt I think this was one of the secrets

of his success, for he was swift to see the necessity of a change of tactics, and if there were signs of flagging interest he would quickly adopt some method to rivet attention.

No actor could more successfully hold an audience, and but few advocates have equalled his eloquence.

So great was the interest in the Greenwood case that when it appeared possible there would be an acquittal certain newspapers approached the prisoner's friends with offers to purchase the exclusive rights to publish Greenwood's life story. As offers continued to come in, it was finally arranged that the matter should be settled by private auction, and towards the end of the trial this actually took place.

At that time there was being waged a campaign of exceptionally keen rivalry between two Sunday newspapers, and this fact had an important bearing upon the sale.

All thought of the actual value of the story and pictures was lost in the heat of this war, and with the rivals bidding against each other the price rose in leaps to £3,400.

At this point a bid of £3,500 came from a man whom it was supposed represented a third newspaper, and, as there was no further bidding, the rights were knocked down to him.

It was then discovered that one of the original contestants, realizing that the contest would continue on grounds of rivalry alone, had arranged for the stranger to take a hand late in the proceedings, and the ruse had succeeded.

My paper had not interested itself in the auction, but when the case was over we still wanted pictures, and it was my job to get them if I could.

Greenwood, freed from the grip of the law, was now owned by a newspaper, and elaborate plans were made to prevent his being photographed by an outsider. It was a long time before he left the building in which he had been tried, for he first returned to the dock to be photographed, and also gave the opening chapter of his story.

When the time came for him to leave, a man dressed in his clothes was rushed out of an exit into a waiting car, while Greenwood, enveloped in a borrowed overcoat, slipped out of a side door.

I quickly discovered the deception, for the "dummy" was a well-known photographer who ought to have been an actor; and I reached the other door just in time to see the ex-prisoner disappear into a closed car.

Some years later I saw Greenwood again, when he was enjoying the sunshine on the front at Torquay.

Soon afterwards, in January 1929, he died at Walford, Ross-on-Wye, where he had taken up residence under the name of Pilkington.

## CHAPTER VIII

### CECIL MALTBY, THE TAILOR

The House of Mystery—Mrs. Alice Middleton arrives—She disappears—Maltby withstands a siege—Police force an entry—Death of Maltby—The secret.

THE tragic death of Cecil Maltby in January 1923 solved the mystery of the red house with the yellow blinds.

This house, No. 24 Park Road, Regent's Park, on the ground floor of which was the once fashionable tailoring business of James Maltby, had for some time been associated with strange rumour.

Cecil Maltby, having inherited the business upon the death of his father, soon made it obvious that he had a flair for gambling and dissipation, but none, so far as one could discover, for tailoring.

He was well known at night clubs and gambling establishments, but it was his weakness for women that caused his worst troubles.

All things considered, it was not surprising that his wife should have left him, taking with her their five children. But Maltby soon found someone to replace her—a succession of ladies, in fact—but he seemed loth to appoint a permanent housekeeper until he met Mrs. Alice Middleton.

She was the wife of a marine officer, whose long absences at sea made it convenient for her to spend these periods at Park Road.

For some time the intrigue continued, and since the sailor knew nothing about it, he did not interfere.



GEORGE JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROFESSIONAL WIFE KILLER, IN THE DOCK AT BOW-STREET POLICE COURT. (*See Chapter VI.*)



CROWD WATCHING THE HOUSE IN PARK-STREET, REGENT'S PARK, WHICH HELD THE GRIM SECRET OF CECIL  
MALBY, THE TAILOR (*inset*). (See *Chapter VIII*.)

But the time came when, returning from sea, he could not find his wife. He spent his leave trying to trace her, but had not done so when he had to return to his ship for another voyage.

Before sailing, however, he reported the circumstances to Scotland Yard, and mentioned that the last remittance of £18 per month that he allowed his wife had not been collected from the bank.

And there the matter rested until Cecil Maltby got so deeply in debt that he dared not go out in daytime for fear of meeting the bearer of a writ or overdue bill. For a time he made stealthy trips by night to some of his old haunts, but early in January things came to such a pass, with the bailiffs waiting on the doorstep, that he gave up these journeys and prepared to withstand a siege.

He barricaded the doors, using heavy furniture for the purpose, and nailed up the lower windows, but his position was hopeless, because he was so overdue with his payments that by this time his water, light, and gas had been cut off.

I spent the last three days of the siege outside the house, waiting for something to happen.

There was a large crowd there, besides the bailiffs and the police, who, having learned of Maltby's association with Mrs. Middleton, wished to interview him on the subject.

He made one concession. Hanging out of an upper window at the back of the house, he held a shouted conversation with a detective. He explained that he had heard nothing of Mrs. Middleton since she had left him the previous June, and that the only reason he had shut himself up was because he objected to bailiffs.

The blinds were closely drawn in the front, but I

saw him several times at the back windows, peeping out through the curtains. He was shy of the camera, however, and always bobbed back the moment he saw me.

At about noon on the fifth day of the siege, police officers arrived to force an entry. They had a magistrate's warrant to do this, obtained through the sanitary inspector, who, like the others, had been unable to get into the house.

They first attacked the door with a jemmy, but as it did not move quickly someone broke the glass panel and a thin policeman climbed in.

He quickly let in his colleagues, and as they ran up the stairs the sound of a revolver shot rang out. Maltby had shot himself dead.

And then the house gave up its tragic secret.

In a bath they found the body of Mrs. Middleton, where it had been since the tailor had murdered her some months before.

The evidence of letters went to prove that Maltby committed his crime in a fit of jealousy; he objected to the lady staying with her sailor husband during his leave ashore.

But he was most anxious that it should be thought she had died by her own hand. Pinned to the bed linen in which the body was wrapped was a pencilled note which read:

*In loving memory of A. H. M. who committed suicide  
on August 19th*

and several other notes to the same effect were fixed to some of the doors.

Murder and *felo-de-se* against Maltby was the verdict at the inquest.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE DISASTER AT MESSINA

The Great Earthquake—77,000 killed—Extraordinary escapes—Boatmen hold me to ransom—Fire and desolation—British sailors to the rescue—The new disaster—King of Italy's order—We sail for Naples—The mutiny—We land at last.

It has always seemed to me that our worst fears come to us during anticipation of some situation which does not arise; but when I set foot in Messina on the morning of New Year's Day, 1909, I found realization even worse than I had expected it to be.

It was four days after the greatest earthquake of our time, and the city lay shattered, with some sixty thousand of its inhabitants buried beneath its mass of ruins.

I had a feeling that I must step very gingerly, lest I should cause some tottering house to fall on me; and, indeed, I was exceedingly fortunate that this did not happen. Earthquakes of varying intensity were taking place intermittently throughout the whole of the day I was there.

Not one building of this city of more than 150,000 inhabitants had remained intact; the promenade along the front had fallen into the sea, great cracks had opened up on the face of the land, and much of the débris was burning furiously.

It is difficult to realize the horror of this dreadful catastrophe. When the cost had been counted, it was

officially announced that the number of dead in Sicily and Calabria was 77,000, and that most of the casualties had taken place in Messina itself.

With the first meagre news of the disaster I had set off at once for the scene, and my troubles soon began.

At Folkestone snow lay thick upon the ground, and in the Channel there arose a blizzard of such fury that it took the ship nine hours to reach Boulogne. It was most unpleasant, and we ate up all the food long before we reached port. More important than that, however, was the fact that I had missed the best train connections across Europe.

Originally it had been my intention to travel overland to the toe of Italy and to cross to Messina from Reggio; but I soon learned that many towns in the south had been wiped out and all the railways destroyed.

At Naples, therefore, I came to a temporary stop, for it took some hours to obtain permission to go on by rescue ship.

By this time survivors were pouring into the city, and some of them gave me vivid accounts of their terrible experiences.

A Mr. E. J. Caiger, of London, told me of his almost miraculous escape from death when the building in which he was sleeping collapsed.

He was staying at the Trinacria Hotel, and had awakened in the pitch darkness to a din of indescribable intensity; added to the underground roar of the earthquake itself—a noise that must strike terror into the heart of any who hear it—came the crashing of the falling buildings and the shrieks and groans of the people.

He felt certain that the front of his room had fallen

out, taking with it the window, dressing-table and wardrobe, and by carefully feeling his surroundings he discovered that the bed was standing on what was nothing more than a ledge formed by the remains of the floor. Had he got out on the other side of the bed he would have stepped into space.

Of course, he expected every moment to be his last, until, at dawn, some hope returned. He found that the hotel had split from top to bottom, and that most of the visitors and staff had been killed; but, together with a fellow guest, an Englishman named Doresa, and two maidservants, he escaped by knotting bedding into a rope and clambering down it to comparative safety.

After some delay I received permission to go on, and, boarding the the S.S. *Nord America*, sailed out of the beautiful Bay of Naples as the fast setting sun tinged the blue Mediterranean with gold.

Astern was Vesuvius, with a haze over her crater, and ahead the unruffled sea of a calm evening—a smiling scene in sharp contrast to Nature's frown, the evidence of which I was so soon to see.

The ship was packed with doctors, nurses, troops, Government officials, and many sad people hoping to find their friends, and that night I tried to sleep in a coil of rope—curled round like a cat—for I could find nowhere else. It was far too cold, however, to allow of much rest, and dawn came as a great relief.

Soon afterwards we entered the Straits of Messina, and I saw the stricken city.

At a distance there seemed to be little wrong; but on getting closer I found that what at first appeared to be fine buildings were but skeletons standing in a mass of débris. Smoke rose in heavy volume from

various points, and overhead were great black clouds which seemed to promise more evil to come.

We cast anchor, and I set out for the shore, making the journey in a small boat rowed by two villainous-looking Sicilians, who were swift to seize the opportunities of chaotic conditions. Half-way to the beach they held me to ransom, and with a wealth of gesture demanded that they should then and there be paid to excess for their labours.

With the helplessness of the dumb I tried to temporize. It was futile, and in the meantime we drifted. The strike was complete.

I have read of heroes faced with circumstances such as these who have dominated the situation with their clenched fists; but I did not feel equal to heroics, and took the easiest line of resistance. In the end they accepted an English golden sovereign for their ten minutes' work, and I counted myself somewhat lucky.

Soon I found that the boat was being steered among the corpses of horses, and as I neared the land a horrible stench became more and more nauseating; not surprising, of course, but it is a part of the adventure which remains vividly with me to this day.

Stepping ashore, I had an eerie fear of the unknown, and until I had become a little accustomed to the conditions I expected to be swallowed up or crushed at any moment.

Leaving the water front, I scrambled inland, and it was almost impossible to tell where had been houses and where the street—brickwork, timber, and furniture lay piled up. Into this mess soldiers, helped by sailors from the foreign ships of war in the Straits, were digging with all their might, for imprisoned beneath there were still some human beings clinging desperately to

life. Occasionally I saw half-clad bodies in inaccessible places.

One incident vividly brought home to me the horror of the situation—the sound of a dog howling somewhere deep down in the ruins which came to me faintly as I rested for a moment in a quiet place.

I was also very much depressed by the suffering of a bird, though this might have been thought insignificant among so much human anguish.

Passing through a street—along the whole length of which the houses had been split down the centre, leaving the back halves standing like honeycomb—I saw, on the third floor of one of the houses, a fowl tied by its feet to a hook in the ceiling. Hanging with its head downwards, it occasionally fluttered weakly, but, of course, it was helpless, and I could do nothing to put it out of its misery.

That wretched hen had hung thus since the earthquake, a victim of the Sicilian custom of buying poultry alive and storing it in this way until required for the table.

To climb the building was impossible, and none of the soldiers I asked would attempt to shoot it; in fact, they seemed to think I was suggesting this interesting target as suitable for a shooting contest. However, I was not very lucid, for I could only converse by signs.

On all sides I found the greatest distress among the people who had survived the shock. Some were camped on the débris of their homes, and in the open spaces there were huddled together masses of men, women, and children, almost lifeless in their dejection and helplessness.

It is impossible to speak of this great disaster

without mentioning the splendid work of rescue and fire-fighting done by the men of the four British cruisers which had come from Malta under full steam. I was very proud to be their countryman.

Workmanlike methods, unflinching bravery in face of all kinds of dangers, and kindliness of heart are qualities one has come to expect from our men of the sea, and they certainly showed them here.

On one occasion I came across a party of them working at high pressure to release a little girl pinned under the wreckage of a house which had further collapsed that day. She lay covered by an overcoat, with her head on a sailor's folded jacket, but it was the care with which these great-hearted men tended her that brought tears to the eyes.

They encouraged her with kindly words, of which she understood the tone but not the meaning; and they fed her with womanly tenderness. She smiled at them in implicit trust.

An hour later I saw her again, on her way to the hospital set up in a ruined building by men of H.M.S. *Minerva*.

Carefully wrapped in a shawl, she was being carried by three bluejackets on a wooden chair, under the seat of which a long piece of wood had been fixed. Two of the sailors held the extended ends of the wood, and the other walked behind to prevent her falling backwards, a method of transport least likely to cause pain to the injured child.

It had been too dark to photograph the actual rescue scene, but this provided a picture I have always prized, because it typified the work of these fine men.

Inside a hut on the front, rigged up for the use of a naval signalman, I found that gentleman holding a



MESSINA AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE. "A PICTURE I HAVE ALWAYS PRIZED BECAUSE IT TYPIFIES THE  
WORK OF THESE FINE MEN." (See page 80.)



THE SUNKEN PROMENADE AT MESSINA. IN THE BACK-  
GROUND A GREAT FIRE IS RAGING. (*See Chapter IX.*)

one-sided conversation with a small Sicilian boy, whom he addressed as 'Erbert, and to whom he passed rather more than half his dinner.

'Erbert seemed quite content, as he solemnly listened with wide-open eyes to a quite unintelligible flow of comment and advice from his benefactor.

He gave him minute details about his own two boys at Birkenhead, and what "the Missus" would do for the waif if she were there. In all the circumstances, it is doubtful whether she could have done more than the big sailor had already done.

The child had wandered into the hut two days before, and, having no other home, had been "adopted" by the signalman; from that moment he had ceased to be hungry or cold.

Before I left, the bluejacket asked me to post a letter to his wife when I reached civilization.

"I don't want the missus to worry," he said as he handed me the note—a folded sheet torn from a copybook and stuck down with candle-grease. Trust a sailor to overcome a difficulty!

During this time great efforts were being made by troops and fire-squads landed from the international fleet in the Bay to quell the flames raging in some parts of the city, and they succeeded in keeping the outbreak within bounds; but numbers lost their lives in the work.

On one occasion I saw two soldiers killed by a falling ruin within a few yards of me at the spot I had just left. This sort of thing was happening everywhere.

With the coming of dusk I decided it was time to leave. There was no shelter for a night on land, and in any case my only thought now was to dash back to London with my pictures.

Permission had been given for survivors to board

any ship in the harbour, so, nothing loth, I clambered up a rope-ladder into the S.S. *Lombardia*, due to leave some time for Leghorn.

The vessel was already packed to suffocation; more than two thousand refugees had crowded on to her, and but for the removal of the ladders the number would soon have been doubled. The decks were covered with men and women seeking to pacify their many children as they lay huddled together in search of warmth.

It was almost impossible to walk across the saloons and sitting-rooms without stepping on a human form, and below decks the atmosphere was appalling. This did not seem to matter to these distressed people—all they sought was warmth.

I soon learned that the ship would not sail before dawn. The lighthouse had fallen, and it was not yet known what upheavals had occurred beneath the waters of the Straits.

To me the delay was serious; my pictures would not wait, and I did not know what cameras had been busy before me. Then I met a French journalist named Tardieu, who, like myself, was in great haste. A man of swift action, he devised a scheme to save the lost time at the other end of the journey—he would attempt to obtain an order from the King of Italy that the ship should call at Naples to land us there one day sooner than if we went on to Leghorn.

Not far away was a battleship which had that day brought the King to the scene of the catastrophe, and it was to this ship that Tardieu made his way.

Soon he was back again with the order, written by the King himself. It was stated that he, myself, and an American newspaper man named Thomson, who had

joined us, were to be landed as he had requested, but that we were the only persons to be allowed to leave the ship.

Later on that order caused a great deal of trouble and might have had serious consequences; but we saved our day.

Upon joining the ship I had hoped for a wash and some rest, after four days of excitement, worry, lack of food and sleep; but it was not to be. The state of that vessel would have gravely shocked the most hardened factory inspector.

All the bathrooms were crowded—would-be sleepers on the floors and in every bath. Into one of them a big man and a youth were crushed like stage contortionists, but they were obviously too fatigued to notice such discomforts as there may have been.

At first I could find nowhere to sit down. Then, by a stroke of good luck, I discovered there was just enough room on a short flight of stairs leading to the saloon. It was not a bad spot, except for the annoyance caused me by people trying to use the stairs, and also I was unwelcome to the original tenants. One elderly Sicilian delivered himself at great length and quite unintelligibly, except that I gauged the depth of his feelings by the vicious way he spat at the end of his oration.

My rest was soon cut short.

Suddenly there crashed out a most awful noise—noise that jarred the whole body and left one deafened and afraid. I needed no telling that I was experiencing a big earthquake. The ship rolled and pitched as big waves swept the harbour, and there was a heavy “shuddering” which caused my teeth to chatter.

I imagine the end of the world will be something like this.

The effect on the nerve-cracked refugees was electrical. They jumped up shrieking, dashed about in all directions, knocking one another over and crying to God for help.

I glanced into the saloon. Round one of the doors was a struggling mass of people, some fallen, others trampling on them in their panic-stricken efforts to escape. To where, goodness knows, for they were far safer than the poor wretches still on land.

On a table stood a young priest with arms outstretched, splendidly calm in the midst of hubbub. He besought the people to join him in prayer, but almost as he spoke a lurch of the ship brought him to the floor. In a moment he was on his feet again, undaunted, and I saw a crowd gather about him seeking comfort.

I rushed to the deck and beheld a wonderful scene, almost grand in its awfulness. All was darkness except for the searchlights of the warships, whose great arms of light were sweeping across the land. In the disks of brilliance I could see the ruined buildings falling in clouds of dust, and I saw terror among the people as they panicked aimlessly. In all directions they ran, crossing the patches of light to be swallowed up again almost instantly in the surrounding darkness.

History records that that was the biggest earthquake Messina had known since the great disaster. Numbers were injured, and one hundred and ten human beings lost their lives. I realized how easily I might have shared their fate.

The worst of the noise was soon over, and after a time things became quieter in the ship. I returned to my staircase and dozed fitfully. The night was full



DEVASTATION AT MESSINA. NO BUILDING ESCAPED DAMAGE IN THIS CITY OF 150,000 INHABITANTS. (*See Chapter IX.*)



MY BROTHER, TOM, TAKING COFFEE ON THE SUMMIT OF THE GREAT PYRAMID DURING A VISIT TO EGYPT.

of strange commotion; desperately I needed rest, but the cold was intense, and I ached with the discomforts of my brass-edged stairs. Then came the clang of an anchor-chain heralding the dawn; we were about to start.

I do not care to think of the voyage that followed. The sea was rough and the plight of the refugees became more and more pitiable as the day wore on. Very few of them had been in a ship before, and almost all suffered terribly with sea-sickness.

As we steamed past Stromboli, the volcano jutting like an upturned basin out of the sea, there was a great clamour among a section of the crowd that they should be landed there. It was not surprising, perhaps, for the peaceful-looking cottages dotted about the hillside made a delightful picture, almost irresistible to these troubled people looking for new homes. None seemed to heed the sinister warning of the smoke that issued from the crater. Stromboli is still active, but the inhabitants have learned to ignore the possibility of disaster.

About eleven o'clock that night we steamed slowly into the Bay of Naples. The scene was enchanting. In the pale light of countless stars and a brilliant moon the city was faintly outlined and made beautiful by its thousands of twinkling lights.

To the refugees it was the promised land. When they heard that their destination was still to be Leghorn there arose among them an uproar of shouting and wild threats. They made it clear that they intended to give trouble if there was any attempt to leave the bay while they were on board.

The captain sent orders that my two friends and I were to stand at a certain spot on the deck where the gangway would be put when they took us off. He hoped

to be rid of us in one swift rush before the refugees could interfere, but they became too menacing for this to be attempted, and there we had to stand.

The exasperation of the period that followed was beyond belief. It was my fifth night without sleep, and I was ready to drop with fatigue ; yet the situation developed into a deadlock, which left us standing on that deck for five hours.

We dared not go away because the captain threatened to wash his hands of us if we did, and he was not in a fit state to be argued with.

The hours were taken up in talk. Discussions of extraordinary length took place between the commander and a short, fat man wearing a frock-coat and a bowler hat who stood on the roof of the wheel-house of a motor-boat which had come out to us. He pointed out that the city was already overcrowded with the injured and homeless ; there was no room for more.

He made interminable speeches, driving home the finer points of his oration by vigorously waving a large umbrella. After each speech he paid a visit to the land.

Back he would come, however, with the situation unchanged. Our captain was calm and very determined. He had written orders from his King and intended to carry them out at any cost—three foreigners were to be landed, no more and no less.

To this the fat man had no objection, but not at the cost of mutiny and riot. Therefore, as the lesser evil, he ordered the ship away, taking with it the unwanted cargo and ourselves. The captain refused to go ; instead he demanded that troops should be sent to protect our departure and quell the hot-headed Sicilians. There seemed to be no way out.

At last, after many dragging hours, the speech-maker returned from one of his visits to the shore to announce that all would be landed. To our horror the captain, who had stood by us so staunchly, demurred. This did not agree with the King's order, and more valuable time was wasted before he could be persuaded to concede the point, which, at last, he did.

Thus it was as a church clock struck four we landed in the City of Naples more dead than alive.

We found an all-night restaurant, and after a most urgently needed meal I once more set out on my travels homeward.

Yet again there was no sleeping-car, and I was faced with two more days and nights in crowded trains. As it proved, the journey was even worse than I expected, for Fate stepped in with another serious delay.

At Arezzo, a station between Rome and Bologna, a passenger train in front of mine had collided with a goods train and the wreckage completely blocked the line. Normally I should have rushed to the scene, in fact, I have crossed Europe to take pictures of a disaster of lesser magnitude than this, for twenty-four people had lost their lives.

To-day the photographs were not worth taking, for Fleet Street works by contrasts. What did pictures of a few splintered coaches matter compared with those of a shattered city?

After an interminable wait we moved on, and eventually I reached the direct route again at Milan, travelling via Siena and Genoa, a detour which cost me five valuable hours.

I was far too weary to know much about the latter

stages of the journey, but at last I found myself in fog-bound London.

Breathlessly I enquired what pictures of the disaster had arrived before me, and when I learned that mine were the first I felt rewarded for every minute of my toil and anguish.

I know of no joy to equal that of success after great endeavour.

## CHAPTER X

### HISTORIC HORSE-RACES

The swinging camera—Triple dead-heat—King Edward's Derby—  
The dramatic race of 1913—Attack on the King's horse—  
Miss Emily Davison killed—Hundred-to-one chance wins—  
The war of the gangs—Sidelights on the great race.

TAKING photographs of horse-racing is always interesting, but I have never reached the standard of excellence acquired by my brother Horace in this work. During a lifetime on the staff of the *Daily Mirror* he has to some extent specialized with marked success in racing and other branches of sporting photography.

He it was who began the now common practice of swinging the camera during the moment of exposure at exactly the same speed as the horses are moving, and in the same direction, thus making it possible to obtain pictures in light that before was quite out of the question. The effect is often very striking, for the object of interest stands out clear and sharp against blurred surroundings.

To some extent this can be seen in the photograph I was lucky enough to get of the finish of the Royal Borough Handicap at Windsor in 1923.

The result was a triple dead heat between Marvex, Dumas, and Dinkie, and I think it may be said that I supplied the evidence that the judge was right. The fact that I swung the camera greatly helped the picture, for it will be seen that while the horses and jockeys are sharp the background and earth are blurred. Had I

held the camera still the opposite effect would have resulted.

Another innovation introduced by my brother which has revolutionized the photographing of steeple-chases was to have two cameras fastened together in such a way that plates could be exposed within a fraction of a second of each other, thus making it possible to illustrate the cause and effect of a fall. Many wonderful pictures have been obtained in this way.

It is probably safe to say that of all the hardy annual events the Derby causes more plates to be exposed than any other. Photographers abound; only the sick fail to attend.

The most popular Derby victory was, I think, without doubt, when King Edward won with Minoru in 1909. It is difficult to describe the scene of wild enthusiasm which followed the finish of the race.

A vast crowd, quite out of hand, surged round the famous Monarch as he led in the horse amid deafening cheers. "Good old Teddy!" they yelled in his ear; his hand was seized by any within reach, he was thumped heavily on the back, and he was pushed about by this mass of people bent on demonstrating their loyalty and joy at his success. Probably he had never before experienced such rough treatment, but I doubt whether he ever more enjoyed a situation; he smiled happily; I am quite sure he counted it a great day.

I narrowly escaped a lunge by the horse, who strongly objected to souvenir-hunters pulling hairs out of his tail and mane; I was then swept away in the crowd, my camera being smashed in the crush.

By far the most dramatic Derby was that of 1913, when the suffragette fanatic, Miss Emily Davison, made a wild attack upon the King's horse, Anmer.



TRIPLE DEAD-HEAT BETWEEN MARVEX, DUMAS, AND DINKIE AT WINDSOR IN 1923. THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATES THE ADVANTAGE OF SWINGING THE CAMERA. (See *page 89*.)



PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN WITH MY BROTHER'S DOUBLE CAMERA. *Left* : MANAMBAR COLLIDES WITH NEILSTON. *Right* : THE SAME INCIDENT LESS THAN A SECOND LATER : NEILSTON DOWN, MANAMBAR RECOVERS BUT HIS JOCKEY CONTINUES THE FALL.

I was sitting on a chimney-pot on the top of the grandstand—a dangerous perch but a good position for a finish picture—and I saw the tragedy quite clearly.

As the horses pounded round Tattenham Corner in a mass the woman dashed out just in front of them, and for the fraction of a second stood with her arms outstretched. The leading horses steered past her, but as Anmer came up she snatched wildly at the bridle. Herbert Jones, the jockey, tried to swerve aside, but the horse's chest hit her with full force and she bowled head over heels for many yards before collapsing in a heap.

The horse turned a complete somersault and severely injured Jones by falling upon him. The woman paid for her folly with her life.

I was too far away to take a photograph, but several wonderful pictures were obtained, and a Gaumont film showed the occurrence very clearly.

Another unusual happening in this race was that the favourite, Craganour, was first past the post and declared the winner, but was later disqualified for failing to keep a straight course. The price was one hundred to one against Aboyeur, which was awarded the race.

I got my finish picture, but in doing so my wrist-watch came off and fell down one of the chimneys. For some extraordinary reason it did not come out the other end, or, at any rate, the kindly Mr. Langlands, the Clerk of the Course, who assisted me in searching every fireplace in the stand, failed to find it.

The speed with which pictures of the finish of the great race are rushed back to Fleet Street by cars and motor-cycles is extraordinary.

The moment the horses have passed the post there sets up among the photographers and their messengers

what looks like a panic, and no welsher has ever run faster than they do. The journey from the course to our office has been done in twenty-four minutes, and I have sometimes been nearly half-way home before regaining my breath after the rush.

I have always felt for a friend of mine, named Muggeridge, who, at the end of a long and breathless run, took a flying leap through the open doors at the back of the van in which he was to develop his plates while on the way to London.

As he jumped he screamed "Right !" to the chauffeur, and away dashed the car with a jerk that shot Muggeridge into mid-air again. He landed in a heap on the ground, but only for a moment did he lie there ; in the next he was in wild pursuit, shouting like a madman as he ran. By the merest chance the van did not get clear away, for early in his mad dash the driver heard the swinging door slam and knew something was wrong. Muggeridge was saved from ridiculous failure.

Photographers are not as a rule interfered with by racecourse "thugs" so long as the pictures they take are not likely to be used for purposes of identity. If there is a chance of their being useful to the police then they must certainly look out.

I remember once preparing to photograph a gentleman in a top-hat who was doing the three-card trick on an umbrella. I never got the picture. Two innocent-looking spectators detached themselves from the crowd and quickly hustled me into a quieter spot where, coupled with a long string of oaths and adjectives, they gave me words of advice which I never forgot.

One was for knocking my head off right away, but the other, less bloodthirsty, was satisfied to promise me a lingering death next time.



KING EDWARD WINS THE DERBY WITH MINORU. "A VAST CROWD, QUITE OUT OF HAND, SURGED ROUND THE FAMOUS MONARCH." (See *page 90.*)



THE SUFFRAGETTE DERBY. MISS DAVISON BOWLING HEAD OVER HEELS AFTER BEING HIT BY THE KING'S HORSE. *Below:* THE OTHER HORSES STEER CLEAR. (See page 91.)

Such "gangs" as we have in this country work mainly on the racecourses, and some time ago the matter became serious when two organizations, known as the Birmingham gang and the Sheffield gang, acquired much added strength and began "business" outside their areas.

They numbered in their ranks some of the worst men the police have ever had to handle, and their chief object was to prey on bookmakers.

They did their work in broad daylight, boldly demanding money from the "bookies" on the courses, and threatening to smash up those who were obstinate. As a rule they paid—it was wisest to do so, for they were not idle threats.

Again and again courageous bookmakers who refused to pay the ransom for safety were attacked with vicious violence, a common practice being to wreck their cars on the way home and plunder the unfortunate occupants.

The police did what they could, but they were almost powerless; it was not possible for them to attend all race meetings in sufficient numbers to tackle the roughs. There was an obvious result. An organization was formed to protect the bookmakers which has done very effective work. One hears very little of the raiding gangs in these days.

## CHAPTER XI

### PIONEERS OF FLIGHT

Lord Northcliffe and aviation—The conquest of the Channel—  
Hubert Latham crashes—Louis Bleriot issues a challenge—  
His great flight—Latham in tears—He fails once more.

Now that aeroplanes cross the Channel with the precision of steamers, it is not easy to realize the difficulties which beset the flying pioneer in performing this feat.

It was in 1906 that Lord Northcliffe, ever ready to encourage progress and enterprise, offered, through the *Daily Mail*, £1,000 to the airman who first flew the Channel in a heavier-than-air machine, and £10,000 to the one who made the pioneer journey between London and Manchester.

Many thought the prizes should have been reversed owing to the cross-air currents and other dangers of flying over the sea. Nevertheless, it was this flight that attracted the airmen first, though not until July 1909, three years after the prize had been offered.

Several machines were brought to the French coast at this time in preparation for the crossing; among them an Antoinette monoplane to be flown by Hubert Latham, a Frenchman of English extraction.

It was a beautiful machine, designed and built by a French engineer named Le Vavasseur, who, having invented an engine, constructed the 'plane to prove its worth.

Without doubt Latham was a daredevil, and had the

matter rested with him he would have taken many more risks than the owner of the machine would allow. As it was, there followed a tedious wait for perfect weather conditions.

My job was to enter a motor-boat at Dover every morning before the break of day and patrol the English coast in readiness to land at any point reached by the airman, or to rescue him from the sea if necessary. This meant rising at three o'clock each morning, and keeping on watch until dusk, except on those rare occasions when I got definite news by wireless.

By the end of a fortnight I was reduced almost to a shadow through loss of sleep and fatigue, and the skipper of my boat and his boy were in no better condition.

To a keen newspaper man there is no worse nightmare than the thought of sleeping through that period of time when the event for which he has been waiting takes place. This catastrophe would most certainly have happened to me on this occasion but for the imp that prevented Latham's engine from starting up on the morning of the tenth day.

As usual, I had taken to the boat at dawn and in a moment of weakness had agreed to have a nap while the skipper kept watch.

Seven hours later I awoke to a scene of perfect peace.

We were at anchor. Fred, the boy, wedged in the bows with one arm in the sea, was sound asleep; the skipper, sitting amidship with his head bowed down to his knees, was snoring painfully. The sun was blazing hot, and so calm did everything seem, and so perfect the weather, that I had no doubt the airman had passed.

It was small consolation to me to be assured by the skipper that he had but just dosed off; I knew the

man lied, because we had agreed to land for breakfast four hours before, and he was one of those people who lived for his eggs and bacon.

As it proved, all was well, and it was not until four days later that a wireless message came at dawn to say that Latham was about to start.

The news quickly spread through Dover, and there were soon numbers of people running for the cliffs. Cars fussed about in all directions, picking up newspaper men and taking them to points of vantage on the coast. I made a dash for my boat.

For hours we cruised about without catching a glimpse of the airman, and at last I landed in search of news.

Latham had made history, but he had not crossed the Channel. For twenty-one minutes he had flown, nursing and coaxing his machine to keep height over the waters; it was useless; lower and lower it came, until, with a final spit, the engine petered out and he dropped into the sea. He was found sitting on the wreck, held up by airbags, and was rescued by a French destroyer.

With the news of his failure came the announcement that Louis Bleriot intended to make the flight, and two days later he arrived with his machine in Calais, where I had now been sent to assist my brother Tom.

I take off my hat to Bleriot as one of the pluckiest and most resolute men I have met. In a recent accident he had badly scalded his foot, and arrived for his Channel attempt wearing one slipper and hobbling painfully on two sticks.

He dumped the pieces of his little monoplane into a back garden at Les Baraques, put it together, tuned up the engine, tied on a couple of bladders, and within

two days was ready to start. Then he showed himself to be a true sportsman.

Latham was by then fitting up another machine which had arrived from Paris, and Bleriot informed him that he would delay his flight until he was also ready for the air. He made no stipulations, only asked that he might be informed when the Antoinette machine was fit for flight.

On July 24 Latham accepted the challenge. The race was on.

Bleriot lost no time after that; he told us he would go the next morning, and, true to his word, he went.

It was still dark when I reached Les Baraques. Mechanics were frantically pumping up the bladders and putting finishing touches to the machine, which was now in a field adjoining the garden, the fence of which had been torn down.

Leaning heavily on his sticks Bleriot stood near, giving quick orders; at the first streak of dawn he would wait no longer.

"The wind is rising," he cried, waving a stick "Bring her up," and they rushed the machine over to him. A moment later he was lifted into the pilot seat and switched on the engine. It started, and almost at once the machine was off, slowly at first, but gaining speed as it bumped over the rough ground.

Wildly the onlookers cheered when, after a long run, the 'plane left the ground and began to rise heavily. Twice he circled the field; then, having gained a height of about forty feet, he came down again.

A few shouted instructions, obeyed by breathless mechanics, another pint or two of petrol, and he was ready for the great adventure.

"Is it sunrise, Monsieur?" he cried to Hamilton

Fyfe, the *Daily Mail* representative; for it was a condition of the flight that it must take place between dawn and sunset of one day.

As he spoke he raised himself on one leg and pointed dramatically to the ball of fire which had risen over the horizon in the east.

Fyfe gave the signal, and again the engine roared out to full power; there was no further delay, and almost at once the machine was in the air, this time to swiftly disappear into the morning mist over the Channel.

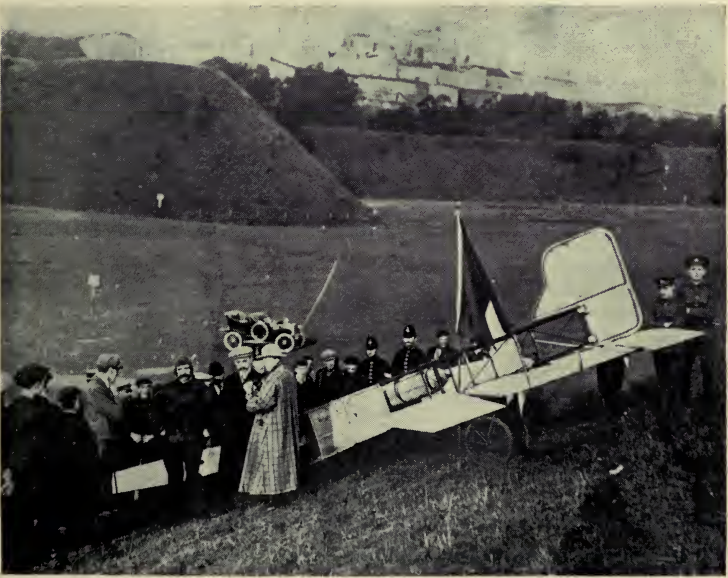
With Bleriot gone, my brother and I rushed over to Sangatte where Latham was, and we found him having a fierce argument with the owner of the machine. At dawn Le Vavas seur had decided against the flight, and was now strongly opposing Latham's intention to follow Bleriot at all costs.

In spite of the engineer's excited protests, Latham had the monoplane pushed up the hill, down the side of which he had to taxi to get off. He clambered into the pilot's seat and tried to start the engine. Nothing happened. The argument continued, but still the engine would not start, and while he tinkered with it a messenger came running from the wireless shed.

Bleriot had landed near Dover Castle after thirty-five minutes' flying, said the radio, and contained in the same message was yet further proof of the successful airman's fine sportsmanship.

He would, he said, share the prize with Latham if he crossed that day, but without doubt the conditions were quickly becoming hopeless. Nevertheless, I am certain Latham would have gone if he could have started the engine, for he had more courage to face death than an appearance of cowardice.

At last he gave up, and, jumping from the machine,



LOUIS BLÉRIOT (*inset*) FLIES THE CHANNEL. LEAVING THE FRENCH COAST, AND STANDING BY HIS MACHINE AFTER LANDING NEAR DOVER CASTLE, SEEN IN BACKGROUND.



THE END OF HUBERT LATHAM'S FINAL ATTEMPT TO FLY THE CHANNEL. *Inset, THE FAMOUS AIRMAN BEFORE THE START. (See Chapter XI.)*

he burst into tears. He was grief-stricken at failure, though I am quite sure the loss of the money was of small account. He was led off the field by Mr. Delacombe, of the Aero Club, and the Hon. C. S. Rolls.

Three days later he again fell into the sea, this time within two miles of Dover, and that was his last attempt on the Channel.

Subsequently, however, he made many daring flights over land. At Blackpool, in the same year, he achieved what was believed impossible by flying in a circle in a wind so strong that when going in the same direction his speed was over ninety miles an hour, and less than five when he was meeting the gale. He took many other risks and survived them all, until Fate decreed that he must die.

The next year, in the French Congo, he was gored to death by an infuriated buffalo. He had lived dangerously and achieved much.

No one could grudge Bleriot his splendid success, won by sheer determination. The monoplane in which he made the flight weighed 600 lbs. full up, that is, including himself and seventy litres of petrol. The normal full out run of the propeller was 1,200 revolutions per minute, driven by a 24 h.p. engine.

It did all he asked, and could have done no more.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE FIRST AVIATION MEETING

The meeting at Doncaster—Edward Mines and his extraordinary machine—Somner, LeBlon, and Delagrange—Colonel S. F. Cody, great aviator, master showman—He becomes naturalized.

SOME time after Bleriot's Channel flight in 1909 there arose a keen rivalry between the towns of Doncaster and Blackpool to be the first to hold an aviation meeting in this country.

In the end the dates clashed, greatly to the benefit of those few men who could fly, for there was a spirited bidding for their patronage between the two organizations.

I went to Doncaster, and, as was usual with flying events in those days, settled down to await the coming of that still, fine weather required by the airmen, but so rare in this land of uncertainty and swift changes. To some extent Doncaster overcame the difficulty of "no show" days by offering a tempting sum of money to any man who delivered an aeroplane on to the flying ground, and a much greater amount if he succeeded in making it hop at least three feet into the air.

The idea was that even if the weather was bad there would be a parade of machines twice daily, and the spectators could not complain that they had received nothing for their money.

I, of course, attended the first parade—an amazing collection of machines of all shapes and sizes. No doubt

all the proud owners intended to risk an attempt at the one-yard bounce, but, as it proved, only a few of them succeeded in making it.

The Frenchmen—Somner, LeBlon, and Delagrange—all put up fine performances, as did several Englishmen, but a number of the machines were built without any regard for the known principles of flight.

One machine I remember very well—shall never forget it, in fact.

It was constructed round a dilapidated tricycle of ancient design, tiny 'planes and various spars and cross-pieces having been lashed to it with cord. It had an elevating plane, which looked like the front shutter of a coffee-stall, held firmly in position with a pole. There was a one-cylinder engine connected to the propeller by a cycle chain.

On the first fine day the aviator, a Mr. Edward Mines, donning a heavy leather flying-coat, and calling loudly to his only mechanic, a weedy boy named George, prepared to take the air.

Settling himself on the tricycle seat and grasping the handle-bars, he started the engine. Nothing happened until George, straining greatly, began to push behind. The added power caused man and machine to move across the ground, but almost at once disaster came.

The cause was trivial. A piece of string snapped and the saddle fell off, causing the airman to smash the starboard plane by falling on it. George added to the noise of the crash by pitching headfirst into the mess owing to the sudden stop.

The aviator got up, scratched his head, and, seeing a wheel was buckled, picked up the wrecked 'plane and marched solemnly back to the hangar with it on his

shoulder. George brought up the rear with the bits that had fallen off.

If this could be called an aeroplane it was the smallest at the meeting; the largest was the one brought by that famous man of many parts, Colonel S. F. Cody.

This machine, known far and wide as "The Cathedral", had on several occasions carried its eighteen-stone designer and builder into the air, and, unlike most other aeroplanes at that time, it was British through and through. Cody told me he was to receive £2,000 for bringing it to Doncaster, and he won several prizes.

Without doubt Cody was the most picturesque of all airmen; had he been less of a showman he would have been hailed as one of the greatest men of his time.

I came to know him very well and realized how hurt he was that, no matter what he did, what world's record he achieved in the air, what courageous act he performed, people merely laughed and said what a splendid showman he was.

Another of his bitter complaints was that if he won a competition it was the airmen he had beaten who got the order for machines, and it must be said that this was true. Nevertheless, he persevered, and by sheer force of character did many surprising things.

As an honorary colonel in the British Army before the days of aeroplanes he worked on the development of his invention of man-lifting kites, a device that was so unpopular in a warship in which it was fitted that to "man the kite" became a punishment meted out to defaulters.

Later he commanded the Army airship *Nulli Secundus*, and was in charge of the flight over London which ended in a forced landing on the football ground at the Crystal Palace.

His official appointment did not last very long, however, and he told me that the happiest moment of his life was when, years later, he, as a private inventor, flew over the sheds at Farnborough, the undisputed winner of the £5,000 prize offered by the Government to all comers for the most efficient aeroplane of the day.

A showman he certainly was, but the general belief that he was the Cody who became famous as "Buffalo Bill" was not correct.

There was an extraordinary likeness between the two men, however. Both wore fine "Imperial" beards and kept their hair long, using hairpins to keep their buns in position at the back, and their careers as showmen were very similar.

S. F. Cody, a native of Texas, U.S.A., as indeed was "Buffalo Bill", became a bronco-buster in the Far West before coming to Europe at the head of a "Wild West" show. Afterwards he became an actor in plays he had himself written, and then a London music-hall turn as trick shot and lasso slinger.

When flying became a practical possibility he took up the serious business of heavier-than-air machines, but he could never forget his showmanship.

At Doncaster he was the star turn, several times rising majestically over the people, until, in landing, the "cathedral" pitched forward and finished up on its nose.

Cody was unhurt, but, instead of allowing willing helpers to right the machine, he preferred to dramatically lasso the tail skid, which was standing upwards high in the air, and drag the great 'plane back into position.

It was during this meeting that the papers came

through naturalizing him as a British subject, and he had them brought on to the aerodrome, where he made the necessary signatures, using the back of the Town Clerk as a desk. I do not think it was by his arrangement that a band was in attendance while this was done.

Poor Cody died a pioneer airman's death in August 1913. His 'plane crashed at Farnborough, and aviation lost one of its brightest stars.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE AIR RACE TO MANCHESTER

Louis Paulhan and Claude Grahame-White—The hectic race to be first in the air—Frenchman gets away—Grahame-White seventy minutes behind—The first night flight—Pluck unrewarded—Paulhan wins.

EARLY on the morning of April 28, 1910, a man in an aeroplane dropped from the skies and landed at Manchester.

He was Louis Paulhan, the French airman, who had flown from London, thus completing the greatest flight that had ever been made. His reward was the £10,000 prize offered by the *Daily Mail* four years previously to the first aviator to accomplish the feat.

The flight had been full of incident and excitement, for Mr. Claude Grahame-White, a young Englishman, had put up a splendid race, and the issue had been in doubt almost to the end.

I had been deputed to follow the fortunes of the Englishman, a flying novice who covered himself with glory and emerged from failure with the highest honours.

The journey had to be completed within twenty-four hours of taking off, and in his first attempt, made some days previously, this airman had to return to London after reaching Lichfield, a distance of 113 miles.

Soon after he got back to Wormwood Scrubs, his starting point, Paulhan reached Hendon from

France, and a hectic race began, first to get the machine ready for the air—they were both in pièces after transit—and then to make the flight.

Both crews of fitters toiled in feverish haste, and Paulhan, himself working without pause, constantly urged his men to still greater speed.

Hearing of a French barber in London who was experienced in aeroplane rigging he sent an urgent message to him to drop his scissors and rush out to Hendon to assist. He came, but in spite of his efforts Grahame-White was ready first.

The Englishman might have got away early on the afternoon of April 27 if his advisers had not persuaded him that the wind was too high. At about 5.30 that evening a man appeared on the roof of the great airship shed in which the machine was housed, and with wide sweeps of his arms signalled to the assembled thousands that the flight was off.

Scarcely had he done so, however, than the news came through that Paulhan was in the air. Great excitement followed, and some of the younger members of the Grahame-White party dashed off to fetch their champion, who, in preparation for a start at dawn, was asleep in bed in a nearby hotel.

He came at once, rushing across the Scrubs surrounded by his friends, only half dressed and with his shoes unlaced. Many tried to dissuade him from starting, for the wind was still high, but he would not hear of further delay.

Then came the difficulty of taking off owing to the vast crowd scattered over the field. Finally those of us with cars formed up in line abreast and, going forward, cleared a lane through the people. They were willing enough to move once they knew where to go,

for this was an international affair of much importance. Grahame-White was a national hero.

As soon as the way was ready the frail biplane, with the airman, quite unprotected, perched on a little seat among the struts, came crashing along and was soon circling over us before heading north. He was just seventy minutes behind the Frenchman.

I had been provided with a powerful car and at once set off in pursuit. As passenger I took one of the mechanics.

We quickly lost sight of the 'plane, but after running at top speed for about sixty miles we spotted it in a field near Roade, and found the airman surrounded by villagers.

Ours was the first of a roaring stream of cars to arrive on the scene, and we were relieved to find that nothing worse than approaching darkness had caused the descent. The machine was undamaged.

When Grahame-White heard that Paulhan was down at Lichfield and had gone to bed to await the dawn, he decided to do a very courageous thing—to make the first night flight ever attempted in a heavier-than-air machine.

His plan was to rest for a few hours and then to fly into the darkness, taking his chance that his engine would keep running until daylight. If it stopped before dawn he knew that almost certainly he must crash. There were no landing lights in those days.

At two in the morning, therefore, we again gathered on the field and made swift preparations for the daring attempt.

Cars started off northward at short intervals so that their headlights would illuminate the road and guide the airman on his way. Those of us who were left

searched every inch of the run for obstacles or broken glass, and fixed cycle lamps on the hedge over which the 'plane had to rise or crash.

It was still dark when, at 2.50 a.m., the engine roared out and the machine began to move, rushing headlong for the hedge, gathering speed as it went.

I was abreast of the obstacle, and just as I had decided that disaster was certain the 'plane began to rise. Gaining height by inches, it scraped over, tearing away the top branches as it passed. I felt sick with fear.

Even now the plucky airman was not out of danger; there were telegraph wires a little further on over which he had to fly. Somehow he did it, and the sound of his engine died away in the distance.

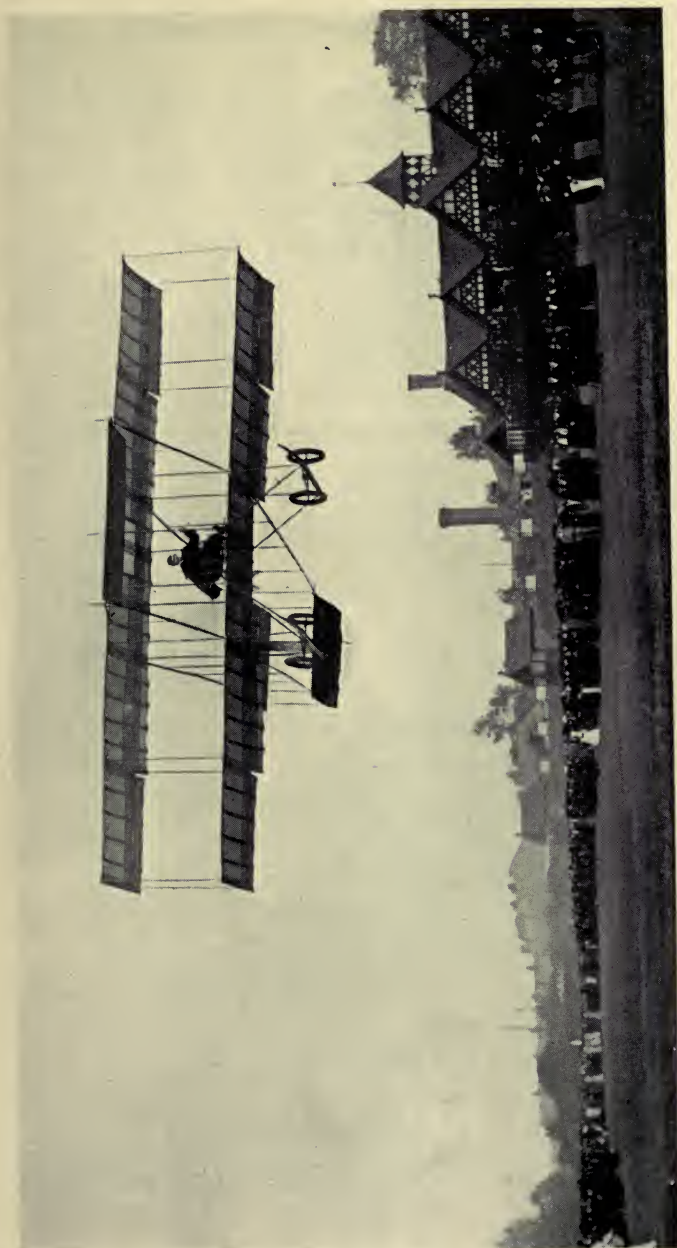
Grahame-White deserved success for the courage he displayed, but it was not to be. Some time before sunrise he encountered heavy winds and could make no headway against them. Three times he was blown round in his tracks, and finally he decided to come down at Polesworth. He had flown through the darkness for one hour and twenty-three minutes.

Where pluck and daring had failed sound experience succeeded.

Almost at the moment that the Englishman was landing Paulhan was taking off from Lichfield, a few miles away, on his last hop.

He met the same conditions that the novice had failed to overcome, but he was acknowledged as the foremost pilot of the day, already holding many records, and he afterwards admitted that he had never before flown in such bad weather.

I was one of a little crowd of supporters surrounding Grahame-White's machine when news came through that Paulhan had landed at Manchester, and once again



GRAHAM-WHITE FLYING THE MACHINE HE USED IN HIS FAMOUS LONDON TO MANCHESTER RACE WITH PAULHAN.  
THE PILOT HAD NO PROTECTION WHEN IN THE AIR. (See *Chapter XIII.*)



THE AIR RACE TO MANCHESTER. GRAHAME-WHITE LEADS CHEERS  
FOR PAULHAN UPON HEARING THAT HIS RIVAL HAD LANDED AND  
WON THE RACE. (*See page 109.*)

I must sing the praises of the English airman. Like the good sportsman he was he took his defeat splendidly. Mounting his machine, he called for cheers for his successful rival after making a speech of congratulation.

Had the weather improved he would have attempted to complete the flight, but conditions got worse and at noon he abandoned it.

Both men flew Henry Farman biplanes.

## CHAPTER XIV

### AN AIRSHIP ADVENTURE IN GERMANY

Zeppelin VII—The hard business man with a soft heart—The flight from Dusseldorf—Bomb-dropping—The storm—Disaster.

IN the matter of flying I can lay claim to but one distinction, that of sharing with two others the honour of being the first British subjects to fly in a German airship. At least, so we were told at the time.

This was in June 1910, and to a non-scientific onlooker such as myself there would appear to have been very little improvement in airship construction since that time.

It had been announced that the newest Zeppelin—No. VII—was to be used to carry fare-paying passengers, a company having been formed at Dusseldorf for this purpose. Obviously this should make good pictures, so away I went to Germany.

Hoping to persuade the famous Count to allow me to fly before the passenger flights had begun, I went hot-foot to Friedrichschafen, where, on the shores of Lake Constance, is the vast enclosure in which these great airships are built.

I arrived too late. Within an hour of my coming the ship was gone, heading for Dusseldorf. I quickly followed her.

I have not been to Friedrichschafen recently, but in those days the whole place was given over to the glorification—almost worship—of Count Zeppelin.

One could not move a yard without seeing a portrait of him; it decorated every wall, plate, cup, and saucer; the knives and forks I used had handles to represent airships, and tiny engine gondolas carried salt on the dining-tables.

This hero-worship was not confined to the airship base, however, for the inventor was a national idol throughout the length and breadth of the land.

I had seen him fly his fourth ship over Berlin a year before, and there was gathered to greet him on Tempelhof Plain a wildly enthusiastic crowd estimated at 600,000 people. It must be admitted that no one counted them, but I am used to crowds, and it was easily the biggest I have ever known.

Viewed from a specially built grandstand it was an extraordinary sight; the vast area of the plain was packed tight with people, so tight, in fact, that but few could have found room to sit down had they wished to do so.

At the appointed time the Zeppelin arrived, circled gracefully over us, and, after dipping three times in a salute, sailed off to land near by. As was fitting, the incident ended with the Kaiser kissing Count Zeppelin twice on both cheeks.

At Dusseldorf I found that all places in the airship for the first flight had been disposed of. I was invited to take part in the second, a trip arranged mainly for the Press, which meant I should not get my "scoop".

I did all I could, but it seemed impossible to get this altered, until good fortune came to my assistance. On the evening before the flight I chanced to get into conversation with a stranger in the lounge of my hotel, and eventually told him my troubles.

As we parted he said, "Be at the shed at six in the

morning : you shall go in my place" ; and I discovered that he was Dr. Andrea, one of the directors in charge of the flight organization.

The next morning I met that hard business man with the soft heart, and, true to his word, he showed me into the airship after explaining some of its less secret mysteries.

It had two gondolas, one fore and one aft, suspended from the body of the vessel, each of which contained two 200 h.p. engines driving four propellers. The elevating and steering planes were at the rear of the ship, and these were controlled from the front gondola, in which the captain travelled.

I was the twentieth and last to enter the grand saloon, reaching it by means of a step-ladder while the ship was still in the hangar. Men and women, some wrapped up like Eskimos, were taking their seats at small tables fixed on each side of the richly carpeted lounge.

A uniformed steward was busy in his pantry at one end, while at the other was an open door revealing a long triangular passageway, made of aluminium, which led to the front engine gondola. The saloon itself was made of satinwood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and was exquisitely decorated. Along each side were windows which let down in the manner of an ordinary railway carriage, and there was a wicker armchair for each passenger.

There was a crew of thirteen besides the twenty passengers, and the fare for the three hours' trip we proposed to make was £10.

We were a cosmopolitan crowd—fifteen Germans, five of them women, one American, a Mrs. Felix Goetz, and one Frenchman. Besides myself there was another

Englishman, a Mr. Harold Jeans of London, and Mr. Sam Mavor, a Scot from Glasgow.

Before we had settled ourselves we were on the move, the ship being slowly towed out of the shed by squads of soldiers.

As soon as we were clear a bell clanged, the engines started, and we were on our way, not shooting up like a balloon, but ascending at a gentle angle by means of planes and rudders, while making wide circles over the flying-ground.

Below lay Dusseldorf with the beautiful Rhine flowing through it, and away to the south I could see the distant steeple of Cologne.

Our turning point was to be Dortmund, and having attained a height of about 1,000 feet, at which the captain intended to make the journey, we set off, rigidly keeping at our altitude by climbing hills and descending through valleys.

Never had I experienced such perfect conditions of transport. I could scarcely hear the roar of the engines, and I seemed to be floating in space. There was no rolling or sudden tossing, but as the ship increased or lessened its height the saloon took the angle of the rise or fall.

This was rarely very acute, however, except on one occasion when an avalanche of plates and dishes fell from the dresser.

The spirits of the international party rose as if with the ship; everyone was excited at this strange adventure. The steward was kept very busy supplying our wants from his selection of choice wines, caviare sandwiches, lobster salad, fruit, and hot coffee served from Thermos flasks.

With mighty cheers and brave efforts to sing the

national anthems in tune we responded to the toasts to the Kaiser and to King George, each of us having been supplied with an aluminium cup of champagne for the purpose by the officials of the ship. The American lady and the Frenchman had their drinks, but their countries were not honoured in song.

Outside the scene was constantly changing; in the towns and villages we saw the people running in every direction to get a better view of us—on to housetops and any open space to wave their specks of handkerchiefs.

In the country the noise of the great engines terrified the cattle and farm stock; I saw cows in panic trying to jump over hedges, horses stampeding, and fowls fluttering about in an aimless effort to escape.

Some time after our start we passed over the great Krupp gun works at Essen, looked down the smoking chimneys, and in the yards saw the men stop work to stare at us.

This raised the question of bomb dropping, and in the open country we held competitions, using empty champagne bottles as bombs. The results were fairly accurate and many bushes were "destroyed". Another pastime was to drop stamped postcards over the side with a request to the finder to post them. It is to be feared that in most cases they were kept as souvenirs, for of the many I sent only one was delivered in London.

After three and a half hours' flying at about sixty miles an hour we returned, planed down to near the ground, and were towed by ropes into the hangar. Thus ended one more chapter in the history of flight—the establishment of the first commercial airship.

Inside the shed we disembarked, our places in the

saloon being taken by soldiers until sandbags could be adjusted.

Five days later that beautiful ship lay, a tangled mass of metal, silk and canvas festooned about the trees of a forest, with a broken trunk pierced through her grand saloon.

She met this fate on her next flight, the one arranged for the Press representatives, to which I had been invited. Among her passengers was my friend George Ward Price, who wrote a thrilling article in the *Daily Mail* describing her nine hours' battle with a storm. From this article I quote the following :

. . . Suddenly the port stern propeller stopped. There was a defect in the motor. The wind was freshening fast, and with one propeller ineffective, it was difficult to steer. We decided to try to Make Muenster, where, with the help of the garrison, we could land on the military exercising ground and repair the motor. The wind grew stronger. We could not make Muenster. We dare not now turn and fly before the wind, however, or the airship would lose steerage way.

So, doggedly, she was turned almost in the teeth of the gale to weather the storm in the air.

"We might, perhaps, reach Osnabrueck," said Dr. Colsmann, a director of the airship company on board, "where are also military who could help us land." Telegrams warning them of our possible arrival were thrown from the ship.

And the swerving, driving, rain-beaten airship fought inch by inch, sloping steeply first forward and then aft as we rose and fell in the storm. It was very cold. Icy showers fell in torrents round us. Often we hung motionless for a quarter of an hour, with the propellers revolving at full speed, powerless against the resistance of the wind.

Our petrol was now failing. We had been nearly nine hours in the air, instead of three. Just before 5 o'clock we saw dense black rainclouds ahead. A moment later we plunged into them, and a white fog closed round us, shutting out everything from our eyes. So we continued for half an hour. Then the petrol gave out, and the whirling propellers faltered and stood still. Almost simultaneously we broke through the floor of the cloud, and there, only a few feet below our bows, was a hill covered with a dense fir forest.

Our water ballast was exhausted. Some of us were ordered to run aft along the narrow gangway inside the keel of the airship to attempt to bring her to the ascending position. It was too late.

The downward eddy of the gale seized the swaying ship, and down we crashed into the tree-tops.

There was a rending, tearing sound. The vessel shivered and struggled as if to rise. There was another crash, and the splintered tree trunks stabbed through the floor of the balloon, ripping the gas compartments in all directions. There we stuck fast, held by the branches of the trees. Had we with the same force struck the open ground, scarcely anyone in the airship could have escaped serious injury.

It is extraordinary that the only casualty was a German who broke his leg through not waiting to use a rope-ladder to leave the wreck. He, not unreasonably, feared fire.

## CHAPTER XV

### BARRICADES AND BAYONETS IN SPAIN

Revolution in Catalonia—Third Degree—By cart to Barcelona—  
A journey through the night—A Spanish beauty—Bar-  
ricades in Barcelona—Shooting from house-tops—I am  
forced to repair a road—Attack on churches and monasteries.

ON the sunny morning of Monday, July 26, 1909, re-  
volution broke out in Catalonia, the turbulent province  
of Spain which has caused so much trouble to the  
Central Government in Madrid.

Barcelona, the City of Bombs, so called because  
it was then the centre of the world's anarchist move-  
ment, was chiefly affected by the rising. It was the capital  
of the province, and it was here that the insurgents  
proposed to set up an independent administration when  
they had defeated the Royalists.

Their first act of war was to destroy communications  
by tearing up the railway tracks and chopping down the  
poles carrying the telegraph wires.

As a result, when I left London for the scene of the  
conflict very little was known of what was happening.

Travelling via Paris, Lyons, Avignon, and Per-  
pignan, I reached the Spanish frontier at Portbou a  
little after midnight on July 28. There, in common  
with all the other passengers, I was put through the  
ordeal of a "third degree" examination.

All were guilty until proved innocent.

Ferocious officials, waving unsheathed swords,

examined our papers, our clothing, and our baggage with a thoroughness born of grave suspicion.

I realized, however, that if one wishes to be mixed up in a revolution it is useless to complain of the conditions one meets. Things might have been worse, for, after some three hours of doubt, I was allowed to re-enter the train.

It was not for long. At Gerona, a small town some eighty miles by road from Barcelona, the lines came to an end, wrenched up from the sleepers and thrown about in all directions. Dawn was breaking, and in the half-light I could see many heavily armed soldiers, by which I rightly guessed that those in revolt had been driven off.

The town was crammed with people waiting for the line to be repaired, a delay that I could not possibly afford. I tried to hire a car, but they were not common in those days, and Gerona did not possess one.

Someone knew of a cart, and, to my sorrow, I engaged it. It had iron tyres, no springs, and a wooden floor of extraordinary hardness. There were no cushions.

The negotiations for the hire were complete by eleven in the morning, but nothing I could do would persuade the two drivers to start on the journey before late afternoon. It was their custom to rest during the heat of the day, and this day was to be no exception.

I was not alone in misfortune. A Frenchman I had met agreed to share my transport, for he was urgently needed in Barcelona. He represented the firm that had installed the electric-light plant in the city, and this had been partly destroyed by the insurgents.

It would be difficult to imagine a more toilsome journey. The dust was almost unbelievable; it had not

rained for nearly two months, and the Spaniards had learned nothing from the Romans in road-making.

Again and again we were stopped, sometimes by loyal citizens hastily armed to meet the emergency, and often by bands of men in revolt.

Our drivers talked to all and sundry at great length, apparently answering innumerable questions, and asking as many in return. They never tired. When occasion demanded they punctuated their chatter by repeatedly tapping a small Union Jack which had been tacked to the cover of the cart. Neither the Frenchman nor I knew what was being said, but we gathered they were promising the wrathful vengeance of the British Empire should ill befall us, and it appeared to be accepted as a weighty threat.

Before starting we had been seriously warned against the danger from robbers. It was said that these gentlemen would take advantage of the unsettled state of the country, and I must admit I did not quite like the prospect.

Acting under advice, we had given full information of our intended movements to the authorities in Gerona. As a result the drivers had been sent for and officially told that they would be held responsible for our welfare. Whether there was some slight suspicion that they themselves might rob us I do not know, but, as it proved, they were very loyal and did all they could to protect us.

On one occasion we met a gang of thirty or forty half-clad men making their way towards Gerona. Few had coats, several wore trousers torn away at the knees, shirts with the sleeves ripped off, and their breasts were bare. Some carried sticks, but so far as we could see they were otherwise unarmed.

At their head walked a man carrying a long pole, on the end of which was fixed a dirty white shirt, an indication, we presumed, of their peaceful intentions.

I could not discover who they were or what they were about, but it is probable they were making for the frontier to escape conscription. The army was very unpopular just then, for, apart from the revolution, there was a destructive war on in Morocco.

We took supper in a wayside house, and there I saw the girl the poets rave about. She was a perfect Spanish beauty, but it was not only her perfections and delightful grace that interested me. Her job was quite unique.

With a paper "tickler" of many colours, such as one might see at a country fair, she kept the countless flies from settling upon myself and my fellow guests by continually "whisking" our faces and heads. It was most disconcerting, though, in spite of her pretty smiles, she did her work without the slightest sign of sauciness.

The meat she counted as sacred as ourselves, and the only respite she gave the flies was to permit them to rest undisturbed upon her parents, our host and hostess.

At this meal I met a drink problem far more difficult to overcome than the one facing the average American.

There was plenty of wine on the table, contained in a large glass decanter with a long, tapering spout and a handle at the side, but there were no glasses.

I was desperately in need of a drink, but I had to wait for an expert to show me the way.

At last one of the drivers seized the decanter by the handle and, flinging back his head, poured a thin stream

of wine into his open mouth. Steadily he increased the length of the fall until his arm was fully extended, and then just as steadily he lowered it again. Not one drop did he spill. He swallowed the liquid without once closing his mouth or, so far as I could see, moving his tongue, a very dexterous manœuvre that no novice can perform.

I know, because I tried and failed.

Some went down the wrong way and some missed my mouth altogether. I had been warned by the Frenchman that it was an unpardonable sin to touch the spout with the lips, but I was about to do this, when the beautiful fly-chaser saved the situation.

After considerable search she produced a broken tumbler with just enough of its top rim left intact to enable me to drink. I was very thankful.

We reached Barcelona about noon the next day, and had to make a wider detour to reach the centre of the city because most of the roads were barricaded.

The situation was very "touchy". Government troops had gained control, but there was still some fighting, and many arrests were being made.

With the indiscretion of excessive enthusiasm I set off at once for the district where the conflict had been hottest without first obtaining special permits or the services of an interpreter.

There were many signs of fighting, bullet marks thick on the houses, balconies and copings shot away by gunfire, and barricades across the streets.

These were built largely of blocks of stone torn from the roadways, and in some cases overturned tramcars, electric-light standards, and telegraph poles had also been used.

The streets themselves had an extraordinary

appearance. From nearly every window of the houses there fluttered a white flag—a sheet, a handkerchief, a shirt, anything white to denote the innocence of the occupants and their desire for peace.

And yet from the roofs of these very houses an occasional shot would be fired at the representatives of law and order below. A dash by soldiers to the roof would follow, but the situation was full of difficulty.

In many cases one could travel the whole length of a street on the flat roofs of the houses, and it was easy for the sniper to escape. Later this was prevented by the posting of sentries on the house-tops.

In making my way along Paralelo, the principal street in the anarchist quarter, I was clambering over a barricade, when I was roughly seized by one of the soldiers on guard.

“Walla, walla, walla, hullabaloo!” he shouted, or something equally unintelligible to me, and, as I appeared to be resisting an order, a second soldier ran up with his rifle at the ready.

I was dreadfully anxious to do as they wished, but for the life of me I could not decide what this was. Both were shouting now, and so carelessly did they point their rifles, with their sharp bayonets, in my direction that I expected a painful accident to happen at any minute.

When one of the men grabbed me by the shoulder and thrust me towards the barricade I thought he wanted me to go back, and, fully in favour of a dignified retreat, I began to climb the obstacle.

Instantly there was a roar from behind, followed by a frightful tug at my trousers which landed me back in a heap—still mystified.

It was then that the situation was relieved by the



COLONEL S. F. CODY, OF U.S.A., BECOMES A BRITISH SUBJECT, SIGNING THE PAPERS ON THE BACK OF THE TOWN CLERK OF DONCASTER DURING THE AVIATION MEETING. (See page 104.)



A SPANISH REVOLUTION. DEMOLISHING A BARRICADE IN BARCELONA, WORK IN WHICH I WAS FORCED TO JOIN. WHITE FLAGS OF PEACE HANG FROM MANY OF THE WINDOWS OF THE HOUSES.  
(See page 123.)

appearance on the scene of a very stout woman accompanied by what I took to be an obedient husband.

After a noisy altercation with my captors, in which the lady played lead, the newcomers began, with very bad grace, to repair the road. I required no further hint.

Laying aside my camera, I proceeded to work shoulder to shoulder with them, replacing the heavy stone blocks into their original position.

As I fitted my tenth block, my enemy the soldier, now beaming with smiles, made it clear by signs that I had his permission to depart.

I did so with considerable relief, and later learned the reason of my enforced navvy work.

An order had been issued that morning that any person passing a barricade should do something towards repairing the road, for it was felt that many who had assisted in their damage would be passing to and fro. I had to pay my toll with the rest.

All places of worship had suffered severely in the fighting, and the insurgents lost no opportunity to destroy churches, monasteries, and convents.

In Paralelo I came upon a church which the despoilers had left in utter chaos.

The pulpit was broken in two, the altar table lay upturned and shattered, stones had been thrown through the beautiful stained-glass windows, and among the débris was a crucifix with one end of the cross pounded with brick dust and mortar. Obviously it had been used as a sledge-hammer and cast aside in total disregard for its holy representation.

In the Church of Santa Madona there was a similar scene, and beside the broken altar stood a soldier guarding the ruins against further sacrilege.

The remains of a convent I entered told a sad story of terrorism. The building had been deliberately fired after the men had burst into the nuns' cells by breaking down the walls and partitions. Whether the stories I was told of the murder of these holy women in cold blood were true I could not prove, but it was obvious that the desperadoes who had attacked them had been ruthless.

It is not surprising that those days in Barcelona are still referred to as "Bloody Week".

More than eighty religious houses were destroyed in the province, most of them in the city itself.

In some cases the priests, who fought lustily for their churches, held out long enough to be relieved by the soldiers, but many died fighting for their faith.

The insurgents attacked them with such fury, not so much because they were their enemies, but because they were not their friends. Had the priests preached their cause, they said, success would have been assured.

During my stay I met the famous Mr. Charles J. Arrow, who, with his wife, was living a life of very real danger in Spain.

After retiring from Scotland Yard he had been engaged by the Spanish Government to organize a department and a body of police to keep the anarchists of Barcelona under supervision.

He was lucky to escape with his life, but his work had lasting effect. Little is now heard of the anarchists, and Barcelona is no longer the centre of the bombing industry.

This fact is due very largely to the English detective, who attacked their organization at its roots. He did much to break it up after it had long flourished in the warm Spanish sunshine.

In conditions such as I have described it is not difficult to obtain pictures, but it is a serious problem to know how best to get them home.

I decided to send a special messenger by car to Perpignan in France, for it was still impossible to use the railways.

My luck held good. He made a fast journey, and the pictures were the first to reach London in spite of my many delays.

## CHAPTER XVI

### A CAMEL RIDE THROUGH THE DESERT

The Pyramids of Gizeh—By tramcar to the Sphinx—In the King's Chamber—The mystery of the bats—The pain of camel riding—World's oldest building—Tomb of Ti—Temple of Serapis—Memphis—The pilgrimage to Mecca—The Holy Carpet borne by holy camels—Fanatics and the pickpockets—War fever in Athens—Constantinople.

IN September 1912 I sailed from London in the S.S. *Persia*, bound for Egypt on a peaceful mission.

I was to photograph the ceremonies in Cairo connected with the annual Mohammedan pilgrimage to Mecca, when the Holy Carpet is carried to the sacred city and laid on the Kaaba, or Black Stone, in the great Mosque.

I had not been in Cairo many days, however, before the long-promised war in the Balkans flared up, and, rushing hot-foot to Constantinople, I succeeded in getting myself attached to the Turkish forces.

It was with many regrets that I left Egypt, for, although this was not my first visit, I was more than ever fascinated by its ancient mystery.

Perhaps I was a little disappointed that I could travel by tramcar to the Great Pyramid and almost to the feet of the Sphinx, but by kindly design, or mere luck, the tram terminus has been built out of sight of the monumental tombs, and one soon forgets its existence.

Chance arranged that the moon should be at its

full and of an icy clearness when I visited the Pyramids of Gizeh and climbed to the top of Cheops', the greatest of them all.

Three barefooted natives guided my steps up the rough face of the tomb, one hoisting me from above when occasion demanded, while the others pushed from below. This was not always necessary, but these men were keen to earn their just reward, and even on the easiest route there were many huge slabs of stone to be surmounted. I should not have cared to have made the journey alone.

At last I reached the top, and from a point higher than the cross of St. Paul's beheld a scene of awesome grandeur.

The silence was complete; Egyptians with their camels and donkeys looked like toys as they moved about, casting long shadows on the sands in the brilliant moonlight; here and there were the lesser pyramids, their shadows thrown in angular diagrams upon the face of the land, and not far away the Sphinx, with supreme indifference, appeared to preside with silent majesty over the sandy wastes of the desert.

And suddenly out of the stillness came the "clang" of a tramcar.

I returned to earth, and the magnificence of a modern hotel, thanks to the convenient tram. I wondered how many of the ancestors of the uniformed Egyptian who clipped my ticket for the journey had died in slavery while building the colossal tombs for their despotic rulers.

The next day I went back to the Great Pyramid and, entering its dark passages, was pushed and dragged up the long slope to the King's Chamber.

The way had been made slippery by the passing of

countless feet, and the niches cut in the rock, intended for footholds, were rounded and almost useless. My guides carried spluttering candles, which seemed to intensify the surrounding darkness.

As we entered the chamber in the heart of this mass of stone I was startled by a curious noise, a whirling beat that seemed to fill the still air.

"Bats," said the chief of my guides in an awed whisper, "carrying the souls of the departed not yet in heaven."

Bats they certainly were, and with an imagination less picturesque than the Egyptian's I was filled with the mystery of how these creatures found the means to support life in that bare vault.

Standing in the semi-darkness my attendants, swift to seize an opportunity, offered to sell to me magnesium ribbon at sixpence for about three inches, and by the light of these brilliant flares I was able to examine the red granite sarcophagus of the King. It was crumbling with age in spite of the colossal structure which had been built for its protection.

The chamber, nineteen feet high, is roofed by great slabs of stone weighing many tons, which span the full width of its seventeen feet. As so many have done before, I fell to wondering what machinery could have been used more than 5,500 years ago to place them in position.

It is fitting that the Pyramids are numbered among the Seven Wonders of the World.

Early one morning I started from the base of the Great Pyramid on a journey through the desert, visiting ancient tombs and the site of the once great city of Memphis. I soon learned that camel-riding is an acquired art, for it was upon the back of one of these solemn beasts, so picturesquely called "ships of the

desert", that I spent this memorable day. I cannot imagine a more painful means of transport.

With me was a dragoman of ripe experience, one Said Sewada, and three guides, the chief of whom rode on the back of a tiny donkey.

At first all went well; I rather liked the easy sweeping motion of my steed as he marched gracefully through the soft sand. But soon, in accordance with Sewada's time sheet, the order was given for him to run.

With swift obedience he started, and from that moment my troubles began. Try as I would, never once could I fit my action with his; every lurch of his clumsy body threw me into the air, and as I came down again he was, with exasperating certainty, on the point of coming up to hit me with the bone of his wretched hump.

There was no escape; every position I assumed was worse than the last. The sun was blazing hot and there was no shade on my side of the line of horizon. Thirst such as I had never known before soon came to me, and when I suggested to the dragoman that something should be done about this he assured me that drinking, in the circumstances, would be dangerous.

With the persistence of a natural leader born to a lowly state, the dark-skinned Sewada made it clear that he was in command. Truthfully he reminded me that, in deference to his experience, I had agreed before starting to abide by his decisions throughout the day, and he held me to the very letter of my promise.

And so the camels sped on, while I, racked with pain, remained as parched as the sands upon which they ran.

The endurance of the native guides was amazing. All day they ran on the giving surface of the desert,

and, despite the great heat, seemed little the worse for their heavy labour. One relief they allowed themselves, to hang upon the tail of a camel as they ran; and perhaps this was the secret of their achievement.

In about two hours we reached the Abusir Pyramids and later on those of Sakkara, which includes the famous Steps Pyramid, said to be the world's oldest building.

Some time afterwards we made our first halt and visited the tomb of Ti, formed of rooms which one reaches by scrambling down a hole in the desert. The walls were covered in writings and hieroglyphics, and some of the pictures, coloured with pigments unknown to-day, had still retained the tones used by the artist more than five thousand years before.

Not far away was the Serapeum, or Temple of Serapis, the long-buried cemetery of the Apis bulls, discovered and excavated by Mariette in 1850.

This again lies below the level of the desert, and, entering, I found myself in a wide corridor, along the sides of which were twenty-four large "bays", in each of which the body of a sacred bull had rested.

At the far end of the corridor was a chamber in which at one point in the wall there was a cavity chipped out of the solid stone. This was used originally for the storing of food and drink in readiness for the moment when the "sleeper" awoke.

Returning to the sunlight, we lunched, and, in spite of my sad need, I was allowed but one small bottle of soda water. The keeper of the Temple made us coffee, but it was of the Turkish variety, very sweet and thick, like mud.

After a short rest Sewada stirred his followers, and, climbing on to my beast of torture, who knelt

in the sand with solemn dignity for my special convenience, we again set off.

Once we came quite near to some camels apparently running wild in the desert, and with them were some but recently born. It was a pretty scene with the youngsters galloping about delightedly in the sunshine, but the mothers did not like the look of us, and quickly led them to a safer distance.

And then we came to Memphis, once the most important of all the cities of ancient Egypt, its capital in the days of its greatness. Now there is left but a few huge stones and broken statues to mark the site.

The fallen Colossus, the great statue to Rameses II, which toppled over ages ago, lies where it fell. There it will probably remain, for it weighs more than one hundred tons, and, after all, it is but fitting that it should not be disturbed.

Where there once had stood the palaces and temples of this centre of civilization date palms now flourish in great abundance, and I watched the fruit being gathered.

Barefooted boys crawled up the trunks like caterpillars, using the spikes in the bark as footholds, and assisting their progress with a rope loosely thrown round themselves and the palm. Once at the top, where the fruit hung in clusters, the rope was fixed to form a seat and the picking began, the dates being allowed to fall into an "umbrella" spread by the picker.

An hour's ride from Memphis brought us to the Nile, where our guides and camels left us to return the way they had come. My companion and I boarded a picturesque sailing-boat of ancient design, and after a pleasant run downstream landed on the opposite bank.

Here our association with antiquity came to a sudden end.

Tea, a cab obtained by telephone, and we returned to modern Cairo in the modern way.

Early the next morning came the first of the solemnities in preparation for the great pilgrimage to Mecca; the parading of the Holy Carpet, together with the embroidered cloths, carpets, and other rich presents to be laid at the shrine of Mohammed.

The procession started from Mohammed Ali Square, headed by the Mahmal, borne by one of the three camels chosen for the pilgrimage. These fortunate animals, made sacred by this special work, have to make the return journey to Mecca but once before entering upon a life of luxurious ease.

The so-called Holy Carpet, made annually in Cairo, is really a valuable black silk covering for the Kaaba, or Central Shrine at Mecca, upon which it rests for nearly one year before being cut up and sold to the pilgrims.

The Mahmal, an elaborate camel-howdah, which has a rich red cover heavily embroidered in gold, is similar to the one in which Sheger-Ed-Durr, the Queen of Egypt, one-time beautiful slave-girl, made the pilgrimage. She met a violent death in 1257, since when the rulers of Egypt have sent the Mahmal empty, except for two copies of the Koran, on the journey with the Holy Carpet.

Vast crowds were gathered in the square, and amid frantic shouting, the firing of cannon, and the playing of bands the procession moved off.

As it reached the Khedive, who had arrived with pomp and ceremony, he kissed the sacred relic and handed the lead cord of the camel bearing the Mahmal to the chief Sheikh. The pilgrimage had begun.



THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE HOLY CARPET. THE MAHMAL, BORNE BY  
A HOLY CAMEL, CLOSELY GUARDED DURING ITS PROCESSION  
THROUGH CAIRO. (*See page 132.*)



FROM PRIVATE SOLDIER TO SHAH OF PERSIA. PHOTOGRAPH  
TAKEN BY MY BROTHER IN TEHERAN OF SHAH PAVLEVI WITH  
HIS SON, THE CROWN PRINCE. (*See page 266.*)

A strong body of soldiers and police guarded the procession on its march through the streets. It was necessary, if only to prevent fanatics from attempting to gain salvation by throwing themselves under the feet of the camels. When the animals had passed, many fought wildly to gather the dust upon which they had trodden, but they were viciously beaten off by the guard, who wielded heavy sticks.

On the ground level, mixed in this crush, I found it most difficult to get good pictures. I could not obtain elevation, because in almost every case women occupied the upper parts of the houses, and to arrange for me to join them was an achievement beyond the powers of the ever resourceful Said Sewada.

Near the Mosque El Hossain fanatics became so excited that things looked really dangerous. A seething crowd, pushed from behind, began to overwhelm the camels, and the guard, in total disregard of the helplessness of these people, beat them unmercifully. Several were knocked down and trampled upon, and there was much wild shrieking.

Suddenly Sewada shouted a warning.

"Mind your pockets, and follow me!" he yelled, fighting his way through the crowd, which in a moment had closed round us.

I did my best, and at last, after receiving a painful jab in my eye, I escaped into a side street. There the watchful dragoman joined me and explained.

He had noticed that a number of men in the crowd, while pretending to be as excited as the rest, were deliberately gathering near us, and he realized that they belonged to one of many gangs of pickpockets which always "work" these celebrations.

Returning to my hotel, I found a cable instructing

me to get my passport viséd for Turkey, and shortly afterwards came confirmation that I was to leave at once for the war.

I did so, sailing from Alexandria on October 2 in the S.S. *Osmanieh*.

On the same day my two brothers also left for the seat of the conflict, Horace setting out from London to follow the fortunes of the Bulgarians, and Tom leaving Tokio, where he had attended the funeral of the Mikado, to join me in Turkey.

It says much for the keenness of my paper, that besides we three, five other men were dispatched to various parts of Europe in search of pictures and news of this world-shaking event.

At Athens, where the ship stayed several hours, I first encountered the war fever which had flared up throughout the Balkan States.

Men were arriving in the Greek capital from all directions, and were eagerly exchanging their ordinary clothes for ill-fitting khaki uniforms. In the open spaces, even among the fallen columns of the many ruined temples, squads of men were being drilled in hasty preparation to fight their hereditary enemy—the Turk.

It was here that I met the laziest man I have ever known. He was a fellow passenger in the *Osmanieh*, an Englishman on his first visit to Athens, and we had agreed to share a guide and a cab in a hustled tour of the ancient city.

No matter what historic antiquity we visited my companion, a stout little man in the thirties, would never once leave the cab to view it.

When I suggested he should walk a few yards to see the ruins of the once great Temple of Jupiter, many of its fine Corinthian columns now fallen and shattered,

he merely settled himself more comfortably in his seat to await my return.

He would not stir to see the remains of the huge theatre of Bacchus, built 300 B.C., on the slopes of the Acropolis, with its marble thrones and seats hewn into the rock, some of them still bearing the names of the priests who once owned them.

Here it was that thirty thousand spectators could view the ancient drama and the festivals of the god of the vine.

"The Turks!" cried my guide, indicating the ruined buildings on the Acropolis with a sweep of his arm. "Thrown down by those devils the Turks!" he repeated, spitting viciously into the dust. Later he admitted that earthquakes and the ravages of time had contributed to the destruction, but with the fever of war heavy upon him he was prepared to excuse all but his hated enemy. He gloried in the hope that he would soon see Constantinople in flames.

Standing on the highest point of the Acropolis, I beheld a wonderful panorama of Athens with its broken temples and palaces speaking eloquently of ancient Greek culture, and I did not wonder that the lowly guide so dearly loved his land.

Our next port of call was Smyrna, a Turkish town where more than half the population was Greek.

All was quiet here, life moving with picturesque ease in the pleasant sunshine. With silent tread the pack camels passed to and fro, following the custom of ancient times.

These camels moved about in strings each tied to the other, head to tail. They were led by the master of the troupe, who rode upon a donkey usually so small that he could touch the ground with his feet on both

sides. The leading camel was tied to the donkey's tail, and the one that brought up the rear bore round his neck a heavy bell which clanged as he walked. So long as the sound of this bell remained constant the master did not need to look round, for he knew the line was unbroken.

The parcels delivery system of Smyrna is slow, but very dignified.

After calling at Mytilene we reached the entrance to the Dardanelles late one afternoon, and here cast anchor to await the coming of the boat to guide us through the submarine minefields which had already been laid in the Straits.

Late that evening we entered the Golden Horn and anchored off Constantinople.

## CHAPTER XVII

### WAR IN THE BALKANS

In Constantinople—My cab-horse commandeered—The "Press" train to the Front—We see too much—Retreat—The Hussar Lieutenant who became a Turkish private—Panic among the Turkish troops—Cholera—My death in a massacre of Christians is reported—My brother charts a ship—Fails to find me—Surprise encounters.

CONSTANTINOPLE was in a very excited state when I landed the next morning, and I found that martial law had been declared.

My adventures quickly began.

In one of the main streets the cab in which I was travelling from the quay was stopped by two heavily armed soldiers, who demanded that the horse should be delivered to them then and there. One stood in front with his bayonet pointing at the animal's chest, while the other had heated words with the cabman.

Eventually, after much talk, it was conceded, to a foreigner weighed down with baggage, that the cab should continue to my hotel, and thus it was that I arrived with a soldier standing on each step.

Once out of the cab and my luggage removed, the horse was unharnessed and marched off to the war.

In exchange for his means of livelihood the cabman was given a receipt which stated that if the horse escaped the dangers of the conflict it would be returned to him, but if not he would be paid its value. Nothing was to be

allowed for hire or "depreciation", so I felt he had just cause for his noisy curses.

The last I saw of him was between the shafts of his cab toiling lustily on his homeward journey.

Correspondents soon began to arrive from London, among them two of my colleagues, John Banister and Ivor Castle, and two others with whom I had often worked, George Ward Price, of the *Daily Mail*, and the late Herbert Baldwin, of *Central News*.

As the days went on more and more correspondents arrived, mostly from England, but also from Germany and France, and I am afraid we soon became rather a problem to the Turkish authorities.

While my application to be allowed to go to the front was being considered, I set about preparing for a winter campaign.

My most essential requirement was a horse, for there would be no other means of transport. It was no easy matter to find one, however, for the army had seized any that had not been hidden away in time.

So I set out, guided by a cunning fellow versed in the winding by-ways of Stamboul, the native quarter of the city. Stealthily we entered secret stables, even rooms in houses, and examined the beasts they contained.

Most of them were decrepit old crocks for which exorbitant prices were asked, and I began to despair of success. In one of the stables I met Ward Price engaged in the same quest as myself, and I was glad of the meeting, for his knowledge of horses was greater than mine.

At last I found a nice little steed of docile appearance, and after protracted negotiations with its Armenian owner he became my property.

About this time I was informed that I was among

the correspondents selected to be taken to the firing-line, and that we should leave by special train the following Wednesday. We were warned to bring tents, blankets, and food for a long period, for we were to rely upon our own resources for all requirements.

Each of us had to sign a declaration that, once started, we would remain with the Turkish Forces until the end of the war. No doubt they hoped by thus keeping us under control to make their censorship effective, but the time soon came when they were extremely anxious to be rid of us.

In obedience to a polite, but official, request, I now doffed my hat and wore in its place a scarlet fez, the national headdress of the Turks.

After many delays the "Press" train eventually left, heavily laden with our baggage, stores and horses.

Several of the good fellows in that train have since made their last journey; among them Alan Ostler, of the *Daily Express*; Angus Hamilton and Herbert Baldwin, both of *Central News*; Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, of the *Daily Telegraph*; and a British officer who travelled in the luggage-van wearing the uniform of a Turkish private.

He was Lieutenant C. F. Beevor of the 18th Hussars, who had "shipped" as ostler to the correspondents.

So anxious was he to learn the business of "war" that at the first rumour of a conflict in the Balkans he had obtained leave of absence and had come out to Turkey on his own. He knew he was committing a technical "crime", but, as he had not joined as a fighter nor kept his identity secret, he did not expect the consequences to be very serious.

He was too good an officer to be anything but a good

private, and he allotted to himself many duties which I, for one, found very helpful.

I believe Beevor's enthusiasm and ability would have carried him very far had he not died in the first few months of the Great War.

After returning from the Balkans, he had transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service and was among the first pilots to go on active service. He took part in a number of successful air raids on German bases, and was finally brought down when returning from an attack upon the airship shed at Dusseldorf, the one from which I had made my Zeppelin flight.

My constant companion during the trials and tribulations of the Turkish campaign was Sir Hubert Wilkins, who has since become famous as a Polar explorer. He received his knighthood for his wonderful aeroplane flight across the regions of the North Pole when, with one companion, he flew from Point Barrow and landed in Spitzbergen.

He proved to be a staunch friend and of ever-ready resource.

Had our train not left Constantinople when it did, I feel quite sure it would never have started at all, for we quickly ran into conditions which our Turkish friends did not wish us to see.

At Seidler, where the journey ended at dawn the next day, we found large numbers of soldiers in hasty retreat, and a continuous stream of refugees making for Constantinople. The Turks had been heavily defeated at Kirk Kisse.

Our retreat was ordered and back we went. We expected to have to go all the way, but at Chorlu permission was given for us to detrain and take to our horses.

Soon afterwards Ward Price, Wilkins, and I became detached from the officers in charge of the correspondents, and we quickly realized that Turkey was already beaten.

We saw the breakdown of their organization, both military and medical. We saw an army in the grip of cholera, when the dead lay thickly scattered over the countryside, since the bodies accumulated more quickly than they could be collected and thrown into pits.

We saw regiments of young soldiers in panic being rounded up by cavalry, and we heard their cries of anguish and fear. We saw them slashed mercilessly with whips and the flat of swords, and we saw those cowed and hungry men continue their flight in spite of all.

In the midst of all this, nothing could have been finer than the bearing of the trained Turkish soldier. He fought to the last, and, when the time came, retreated with quiet dignity. The army was beaten, not from lack of bravery, but by being clogged by its own masses.

Many of the men had had less than a week's training, and their defeat became certain when supplies failed to reach the lines.

That transport failure sealed the fate of the nation.

After some weeks we returned to Constantinople and I learned of my own "death".

A report had reached my friends that five correspondents, including Wilkins and myself, had been involved in a massacre of Christians at Silivri, a small seaport town at which we had stayed for some days.

So strong was the rumour that my brother Tom chartered a steamer and, with several others, went to Silivri to investigate.

The trip all but ended in disaster.

They arrived late one afternoon, and a party of them

were being rowed ashore, when an action began between Turkish battleships in the Bay and the Bulgarians in the hills overlooking the town.

With the shells from the ships screaming over their heads, they were in the direct line of fire from the enemy, and thus found themselves in the thick of the fight.

Hastened by volley after volley of rifle-fire from the Bulgars, they made for their steamer with all speed, and reached it to find a state of great excitement on board. The captain had received orders to "clear out", and would certainly have done so but for the action of an Englishman who had remained on board.

Revolver in hand, he had forced the commander to await the return of the boat in spite of his anxiety to obey the official order without delay.

My arrival in Constantinople was somewhat dramatic. My brother had no reason to doubt that I was dead until I walked into his hotel late one evening.

For a moment I believe he thought he was seeing a ghost; then, I remember, he relieved his feelings by telling me that I needed my hair cut. He was right. It had not been done for many weeks, except for a hopelessly inefficient attempt by Wilkins with a pair of nail-scissors.

It is strange how quickly bad news travels, even if it is untrue. My brother Horace in Bulgaria had heard, in lurid detail, of the massacre of the English correspondents, and the Bulgarian doctor who told him was certain that my name was included in the list of the dead.

Horace was unable to disprove this until, returning from the war, he entered the dining-saloon of a train crossing the Balkans and found me sitting at breakfast. I had joined the train at Constanza, in Rumania, where

I had landed on my way home from Turkey, and he had come aboard later.

With him were Sir Philip Gibbs, Victor Console, Frank Magee, and the late William Le Queux, the novelist. Le Queux told me that he had not written a line during his visit to Bulgaria, but that he had not wasted his time. He said he had sold to the Government half a million pairs of boots for the army.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### SAVING MINUTES

The King and Queen in Paris—A wild ride in a taxi—Speed and yet more speed—Special trains and ship—Block-makers at sea—A record achievement.

WHEN the King and Queen paid an official visit to Paris in April 1914, it was decided that pictures of their reception should appear in the *Daily Mirror* the next morning.

In these days this would merely mean handing the photographs to an aeroplane pilot, or telegraphing them from our Paris office, but then there were many difficulties to be overcome.

We hired a special train to run from Paris to Calais, in which arrangements were made for developing and printing our photographs, a special ship for the voyage from Calais to Dover, carrying a staff and apparatus for making blocks, and a special train from Dover to London.

In charge of this circus was Mr. H. G. Bartholomew, a man who is for ever gingering up the speed of things. He is our "picture" director, whose life's work is the catching of editions and the organization of "scoops". He is quite unique, because he is the only member of an editorial staff who is also a technical expert in every branch of picture newspaper production. Added to this, he invented the Bartlane machine for the telegraphing of photographs, a system that has never been equalled for sending pictures over long-distance cables.

I was one of a large party of photographers who went to Paris, and, after taking my pictures, reached the special train in plenty of time, in a state bordering upon collapse from sheer fright.

I had offered a taxi-driver double fare to run me from the Arc de Triomphe to the Gare du Nord in some minutes less time than the journey should normally have taken, and to do this with a Frenchman at the wheel is to flirt with death.

We careered through the streets at incredible speed, we bounced, we swung round corners on two wheels, we grazed things, we dashed in front of oncoming traffic, missing collisions by hair's breadths, and yet the madman went on.

He ignored all signals, shrieked unintelligible replies to those who shouted complaints, and I saw the veins in his neck swell up as he cursed those who got in his way.

With it all, however, he made one concession to the public—his hooter; not for one moment was it silent; it heralded our coming and swift passing with a tinny little squeak repeated without pause. This only added to my fear, because I realized that he had but one hand left with which to do all the other things necessary to save my life.

At the end of the journey he smiled at me benignly, as one who knew he was deserving of great praise.

Speed, speed, and yet more speed; the newspaper man is never finished with it; he must hurry through his very life.

Once clear of Paris the driver of our train, who must have been cast in the same mould as my taxi-man, seemed to forget all else but the rustling of the notes

in the hand of Mr. Bartholomew when he urged him to break the record for the run to Calais.

It may be he was working to a time-schedule, but, if it was so, the man who made it should have been made to travel with me in my improvised dark-room, a first-class compartment from which all light and air had been excluded.

As the train gathered speed it rocked from side to side until I felt certain it must leave the metals. No doubt this was partly due to the lightness of the train, but I was trying to develop my plates in open dishes, and nothing I could do would prevent the liquid from being shot about in all directions.

I stained the cushions and my clothes in a shocking manner, but it was all in the good cause of speed, and we did, in fact, reach Calais without mishap in surprisingly quick time.

Within five minutes we were at sea, and such a sea as no landsman should be asked to face.

I had finished my work and was free to be sick in comfort if I wished, but not so the block-makers.

They were cramped up in a small room into which, after a time, I peeped. Bartholomew, unable to keep his feet, was on his knees doing something with a heavy frame; Stewart, a pioneer in half-tone block-making, was wedged in a corner trying to focus a process camera; others were struggling to prevent the apparatus from being thrown about by the twistings and tossings of the ship.

All were more or less ill, and if ever there was just cause for a strike, this was the occasion. In the end the blocks were made, but not until further complications had arisen.

It was found impossible to do part of the work

owing to the vibration of the engines, and I was sent off to ask the captain to stop them for a certain number of minutes. He did so, and in a moment we were being tossed about like a cork at the mercy of an angry sea.

To save time the captions for the pictures were wirelessly to the office, and the blocks were finished off in the train from Dover. Even this was complicated by the jerks of the speeding train, for very sharp knives had to be used in part of the work, and there was considerable danger to the users.

The pictures appeared the next morning according to plan, but there were many moments during that hectic period when I felt we must fail.

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE GREAT WAR

I go to Belgium—My companions and I have extraordinary luck—  
The battle at Alost—Through the German lines—War and  
the homes—Excitement in Ostend—The Germans enter—  
I join the R.N.V.R.—The shock of the Battle of Jutland—  
I go to the Grand Fleet—Ordeal in a night shoot—With  
the Americans at sea—Submarine E 34—I fly to the surrender  
of the German Fleet.

THE Battle of Jutland had far-reaching effects, one insignificant fact being that it caused me to go to sea in every class of ship in the Navy.

When the Lords of the Admiralty decided, in announcing the battle, to be quite frank about our own heavy losses and, through lack of information, to give but meagre details of those of the enemy, they did not realize what a shock this would be to the country.

The man in the street had believed without question that if the German High Seas Fleet came out our own ships would bear down upon it and sink the lot.

Nothing short of this would really satisfy him. That we had gained the victory he did not doubt, but he required spectacular results of the "Nelson" order, and his confidence was shaken.

So the authorities decided that the Navy should be less "silent" in future. The "Do it and say nothing" policy had failed at a time when wars are won by

Famous writers went to the fleet and wrote descriptive articles on the work being done and already achieved; great artists were given every opportunity to paint pictures "from life"; a cinema operator was appointed to film the Navy in action; and I was sent to H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, one of the finest ships in the Grand Fleet.

As a Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R., I had been attached to the photographic section of the Royal Naval Air Service. I was now promoted to Lieutenant and instructed to take "news" pictures at sea, sending the results of my labours, through my Captain, to the Admiralty by King's Messenger.

This was not my first experience of active warfare, because at the outbreak of war I had rushed over to Belgium to get pictures for my paper. In the light of after events I have never ceased to wonder at the things that I, and numbers of other Fleet Street men, were able to do in those early days.

With one or two companions I used to motor out in search of photographs, often passing through the Belgian Army and on into No Man's Land. Why we were not captured will for ever be a mystery, but it was almost entirely a matter of luck.

It was a near thing one day when, driving blissfully along a road, we suddenly realized that a body of troops coming in our direction were wearing German field grey. Just in time our Belgian chauffeur did a swift turning movement which probably saved us at least four years in prison, for army commanders do not, as a rule, like to find enemy civilians with cameras within their ranks.

When we heard that the Germans had fired Termonde we went out and took pictures of the town in flames without it occurring to us that the enemy might

still be in the vicinity. Blandly we motored to Malines to photograph the ruins of the cathedral; and one afternoon, guided by the sound of firing, we arrived at a point near Alost in time to witness the close of an engagement.

The dead were lying about in all directions, and as we came along we found a Belgian officer questioning some prisoners. Suddenly there was a shout and a scuffle beside me, and, hauled out of a stream by the scruff of his neck, there appeared the coldest and wettest man I have ever seen.

He was a German soldier who, unable to retreat with his friends, had been standing submerged to his neck and with a heap of straw on his head for three-quarters of an hour. What he must have felt when the Belgian officer decided to hold his court a few yards away it is difficult to say. Even then he might have got away with it if he had not sneezed; that did it.

He was in deadly fear because his officer had told him that he would be put to death if he were captured, and undoubtedly he expected this to happen. Instead, my car was commandeered, and he, with other prisoners, was sent off in it to the base.

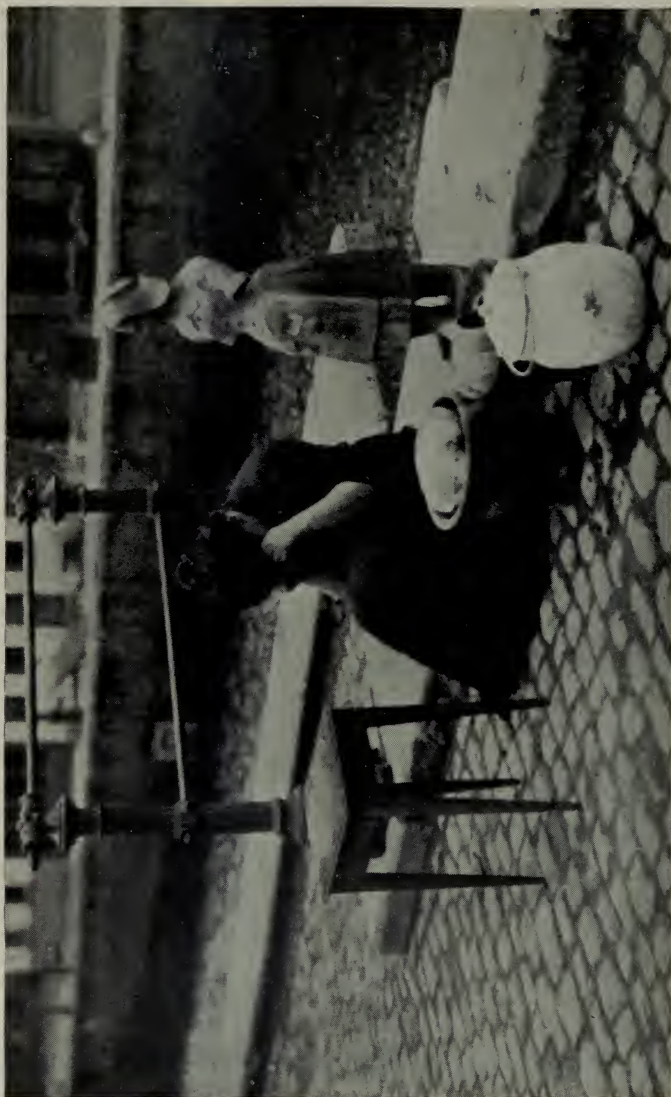
And so we went on tempting Providence and occasionally obtaining pictures which should be valuable to the historian.

Both my brothers were at the Front with their cameras, and Tom, in particular, got some very striking photographs of the Naval Brigade's fine effort to hold the Antwerp forts, and of the extraordinary scenes in the city when the Germans broke through.

There were many other photographers over from Fleet Street, and one of these, a man named Gore, did



ANTWERP ON THE MORNING THE GERMANS ENTERED. ONE OF MY BROTHER'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE  
SCENE ON THE QUAY AT THE LEAVING OF A TUG WHICH RUSHED THE PASSENGERS DOWN THE  
SCHELDT AND LANDED THEM IN HOLLAND.



BELGIUM 1914. "IT SPOKE OF BUT ONE OF THE COUNTLESS BROKEN HOMES." (See page 152.)

a thing which caused the acts of the rest of us to pale into insignificance.

Disguised as a Belgian peasant, he twice passed through the German lines with a small camera hidden in his clothes. He could only speak English and stammer in French, and yet he lived for a time in Brussels during the German occupation, and, later, paid a visit to Mons.

He was accompanied on these journeys by Miss Bennett Burleigh, daughter of the famous war correspondent, who spoke French and Flemish perfectly, a fact to which they owed their safety.

I was in Ghent when they got back, and Gore had with him a wonderful collection of German posters and public orders which threw a vivid light upon conditions under which civilians had to live in Brussels at that time.

For obvious reasons the pictures he got were not wonderful in themselves, and certainly not worth the risk he took. Possibly he did not realize with what certainty he would have been put to death had he been discovered, but I think his is still an unbeaten record in enthusiasm in the common search for news photographs.

It is when one mixes with the people living in the areas being invaded by a ruthless enemy that one realizes to the full how horrible war can be.

Everywhere I went I met misery and despair, homeless women and children wandering aimlessly, overburdened with treasures from their abandoned homes.

What struck me most was the extraordinary things these people tried to carry away. Not only were many of them of great weight, but often of comparatively little value.

Some lugged large mattresses, heavy wooden chairs,

and all sorts of odd things. One picture has always impressed me, that of a woman sitting by the wayside beside a table and some pots and pans and a heavy stone statue of small artistic merit. She could carry them no farther, and sat sobbing bitterly with her treasures around her. That eloquent picture should hang in the halls of the warmonger. It spoke of but one of the countless broken homes.

As time went on I had to retreat before the oncoming Germans, and finally I left Ostend, only just in time, by the last boat to get away.

It sailed as the enemy was entering the town amid scenes of the wildest excitement.

With the boat already packed tight, still more clamored to get on; families were divided, some on the ship, some on the quay, and all were shouting instructions and farewells.

Even as the ship left two babies were thrown across the widening gap, luckily without mishap. Overhead German 'planes circled, regardless of the hopeless efforts of a number of soldiers to fight them off with their rifles.

It was an unforgettable scene of anguish and despair, such as I hope never to witness again.

But to return to my new duties with the fleet.

Every officer and man in a ship of war has an "action station", the point to which he must go at the double when the order is sounded, and there remain during an engagement.

I was appointed to the foretop, or "monkey's island", the topmost platform on the foremast, so that I might be in the best possible position for taking photographs of the next battle.

It never came, but I sat there on many "shoots",

gassed by the fumes of cordite, breathing deeply of the smoke from the funnel, and being "bumped" almost to unconsciousness by the concussion of our salvos.

We only fired four of our eight fifteen-inch guns at one go, but as each threw a projectile weighing more than a ton to a point somewhere beyond the horizon it was a most unpleasantly painful business.

Taking photographs of big guns being fired is not easy until one has learned the trick of it. At first one is almost certain to be "shocked" into snapping at the moment of the concussion, and the result is useless owing to the vibration.

In a weak moment I obtained permission one winter's night to go on a shoot in Admiral Sturdee's flagship, *Hercules*. It was to be a full-charge affair (practice shoots may be carried out with anything from a quarter to full charge), to test the effect upon the six-inch guns crews, since there had been an alteration in the ship, and they occupied a more exposed position than previously.

The night was pitch-dark and snow was falling heavily. I wished I had not come, but I took up a position on the after-searchlight platform, for I judged this to be the best position from which to take my pictures.

My idea was that the flash from the guns, although almost instantaneous, would be so brilliant that I could take the photographs by the light they gave.

To do this I placed the camera on the platform and, lying at full length with much of my weight upon it to keep it steady, waited for the crash.

It came. Obviously the ship had blown up—at least, so I thought. I was far more than half stunned by the concussion and the fact that the glass of the searchlight above had flown into a thousand pieces and landed

in lumps upon me. Five twelve-inch and six six-inch guns had gone off as one, and since I was lying out in the open the shock hit me like a kick from a horse.

It was too late to retreat, and there I had to remain while salvo after salvo crashed out. What effect this had on the men I never learned, but I feel I could have given the Admiralty some interesting information about myself. I never expect to be again so nearly reduced to a pulp, but, in spite of all, I found among my many spoiled and broken plates one interesting picture.

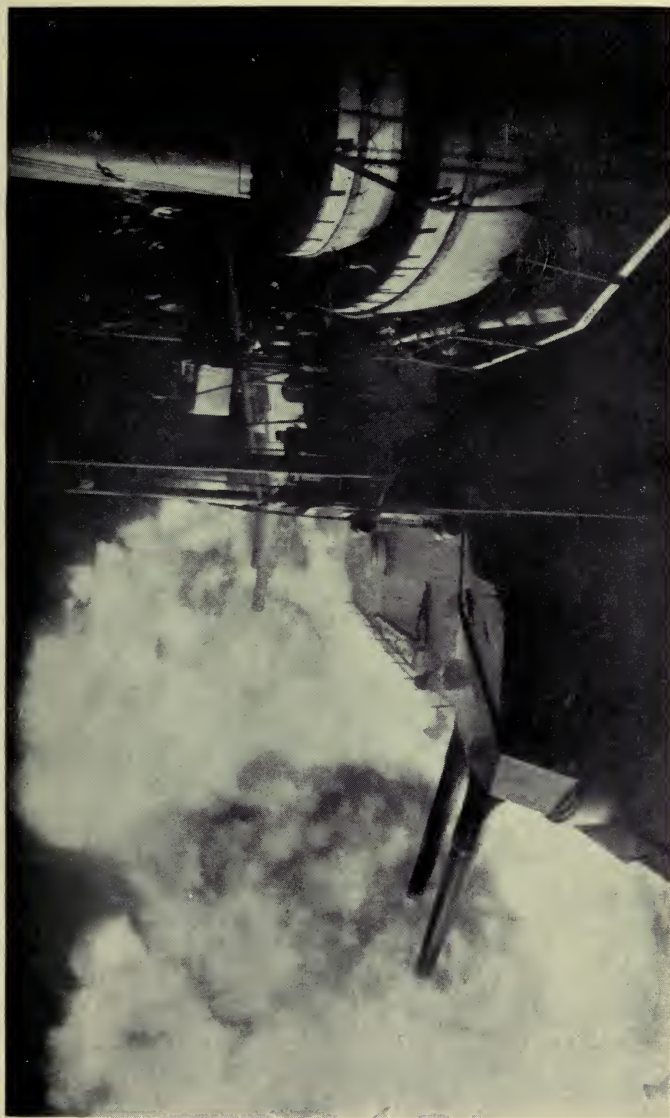
There is one thing about wartime at sea. Unlike our friends in the trenches, we were rarely very far from some of our normal comforts. We usually had a bed to go to, and, after a bad time, it was easy to get a drink at no great cost.

Of course, I am speaking of the big ships; those serving in the smaller ones—destroyers, submarines, mine-sweepers, and so forth, were to some extent compensated for their loss of comfort by extra pay. This was very appropriately called “hard lying” money.

Speaking of drinks reminds me that in the *Royal Oak* it was possible to buy quite a reasonable quantity of whisky for a penny, and the price of gin-and-bitters was two for threepence.

After some months with the Grand Fleet, during which time I took hundreds of photographs of all kinds, I was sent for by my chief at the Admiralty, Admiral Sir Douglas Brownrigg, the Chief Censor. I was to attend an historic event in Ireland.

America had come into the war and a large number of her destroyers were operating, in conjunction with British ships, from Queenstown, in the south of Ireland. They were under the command of a British



PHOTOGRAPH OF NIGHT FIRING IN H.M.S. "HERCULES" TAKEN BY THE FLASH OF THE GUNS.  
THIS WAS MY ONLY REWARD FOR A PAINFUL ORDEAL. (See page 153.)



ONE END OF SUBMARINE E.34, KNOWN AS THE WARD ROOM. LIEUTENANT PULLEYNE, IN COMMAND, READING, WHILE ANOTHER OFFICER TAKES HIS TURN IN THE ONLY BUNK. (See page 156.)

Admiral, and when this gentleman went on leave his place was to be taken by an American, Admiral Sims.

So I crossed to Ireland and photographed the small company that gathered at the foot of the flagstaff outside the Admiralty buildings at Queenstown while the Stars and Stripes was hoisted to the top.

For the first time in history an American officer had taken command of a British home port.

Later on I went back to Queenstown and became attached to the Americans for the purpose of procuring propaganda pictures for publication in the United States.

In another chapter I have spoken of American hospitality. When I joined their depot ship *Melville* they overwhelmed me.

I know it sounds rather like the story of Bill Adams at the Battle of Waterloo, but here was I, an "irregular" lieutenant, and they gave me the Admiral's suite to live in. Not even the captain had a brass bedstead, as I had, and he was the only man besides myself who could boast of a private bathroom.

They were most apologetic when I had to clear out because the Admiral was coming on a visit, and when I was not at sea in a destroyer I had to be satisfied with a room in the best hotel ashore for the rest of my visit.

During my travels at sea I have met many people, almost always in great liners, who tell me they "like it rough".

I beg of them never to say that again until they have experienced life in a destroyer during a storm in the Atlantic. I had one trip in the U.S.N.S. *Wadsworth* which I shall never forget.

We were convoying "empties" back to the States, or rather we were meeting the incoming troopships

half-way and exchanging charges with their destroyers, when we met a wild gale that lasted for more than two days.

At times the wind was screaming along at more than eighty miles an hour and the ship was thrown about in the raging sea like a cork. So far as I could judge we were at times completely submerged, and at others I believe we were almost clear of the water, judging by the crashes with which we re-entered it.

It was impossible to sit or lie down without tying in, and ropes were fitted to all chairs and settees, which were themselves lashed down. We did not get proper food because cooking was out of the question, and whenever one tried to move about he was sure to get bruised by hitting obstacles he hoped to miss.

On deck we had to rely almost entirely upon life-lines—wires stretched fore and aft to the full length of the ship, with ropes, like tube railway straps, looped over them. Grasping one of these hand-ropes, which slipped along the wire at will, one could get about in comparative safety, but to let go at the wrong moment meant a watery grave.

Leaving Queenstown, it was arranged that I should be given an opportunity of illustrating every phase in naval life, and with this object I began a round of visits to every class of ship, staying with each so long as I could find new pictures to take.

Battleships, battle-cruisers, light cruisers, destroyers, submarines, mine-sweepers and layers, drifters, and all the rest of them I joined in succession, and it was a period of extraordinary interest.

I took a trip in the mine-laying submarine E34 a short time before she was lost with all hands. They were a splendid lot of fellows, and I mourn their loss.

Lieutenant Pulleyne, D.S.C., in command, best of companions, lost his life, I was told, through an excess of bravery during a voyage before the vessel took her final plunge.

When I was with him he had just been served out with a Lewis gun to enable him to sink floating mines without danger to his ship. He was delighted with it, like a schoolboy with a wonderful toy, and when we were on the surface we sank many "mines", which proved to be floating bottles from the mess.

Pulleyne fancied himself as a shot, and he certainly was good.

Then came the fatal day. They were in enemy waters and were sighted by a German seaplane which bore down upon them, swooping close and firing machine-guns as he came. Pulleyne saw him coming and, having sent everyone below, himself stayed on the conning-tower and fought a hopeless duel. Firing into the air he had no means of discovering the error in his aim, but the German, assisted by the splashes in the sea, had an easy task, and poor Pulleyne was shot dead.

When the Navy and Army sections of the flying services were merged into the Royal Air Force, I obtained permission to return to my unit. I was very disappointed at having to leave the Navy, and I only did so because I could not afford to pay the price for the honour of staying.

By reason of my R.N.V.R. lieutenancy I was automatically entitled to become a Captain in the R.A.F. with two years' seniority in the rank, which meant that my pay was exactly doubled by the exchange of uniforms. I was never able to discover why the Senior Service was so badly treated in the matter of pay.

During my period with the R.A.F. I met and worked

with that extraordinary man of mystery, Erskine Childers, the writer of that fine pre-war spy story, *The Riddle of the Sands*.

He was a splendid navigator, and so highly was he thought of in the Air Force that, among many important jobs, he was put in charge of the preparations for the bombing of Berlin. He had almost completed his plans, had plotted the courses to be followed by the huge 'planes which were to do the job, when the end of the war came.

Even then he stayed on and headed a commission sent out to Belgium to report upon the German defences of the coast.

Then one day he told me that he had decided to be demobilized. A few weeks later and I read that his house in Ireland had been raided by Government troops; shortly afterwards he came out openly as one of our most powerful enemies.

He was clever, and quickly became a leader. Then he came to England as an Irish representative with Michael Collins and the others who made "peace" and formed the Irish Free State. Childers would not sign the treaty, and went back to Ireland to lead an army that fought for a complete breakaway from the British Crown.

He lost the fight, was captured and shot as a traitor by the Government of the newly formed Free State. And yet I can never believe that, when I knew him, he was anything but a patriot who had fought with all his heart for Britain throughout the war.

My war service closed in a most appropriate manner : I was detailed to fly over the German Fleet when it was surrendered to Admiral Beatty.

As a passenger in the airship N.S.7, I set out some

hours before the dawn of that memorable day of Thursday, November 21, 1918. None of us expected the German ships to show up, but when we reached the rendezvous and they came along, belching forth clouds of smoke owing to the rottenness of their coal, I felt that I was taking part in the making of history.

Mist prevented me from obtaining really comprehensive photographs of the scene, but I look upon those I got as the most important I have ever taken.

## CHAPTER XX

### WITH THE PRINCE IN WEST AFRICA

My brother and I leave for the West Coast—Freetown—Barbaric magnificence of the Paramount Chiefs—Tornadoes—The Prince meets the chiefs—A star dancer—Devils of the Bundu—The race homeward—The barrel with the golden hoops—Off Portugal—Revolution—First with the pictures.

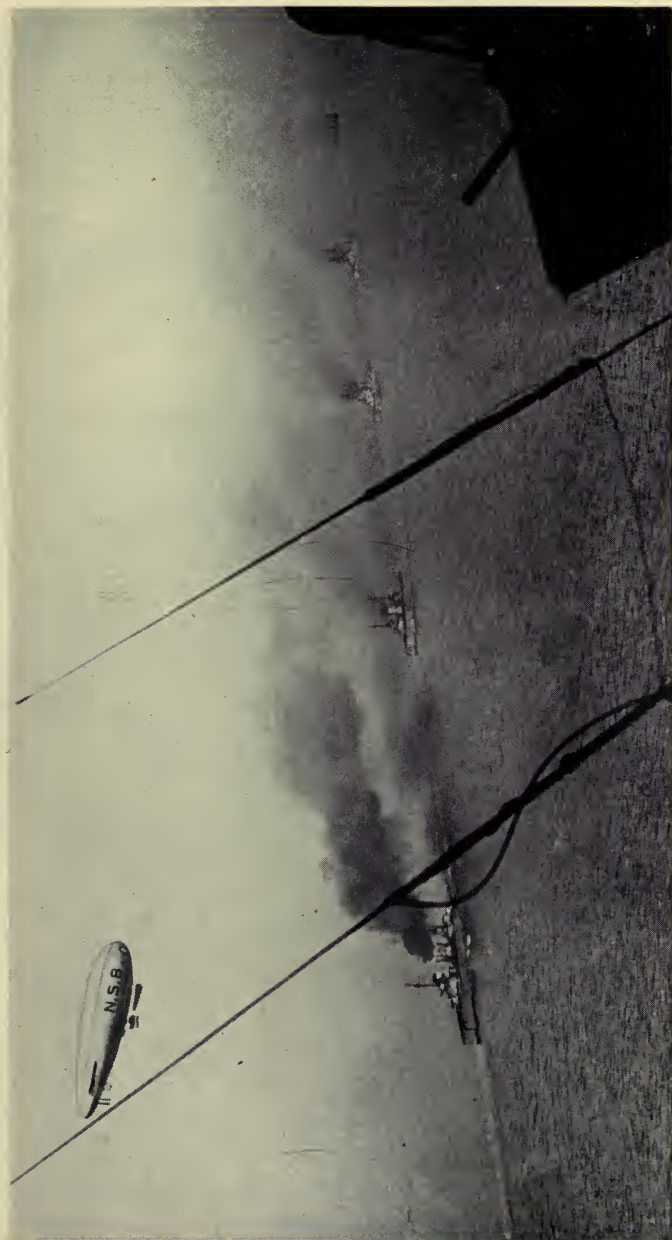
SOME time before the Prince of Wales set out upon his African and South American tour in 1925, my brother Tom and I disappeared from London.

It was purposely hinted in Fleet Street, when we were missed, that we had gone to Italy to photograph the King and Queen who were touring on account of the King's health, and there was some surprise that we should have done so in spite of an official request that they should not be worried by photographers.

Actually, we were bound for West Africa, my brother to the Gold Coast and myself to Freetown, Sierra Leone, to prepare for the coming of the Prince.

It must be remembered that, next to speed, secrecy is the most important factor in picture journalism, for rivals would not remain inactive if they knew of the special plans being made for their discomfiture.

I doubt whether it is generally realized what trouble and expense a live paper will incur to be first to publish pictures of exceptional interest, and it might be thought that this is sometimes carried to the point of waste. In my opinion, this is very rarely the case, because though some "stunts", even if successful, may not be



SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET WHICH I ATTENDED IN THE AIRSHIP N.S.7. THE FAINT CIRCLE OF SHADING  
ON THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE IS CAUSED BY MY SHIP'S WHIRLING PROPELLER. (See page 159.)



ON MY WAY TO WEST AFRICA WHERE I PHOTOGRAPHED THE SCENES  
OF WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

worth the money they cost, it is certain that the spirit of enterprise among the people who caused them to be attempted will in the long run carry the paper to success.

Apathy in Fleet Street is a canker that kills. Great papers have faded out through lack of enterprise and organized keenness.

Before leaving on this occasion my colleague and I made most elaborate plans for getting our pictures to London ahead of anyone else, and for the first time we adopted the scheme of having liners deviated from their course so that our material might be picked up at an intermediate port.

Most ships homeward bound from the West Coast make straight for Plymouth after calling at the Canary Islands, and it was between these points that, for a large cash consideration, the shipping company agreed to send the boats in which my brother and I were travelling home to within ten miles of Lisbon, where they were to be met by tugs.

Our attempt at secrecy was almost defeated at the very outset, for at Euston we saw a number of photographers on the platform who knew us well, and we slunk into the boat-train like criminals escaping justice.

The camera men had come to photograph Lady Guggisberg, well known before her marriage as Miss Decima Moore, the actress. She was to be a fellow voyager to Africa, where she was joining her husband, the Governor of the Gold Coast.

We were not seen, however, for we hid in a guard's van until the train started, and in the twilight of a windy March evening we glided down the Mersey bound for the White Man's Grave.

One of the last objects to fade from view was "Great George", the huge clock on the Liver Building at Liverpool, and I was reminded that some years before, when lunching at the works where it had been made, one of its three faces had formed the table for the meal.

Forty-eight of us sat shoulder to shoulder round its edge, and I was not surprised to learn that this was to oust "Big Ben" from its pride of place as the largest British timepiece.

Once past the Canary Islands the heat began to close in upon us. Double awnings were fixed over the open decks as a protection against the blazing sun, and old hands gave us sage advice on how to avoid the dangers we should meet.

They warned us that such was the quality of the sun's rays that to be exposed to them for a couple of minutes or less without a helmet would almost certainly cause sunstroke; they prescribed a daily dose of five grains of quinine as a precaution against malaria, and we began this some days before leaving the ship.

They were lazy days, and for hours we sat about in the sultry atmosphere doing nothing more strenuous than watch the countless flying-fish.

Below the surface of the clear water we could see the reason for their excited desire to take to wings, and, in fact, why Nature had made it possible for them to do so—they were being chased by sharks and dolphins.

Swiftly the monsters gracefully glided about, gobbling up those that failed to reach the surface in time, and so the endless battle for life went on.

The harbour at Freetown, whence, in the olden days, so many sorrowing slaves caught a last glimpse of their land, is one of the beauty spots of the world,

and I was greatly charmed when we reached there in all the glory of a golden sunrise.

Later I became a little less keen when I came to know something of the intense heat of the place—heat of the Turkish bath order from which there is no relief by night or day.

The conditions I met after passing through the Customs were, as is usual in such ports, appalling.

My bags were pounced upon by a mass of struggling negroes who fought like wild animals, each man bent upon hoisting a package on to his head, while his neighbour attempted to tear it from him.

One trunk, containing some of my valuable gear, I saw swaying about in mid-air, first on one head and then another, and it must have crashed to the ground but for the denseness of the crowd. One big nigger felled a smaller one with a blow from his fist, and then a black policeman joined in, slashing with his cane in all directions. Shoulders, heads, faces, legs, he hit indiscriminately, and in the end succeeded in sorting things out.

And so at last I made the short journey to the only hotel in the town, bringing up the rear in a single-file procession composed of five negroes, each with a piece of my property on his head.

One carried a trunk that it would have tested the strength of a coal-heaver to lift, while the others, more lucky in the turn of fortune's wheel, had varying weights down to a mere pound or two. Such was the unbreakable rule of long custom that each should bear but one packet.

As a newcomer to the country I realize that I was a particularly tasty morsel to that pack of wolves—wolves by reason of the chaos under which they

had to work—but it has long been a mystery to me why, with our ability to organize, such conditions should apply in a British port.

They are not peculiar to the British, of course, nor to West Africa, for one meets that sort of thing in all corners of the earth, but it should be simple to find a remedy.

In my experience in recent years Italy is the only country to tackle seriously this problem from the visitor's point of view.

I was very kindly received by Sir Ransford Slater, the Governor, and Lady Slater, and, in fact, by the residents in general. I was made an honorary member of the clubs, and, greatest joy of all, was given permission to use the garrison swimming bath whenever I cared to muster the necessary energy to climb the hill upon which the barracks had been built.

For this great privilege I had to thank the officers of the 1st Heavy Battery, R.A., the relieving garrison, which had shared the troubles and pleasures of my voyage out.

I had nearly two weeks in which to make my plans before the Prince was due to arrive, and there was plenty of material to keep my camera busy.

Sixty-five Paramount Chiefs from the interior had been asked to come to Freetown to meet the Royal visitor, and they came in barbaric magnificence.

Each vied with the others to raise the most dust and noise in their coming; headmen, tumblers, dancers, bandsmen, wives, concubines, and carriers, they arrived in perspiring mobs, but loosely organized.

As was fitting, His Majesty the Chief in every case reclined at his ease in a canopied and shady State hammock, borne on the heads of four retainers. Beside



A PARAMOUNT CHIEF ARRIVING IN FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE, WITH HIS RETAINERS.  
BESIDE HIS STATE HAMMOCK WALKS HIS PRINCIPAL WIFE CARRYING A HURRICANE LAMP.

(See page 164.)



"SHE BEGAN HER DANCE WITH A DIGNIFIED WALK, UNSMILINGLY PARADING TO AND FRO  
BEFORE THE PRINCE." (See page 169.)

him walked his principal wife, lightly burdened with some such useful article as an umbrella or a hurricane lamp for the future convenience of her lord and master.

Leading the procession were the bands, mixed up with dancers and those who progressed by turning catherine wheels. There were weird screechings from instruments made out of the horns of animals, and the drummers, carrying their big drums on their heads, beat them with slashing upward strokes.

Behind the chief's hammock came those of his heirs, hemmed about by men privileged to walk unladen, by the women bearing loads upon their heads, and by the menials whose only job in life was to hump their masters' worldly goods in wicker dress-baskets and battered trunks.

Thus they came from far and near, tramping through the bush in the stifling heat, all but the chiefs toiling greatly. And yet they were uncomplaining, even happy, it would seem, to have been chosen to join in this exciting adventure.

During the second night of my stay in Freetown I awoke suddenly in great fear—fear of I knew not what, for something was happening that I had not experienced before.

There was a screaming noise of rushing wind, the sound of breaking glass, and of the furniture in my room being thrown about, by which signs, once awake, I quickly realized a tornado was raging.

The two casement windows in my room were open, and I had to use all my strength to close them against the wild gale. Everything except the heavy furniture lay in a heap against one wall, a table had overturned and some glasses and a jug lay shattered on the floor. The heat in the closed room became almost unbearable,

but I dare not open the windows until the great hurricane had passed.

Later, I experienced more tornadoes, which followed the rule common to these storms of almost incredible violence.

Preceded by a deathly calm, a gathering of rolling black clouds, and an obvious fear and excitement among birds and animals, the storm bursts.

It arrives as a wall of dust and rubbish, striking objects in its way with such force that something must give unless Nature or man has made preparation for its coming. It always appears from the same point of the compass, and it was an awe-inspiring sight to watch trees bend and sometimes break before its strength, to see roofs fly off, and yet be in calm surroundings oneself.

After the wind come crashing thunder, lightning, and rain, tropical downpours that must flood the town but for the heavily cambered roads and the deep ditches on each side of them designed to carry quickly the water to the sea.

I saw hardly any mosquitoes during my stay in Freetown, a fact which says much for the scientific manner in which this menace has been tackled.

All breeding places are made untenable to the mosquito, stagnant water is treated with paraffin, holes in trees are filled with cement, and a penalty is imposed upon any person permitting servants to leave about such articles as empty tins and jars.

Uncomfortable though it certainly is, and in many ways unhealthy, Sierra Leone is to-day very different from the place that so well deserved the name of White Man's Grave.

As is usual with our ships of war, H.M.S. *Repulse*,

bringing the Royal visitor, steamed into the harbour at the exact moment pre-arranged for her coming.

After the Prince had been received on the quay by the Governor and the negro mayor of Freetown, who wore scarlet robes, cocked hat, and golden chain of office, he inspected the Paramount Chiefs.

Gathered upon the parade ground the chiefs had for hours awaited his coming, seated upon kitchen chairs, which were arranged in the shape of a large horseshoe.

Behind each chair stood five retainers who, with umbrellas, took it in turns to shield their masters from the blazing sun which poured down upon their own unprotected heads.

The limitation of retainers to a common number had savoured something of a judgment of Solomon. From the first many of the chiefs had hoped to demonstrate their greatness by "fielding" huge courts, and while the levelling process came as a sad blow to them, it was a godsend to those not so well equipped in man-power.

There were three women chiefs, each attended by five men, and in spite of their being somewhat conspicuous they conducted themselves with the easy assurance of those accustomed to command.

All the potentates wore heavily embroidered State robes of many colours, and in some cases the equivalent of crowns, elaborate affairs of clever workmanship which looked like wedding cakes.

Some chiefs were adorned with necklaces made from animals' teeth, with tassels and "sporrans" held in ivory clasps, while several had wood-soled sandals finished on the joint of the big toe with jewels the size of the bells on a telephone instrument.

In one corner was a native band composed of a number of players whose costumes were as varied as the instruments they played.

It seemed that, next to their art, it was in the matter of headgear that they found most opportunity for self-expression. Boaters, turbans, pirates' stocking-caps, cup-tie caps, and "gent's" felts set at jaunty angles, all had their wearers and, I think, gave inspiration on this great occasion.

The drum was the favourite instrument, one or two imported, but mostly good copies by native workmen; there were wind instruments fashioned from bamboo, roots, and animals' horns, and home-made xylophones.

There was no conductor, but in spite of this they succeeded in beating out a rhythm which, though devoid of tune, was weirdly devilish, and, as I thought, very attractive.

When the Prince arrived on the ground the sixty-five chiefs rose from their bentwood chairs, and as he passed along their ranks each bowed with solemn dignity.

Three of them he invested with the King's medal, and then addressed the gathering, his words being interpreted by a native sergeant of police, who proudly displayed several medals earned on active service in the Great War.

On such occasions much depends upon the interpreter, for it is easy for him to convey a wrong meaning, but this barefooted policeman was a man of very quick intelligence, and the curious noises he made seemed to have the desired effect upon the assembly.

He was not, I feel sure, the interpreter referred to in a recent speech by Sir Lionel Halsey, one of the

officials of the tour, who had opened his remarks by saying : "The Prince has this day descended from heaven at great personal inconvenience."

In the afternoon the Prince attended a variety performance by native entertainers which at least had the merit of being unusual.

Chief among the attractions was dancing of many kinds ; there was a snake-charmer hung about with dinner bells and many snakes trained only to bite him when he gave the word of command. This he did at frequent intervals, causing blood to flow down his arm, a part of the act for which he obviously expected unstinted applause.

A hammock-dancer performed astounding feats in looped ropes while suspended high in the air between two tree trunks roughly stuck in the ground ; there were grotesque devil-dancers, one of whom, wearing a mask to represent the head of a crocodile, had, in an effort to demonstrate his loyalty even in his devilry, fixed Union Jacks to stick out of the ears and on the point of the nose of his disguise.

Perhaps the star turn was a black girl who wore shorts, a Panama hat, and metal shin protectors which rattled as she stamped. About her neck was a huge imitation flower with stiff lace petals, and she wore a short skirt made from wooden beads the size of golf balls.

She began her dance with a dignified walk, unsmilingly parading to and fro before the Prince, making sweeping gestures with her hat, while occasional "shivers" set her clothes rattling.

Off stage was a "band", a collection of assistants who tapped pieces of hollowed wood in obedience to her peremptory signals. Her shivers became more

frequent, and finally developed into a continuous movement of swift wriggings.

The climax came with a long-continued twisting at the hips, worked up to a fury of speed; faster and faster she moved until the noise of her clattering beads became almost a hiss and the flying skirt was swinging within a yard of the Prince's face.

Another fantastic dance was performed by nine girls from the Bunda, a "home" to which up-country girls go to qualify for marriage. They are trained in domestic economy, as applied to the village hut, in mothercraft, and dancing.

As the most effective method of protecting the girls, the presiding priestesses disguise themselves as "devils" by wearing masks carved from polished ebony, and black fur gowns reaching to their feet.

The pupils enter at about the age of twelve and stay three years, during which time it is understood by all that they are under the direct care of the devil; a clever arrangement, for whatever power the people may attribute to their gods it is naught compared with their fear of the terrible effects of one malignant glance from the evil eye.

Thus, no man would dare elope with a maiden from the Bunda to the local Gretna Green when possessed of the knowledge that they would be chased, not by an irate father, but by a wrathful devil from whom there would be no possible escape.

To dance before the Prince the girls wore shorts and jerseys, "clatter" skirts, creation hats with feather decorations, and their faces and legs were daubed with white paint.

Their dance was made up of jerky movements, sudden stops, and actions as if warding off imaginary



DEVILS OF THE BUNDU AT FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE. THEY HAVE CHARGE OF GIRLS  
TRAINING FOR MARRIAGE AND ARE GREATLY FEARED. (See page 171.)



GIRLS FROM THE 'BUNDU' DANCE BEFORE THE PRINCE AT SIERRA LEONE. BUNDU GIRLS ARE IN TRAINING FOR MARRIAGE DURING WHICH TIME THEY ARE UNDER THE CARE OF THE DEVIL. (See page 170.)

blows, but while they danced as a troupe it was left to each girl's enthusiasm to decide upon the order of her antics.

On the fringe of the dance ground stood three "devils" peering at their charges through the eye-holes of their jet-black masks, but their woodenness made it impossible to decide whether they were satisfied with the performance.

To uphold the dignity of their high estate they had with them women attendants who bore mats for their convenience should they wish to rest.

The Prince, who stayed in Sierra Leone nearly two days, displayed wonderful vitality in spite of the intense heat.

On the first day of hand-shaking, inspecting, and speech-making, he began his programme at ten in the morning and went on, with occasional breaks, until after the ball held that night in his honour at Government House.

At dusk I happened to be at the Garrison Club when he came in; he looked dreadfully hot and thirsty, and was muffled in a sweater, for he had spent a "rest" period in playing squash.

Asked to have a drink by the senior officer present, he stepped on to the verandah and glanced out.

"No, thanks," he said, "the sun is not quite down yet"; for he was carrying out to the letter this golden rule of the wise people who seek good health in the tropics.

The life of a photographer in West Africa is full of anguish and doubt.

The sunshine itself provides a difficulty owing to the heavy shadows it causes, and because it has not such good photographic value as in England; also the

dampness and the heat is apt to unglue one's camera.

These, however, were the smallest of my troubles. Far worse were the conditions for developing and the fact that the humid atmosphere caused my plates to deteriorate almost from the moment they were removed from their sealed tins.

To develop without ice was an impossibility, for I found the temperature of the tap-water ranged between 80 deg. and 94 deg. Fahrenheit, owing to the pipes having been laid so near the surface that they were not fully protected from the sun. In some places the covering earth had been scraped away, leaving the pipes exposed, and although I had these covered with wet sacks the result was not satisfactory.

In the dark-room I had a really bad time, for it was here that I not only developed my plates but the first symptoms of sunstroke.

Too late I realized the reason. During the Prince's visit I had had long periods to wait about, and to protect my camera had stood with my back to the sun. That was a serious mistake, because sunstroke is usually contracted through the spine at the base of the neck.

My aching head became almost unbearable, but I dare not leave my plates in an unfinished state. Ice alone made it possible for me to continue, for I kept this applied to my head and spine. At last the most important of my pictures were finished, but not my troubles.

That evening there came a tornado which ripped its way through the window protection of my dark-room, and but for a merciful Providence the negatives which had cost so much must have been shattered. As it was, they were blown flat on the shelf upon which

they had been drying and received no worse damage than a thick coating of dust.

I struggled off to a doctor with a ridiculously high temperature, and was ordered off to bed, there to remain for several days.

I was nursed with tender anxiety by my boy, an up-country youth, who spent endless hours squatting on the floor outside my room waiting to tend my slightest need.

We had no means of conversation other than signs, but he knew my requirements far better than I did.

When a jigger got in my foot—a stealthy insect that deposits itself under one's toenail and sets up a home there—he operated upon me with a penknife with the expert touch of a Harley Street surgeon; he knew the best temperature for my bath; the time I must take my medicine; and many other things which his experiences with a fine campaigner had taught him.

He had been handed on to me by Mr. F. W. H. Migeod, the famous authority on Africa and its languages, whom I had met just before he had sailed for England, and the boy had served me with a faithfulness that no money could buy.

His love for his late master was pathetic, but I was not surprised, for Mr. Migeod has an almost uncanny knowledge of the inner workings of the African native's mind, and is a leader of exceptional magnetism.

He was the first and, so far as I know, the only man to walk across Africa along the line of the Equator, an effort in hiking which he seemed to consider in no way extraordinary.

When he reached the West Coast he found so much difficulty in shipping his boys unaccompanied back

to the East whence they had come that he adopted a plan which few would even have considered.

"So I walked back again," he said to me, concluding his chat as if discussing a stroll on Brighton pier, "but I chose an easier route this time, and it only took me nine months."

That remark describes the man. With him the honour of the white races in a black man's country will always be safe.

Luckily my ship, the *Zaria*, was late, and I was sufficiently recovered to board her when at last she arrived from Nigeria.

Soon after sailing I presented my letter to the captain, formal instructions to him to make the alteration in his course agreed upon in London. To avoid all risks of others taking advantage of this, secrecy was maintained to the end, a fact which I fancy the skipper rather enjoyed, for he even left some of his officers in the dark.

"Gone crackers !" exclaimed the officer of the watch, hurrying off to the captain's cabin directly he had checked the course after taking over from the master out of Teneriffe.

"She's off her course, sir," he cried, bursting into the sanctum. "We shall hit Portugal if we go on like this."

"That's just what I want, Mr. Jones," said the captain calmly. "Keep her going, please"; and even then the officer was not let into the secret. Returning to his post more convinced than ever that the old man had "gone crackers", he entered in the log :

"Left Teneriffe bound for an unknown point on the Portuguese coast."

When it came to packing my negatives into a barrel to be cast into the sea off Lisbon, I left the whole matter in the hands of the sailors. A very safe thing for a landsman to do.

The keenness of my friends, among them the captain, the first officer, the purser, and the ship's carpenter, was extraordinary; they spared no trouble and left nothing to chance.

The negatives were soldered into two coverings of tin, a precaution against possible damage by seawater, and packed into the barrel with an inflated motor tyre and straw. It was then closed, made watertight—the seamen knew how—and painted a dainty French grey with the iron hoops picked out in gold—this last a mere excess of enthusiasm.

I had mystified my fellow passengers by bringing on board a bamboo more than thirty feet long. This was now fitted with a flag, weighted at one end, and lashed to the barrel so that my colleagues would be able to quickly spot their objective. For the same reason we attached a calcium flare which would ignite on touching the water in case the transfer took place at night, as, in fact, it did.

For various reasons my ship, which had started several days late, continued to lose time, and I began to fear that my brother, who was following in our wake in a fast mail-ship, would catch me up and destroy much of the value of my scoop.

His pictures, taken on the Gold Coast, the next stage of the Prince's tour, should have arrived off Portugal about a week after mine, but the time came when our exchange of wireless messages revealed that he was less than two days astern and still going strong.

From Lisbon also there came almost pathetic radio-grams urging me to greater speed, for the delay was sadly upsetting the plans of my friends there.

I discovered later that they were experiencing extraordinary difficulties, for shortly before I was expected a revolution flared up in Portugal and all but brought failure to our enterprise.

Sir Alan Cobham had arrived in Lisbon by air some days before the outbreak to fly my pictures home, and it was rumoured among the conspirators that the real object of his visit was to carry off the President to safety should they be successful in capturing the city.

Accepting the evidence of Cobham's arrival as proof that their plans for the revolution had to some extent leaked out, it is probable that the whole affair was precipitated; it certainly lacked sufficient organization, and was quickly put down by the Government.

In the midst of the excitement an accident occurred at the aerodrome, and Elliott, Cobham's famous mechanic, reached there after a breathless dash to find the aeroplane overturned and the radiator smashed.

This was but one of the many adventures poor Elliott had shared with Cobham, and about a year later he was shot dead by an Arab who fired on the 'plane in which they were making a pioneer flight to Australia.

As soon as the revolution was under control the Portuguese authorities concentrated the resources of their Air Force upon repairing Cobham's machine, and in the end it was ready for the air on the morning of the day upon which I arrived.

John Haydon and Heanly, two of my colleagues who had come to Lisbon, were leading lives filled with

excitement and uncertainty, and it is not surprising in all the circumstances that their mysterious voyages in a tug gave rise to grave suspicion.

Without doubt they would have been arrested but for the assistance of powerful Portuguese friends who knew what it was all about and took a sporting interest in the project.

At first I had hoped to establish contact with them in daylight, but though the captain did all he could to save time, it was long after dark before we reached the rendezvous.

For a time I had a fit of nerves ; suppose we failed to find the tug, suppose the barrel sank ; suppose . . . And suddenly the sky on the port bow was illuminated by a red flare—the expected signal from the tug.

Tossed about dizzily on an angry sea, she was steaming towards us, and as she got within hailing distance there came a lusty shout from Haydon.

“Don’t throw it over,” he cried ; “we are coming alongside !” an interesting piece of news which threw our ship’s company into a great state of excitement.

“Stand away, there !” yelled the captain from the bridge. “I refuse to be responsible if you come a yard nearer !” But the crew of that tug, possessed of the spirit of Nelson, ignored the order and steadily came on.

At last she touched, grinding against our side as she shot up and down like an express lift in the heavy swell.

For one moment, perched on the crest of a great wave, she was level with our deck and I was able to shake hands with Heanly over the side, the next she was wallowing in the depths below.

Then came the ominous sound of her rigging hitting our boom, and I felt sure something was about

to happen ; so did others judging by the howls of anger from the bridge ; but things might have been worse. The tug tore herself clear just as the barrel with the golden hoops touched her deck and a Portuguese seaman had severed the rope by which it had been lowered with one sweep of a vicious-looking knife.

In a few moments our visitor was gone, swiftly disappearing into the inky darkness like a mosquito delivered of its sting.

On reaching Plymouth some days later I was overjoyed to find the paper filled with my pictures ; the stunt had succeeded, and, as it proved, the efforts of my brother, who finished the race one day behind me, were no less successful.

## CHAPTER XXI

### TREBITSCH LINCOLN

Dr. Tandler becomes Trebitsch Lincoln—His son convicted of murder—Teachings of Buddha—Western education against Eastern knowledge—Mysteries of life and death—Chao Kung, the Chinese monk.

TREBITSCH LINCOLN was one of the most remarkable men I have ever met, and I met him in unusual circumstances.

He had been in Ceylon studying to become a Buddhist monk and was hastening to England because his son John had been convicted of murdering Edward Richards, a brewer's traveller at Trowbridge.

With my colleague Frederick Byron, I had joined his ship, the S.S. *Coblentz*, at Ymuiden, and during a voyage through the Dutch canals to Amsterdam we discussed with this man of many parts the mysteries of life and death.

It was because there was so much uncertainty about the movements of Lincoln that Byron and I had been sent to Holland to make enquiries. It had been reported that he was travelling under the name of Dr. Tandler, and once we had overcome the difficulty of locating him in the ship we quickly cleared up this point.

Dr. Tandler was pointed out to us, and we asked him if that was his name.

"No," he replied; "it was until yesterday, when I tore up my passport. To-day I am Trebitsch Lincoln. Tell me," he continued quickly, "did my son die

bravely?"—for the execution had taken place some days before.

We assured him that he had, and he seemed much relieved.

"You cannot understand how it is I am able to take this matter so calmly," he said, "but that is because you know nothing of Buddhist teachings."

"In the West there is education but no knowledge; in the East there is knowledge without education. Power and knowledge come with meditation and prayer. The masses are but sheep, believing what they are told to believe, and accepting as mysteries those things they were told are mysterious.

"They never think.

"Not so the Buddhists. They believe only what they, and those who have gone before, have discovered and proved beyond all possible doubt."

"I cannot blame my son for his crime, because his fate was quite inevitable from the day of his birth.

"The murder he committed was merely an incident in a feud prolonged through the ages. Without question Richards had murdered him in a previous existence, and in all probability will do so again. And so it will go on until they, and the peoples of the world, have reached a higher plane of intellect and knowledge.

"The progress in Western science is as nothing compared with the advance made by Buddhist students.

"I did not require, nor did I have, the assistance of the ship's wireless to tell me that my son was executed last Tuesday, and yet I knew when it was about to take place.

"In great trouble I went alone to the topmost deck and from there spoke to my master in Ceylon. He advised and comforted me, and with his help I was able to have a farewell talk with my boy in the condemned cell.

"That is true, but I do not expect you Westerners to believe it. Call it transmission of thought if you wish, but those conversations were definite and complete, made possible by the power of my master."

Lincoln's discourse was delivered with the fervour of a born preacher. He had great ability to attract and hold an audience, and could talk well on almost any subject. We were told that in the liner he was always surrounded by interested listeners, and in spite of his having been "in retreat" in Ceylon his general knowledge of world events was far above the average.

Finally he told us that the chief subject for concentration among Buddhists is to discover how to avoid coming back to this world.

"Here all is pain, sorrow, and toil, which we must endure until we die," he said.

"Our return to this earth is as inevitable as our death. Again and again we shall come back condemned to suffer endlessly, and only the great masters of knowledge in the East are learning how to lengthen their period of rest."

Lincoln had had an extraordinary career.

Born in Hungary of Jewish parents, he became a Christian at the age of twenty and went to Canada as a missionary. Later he became curate in the parish of Appledore, in Kent, until he resigned this living in favour of politics.

The fact that he had added Lincoln to his name did not disguise his obviously foreign origin, and in spite

of his somewhat imperfect English he won for the Liberals in 1910 the "safe" Conservative seat of Darlington.

He had many other activities. In turn he was social investigator for the philanthropist, Mr. Seebohm Rowntree; oil exploiter in Rumania; war-time censor at the War Office; and holder of other posts; until he was suddenly suspected of giving information to the enemy during the war.

He fled to America and there published anti-British articles and stories of his work as a spy.

He was extradited to this country and, after trial at the Old Bailey, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for forging the name of his benefactor, Mr. Rowntree. His naturalization as a British subject was cancelled.

After the war his name was again and again linked with international politics and intrigues, and he was said to have risen to great power in China as adviser behind the scenes during the revolutions.

Such was his reputation that when the *Coblentz* reached Amsterdam he was met by detectives and told that he would not be allowed to land.

With great eloquence he spoke of his innocent intentions. He assured the British authorities that he had never been a spy, but had invented his "confessions" for the money he so badly needed at the time. It was all of no avail; no country of Europe would have him, and back he went to the East.

Now he has changed his name once more.

Chao Kung, the Chinese monk in a monastery near Peking, is the one-time notorious Trebitsch Lincoln.

As a symbol of his Buddhist faith he bears twelve

scars burned deeply into his scalp, and he has announced his final retirement from international politics.

"It is finished," he has said. "I shall now await the end in prayer and meditation."

May he find such peace as he deserves.

## CHAPTER XXII

### SPORTING EVENTS

Miss May Sutton—The famous match : Suzanne Lenglen *v.* Helen Wills—The amazing marathon—Dorando totters and falls—The anguish of a multitude—Queen Alexandra's distress—Hayes enters the Stadium—The helping hand—Dorando disqualified—Hefferon's poor judgment—The Queen's Cup.

THERE was comparatively little public interest in women's lawn tennis prior to 1905, when Miss May Sutton, the American girl, won the Women's Singles Championship at Wimbledon, thus becoming the first player from overseas to hold the title.

Of course, the game was growing rapidly and there was no lack of support from players, but there was not the national interest that there now is.

In 1907 I remember attending a private tennis party at Leicester where the players included Miss May Sutton, Mrs. Lambert Chambers, Mrs. G. W. Hillyard, and Mrs. Sterry, all of them past champions, the brothers R. F. and H. L. Doherty, Anthony Wilding, A. W. Gore, and Norman Brooks, a team of ancients that one feels would have held its own even to-day.

It is sad that four of those fine men are dead.

May Sutton, who, as Mrs. Bundy, put up such a wonderful performance by entering the last eight at Wimbledon in 1929, twenty-four years after she had first won the championship, was, I consider, the first of the modern tennis girls. Unlike her opponents, who were enveloped in heavy clothes, tight at the waist with

the skirts touching the ground, she wore a light linen dress, fitting loosely, which daringly showed her ankles when she ran.

Even that dress should have its place in a museum, but at the time it was very "advanced".

She played a great deal against men and banged the balls about in a most unladylike manner, but, all things considered, I do not think she was ever such a fine player as Mrs. Lambert Chambers became; and, of course, Suzanne Lenglen was the greatest of them all.

I do not remember a sporting event which caused more stir and excitement than the great match between the famous Suzanne, still reigning champion, and Helen Wills, at Cannes in 1927.

Every inch of space round the court was used for the erection of special stands, which, on the day, were filled to overflowing. I had considerable difficulty in getting into the ground, because the surrounding streets were blocked with people, by tall ladders placed against the houses, and by carts upon which platforms had been built on scaffolding.

One house in a good position not only had its windows crammed with people, but the slates had been taken from the roof so that heads might be poked through the spaces between the rafters and the battens. This novel stand was fully patronized in spite of a heavy charge per head-hole.

The match itself was a triumph for the French girl; her easy grace, wonderful anticipation and court craft, plus almost uncanny accuracy, was too much for the imperturbable Helen.

To the onlooker it seemed to be a match between the cold, calculating scientist and the brilliant artiste, but

in point of fact no one knew more of the science of the game than the champion of champions.

Also I have often wondered whether Miss "Poker Face" was quite so cool inwardly as she pretended to be.

Of all sporting events there can hardly have been anything more dramatic than the Olympic Marathon race of 1908, when Piedro Dorando, who finished first, was disqualified for receiving assistance.

I shall never forget the scene. It was a hot July evening, and 100,000 people were packed into the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush awaiting the runners, who had started from the Castle grounds at Windsor.

For a time we only knew the state of the race by the colours of the rockets being fired, for these denoted the nationalities of the leaders. Suddenly the scarlet-coated city toastmaster made an announcement.

"The leading runner, an Italian, is in sight!" he yelled through a megaphone, and I hurried to the point where he would enter.

In a few moments Dorando appeared, a pathetic little figure with a handkerchief, knotted at the corners, protecting his head from the sun. Half delirious and fainting, each breath coming in a sobbing gasp, he staggered into the sun-lit arena and, reeling across the track, sank to the ground.

The great roar of cheering that had greeted him died down as officials gathered round the prostrate runner. They massaged his legs and chest, and at last, like a man living through a nightmare, he rose painfully. With knees bent and his body huddled, he tottered on a few more paces, only to once more crumple in a heap.

Again and again he staggered up, and, gaining a few



THE AMAZING MARATHON. THE HELPING HAND UNDER DORANDO'S ARM WHICH CAUSED HIS DISQUALIFICATION,  
AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA PRESENTING TO THE ITALIAN HER SPECIAL CUP. (See Chapter XXII.)



TREBITSCH LINCOLN, ONE TIME SPY TURNED MONK, ON BOARD THE S.S. "COBLENZ" WHERE HE EXPOUNDED  
TO ME HIS EXTRAORDINARY THEORIES. (See *Chapter XXI*.)

yards between each fall, he at last reached the home straight.

At this point he lay so long, and seemed so still, that many thought he was dead, and Queen Alexandra, who was in the Royal box, was visibly distressed. Like so many of her subjects, she could not keep back tears of sympathy for the helpless little athlete.

Suddenly a voice from the crowd cried, "Stand him on his head!" and one of the officials, seizing Dorando's ankles, lifted him up until he was hanging head downwards.

Presumably the idea of this was to get blood into his brain, and the treatment seemed to have some effect.

Anyway, after someone had rushed up with a fire-bucket and dashed water over him, he again managed to rise.

At this moment came a warning roar from the crowd. Hayes, an American, obviously fatigued, but running doggedly, had entered the Stadium, and had begun his last lap. Dorando had but ten yards more to go.

Never have I known a crowd in such a state of anguish; there was silence when the little runner fell, and wild roars when he struggled on. Many of the women were making no effort to hide their sobs, and some dared not look at what they believed to be a dreadful tragedy.

As Hayes neared the home bend, Dorando, though on his feet, was not moving, just groping blindly for the tape, but seemingly unable to make the few necessary steps.

It was at this moment that Mr. Andrew, one of the officials, apparently unable to tolerate the suspense any longer, caught the Italian by the arm and led him past the post. Whether Dorando would have won with-

out this assistance we shall never know, but our photographs of the finish clearly showed the helping hand, and Hayes was properly awarded the race.

Closely following Hayes to the tape came Charles Hefferon, a South African, who certainly could have won had he showed better judgment.

At Willesden he was nearly a mile ahead of his nearest rival, but instead of nursing his strength he made a stupid attempt to improve his time. As a result he cracked, and Dorando caught him as they neared the prison at Wormwood Scrubs.

They began a desperate race, resulting in the two almost killing each other as they fought for the lead.

Once more Hefferon got away, but as Dorando neared the Stadium, himself tottering for a fall, he found his rival lying unconscious beside the road. Not until Hayes had passed did the South African manage to rise, and in the end he finished in little better shape than the rival who had run him to a standstill.

At the end Dorando had completely collapsed, and had been carried into the dressing-room on a stretcher. Soon the rumour grew that, like Pheidippides, the original Marathon runner, he had died as the result of his supreme effort.

Happily this was not correct, but it was four hours later before the doctors would allow him to be taken from the Stadium.

Queen Alexandra, with her usual kindly thought, presented Dorando with a special cup to commemorate his gallant effort.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### A LOCAL WAR

Filming a Cup Final—Rivals at war—The battle develops—The hole in the roof—A half-witted football fan.

THE Cup Final of 1922, the last of these matches to be played at Stamford Bridge, was made memorable by an extraordinary "war" between rival cinema organizations, one of whom had paid a large sum for the exclusive rights to film the match.

I saw the battle from the top floor of a high building overlooking the ground, from where I had hoped to obtain some photographs with a long-focus camera, but as I was sharing the position with the well-known film man, Frank Bassill, on this occasion a "pirate", I was handicapped by the efforts of the defenders.

They used heliographs to deflect the sun's rays into our lenses and let up a huge sausage balloon in front of our window, where they did their best to anchor it. This was only partly successful, however, for the clumsy thing swung about in the wind and left us clear at times. Also one of Bassill's assistants managed to hide behind some chimney pots and work above it.

At the sound of the referee's whistle starting the match there came a terrific noise of hammering and crashing at a point away to our left, and we saw the corrugated-iron roof of a building alongside the ground fly off in all directions.

A moment later there appeared, rising through the

aperture, two heads which I recognized through my glasses as those of Tommy Scales and Leslie Wyand, pioneers in the production of movie news reels.

Steadily they rose higher and higher, turning their handles as they came, as the telescopic tower ladder upon which they stood was wound up by friends in the room below.

This happening brought into action the defenders' large mobile "stand by" force, members of which, armed with double-poled banners and flags, dashed off to meet the new attack. They soon blotted out Scales and Wyand, but the matter did not end with them.

Inside the ground there were a number of pirates who had escaped the gate watchers, the most notable of these being Jack Cotter, who had got in disguised as a half-witted football fan.

He had arrived in a charabanc wearing a large false moustache and a flaring suit of the colours of one of the teams. Over his shoulder he carried a huge mallet, also "done" in club colours, a vicious-looking weapon in the head of which was concealed his camera.

In the end the attackers got a very presentable film, and the incident did much to prove that it was not profitable to pay big money for exclusive rights of such events. If the invaders are really determined they nearly always win.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### FROM LONDON TO THE PACIFIC

I leave for Fiji—Need for secrecy—The voyage to New York—City of thrills and speakeasies—Chicago, the hub of the universe—East to West across the States—Home of the Mormons—Why the seagull is sacred—Salt Lake—California.

ON a bleak day in December 1926 I was told to prepare to leave for the Fiji Islands, and to go on from there to New Zealand and Australia, where the Duke and Duchess of York were shortly to make a tour.

I was to arrange for my paper to be first with the pictures of their activities in the various lands, and while I knew this would cause me much anguish and worry before it was achieved I was thrilled at the prospect of those voyages through the sunshine of the southern seas.

I have previously mentioned the necessity of secrecy when attempting such an enterprise as this, and to account for my long absence from London it was put about that I was leaving for Canada to photograph some new papermills there.

It is not lack of trust of one another that one would not tell one's closest friends the true facts of such a case as this, but because the fewer people in the secret the smaller the risk of an accidental hint being dropped outside.

I do not know any walk of life where there is more loyalty to the square inch than in a newspaper office.

From the taperoom boys upwards it is recognized as a sin of great magnitude to let the paper down, and there are but few traitors.

To avoid the necessity of cabling for money from places other than my supposed destination, I was handed £500 in cash, and early on the murky morning of New Year's Day, 1927, I sailed from Tilbury for New York in the good ship *Minnetonka*.

There followed those days of easy comfort which one spends mostly in eating and sleeping and playing games so simple that they would probably be scorned by the children in an East End backyard.

Men whose financial dealings the next week may shake the world will spend an hour or two tossing a couple of ounces of sand in a tiny sack on to a squared board.

Watch, and you will see why these men became rich.

They will play the game with a concentration and keenness out of all proportion to its importance, and they play to win. Nothing less.

Maybe the contest is to toss rings of rope into a bucket at a few yards' distance, and they will play it as if they were throwing ten-pound notes on to the tables at Monte Carlo. Possibly success in each case brings a similar thrill.

I enjoyed my voyage. Of course, I made friends—that is one of the easiest things to do in a ship bound for America—and in spite of the rough seas the time was full of pleasant incident and good fellowship.

Among the things I remember most vividly was the singing of the choir at the service held by the captain on Sunday morning.

I was appalled.

The choir was formed of twelve lusty stewards who sang on the principle that might is right, and unfortunately those with the biggest chest development had the least tune and were the most fearless.

I also remember that my room steward, an excellent fellow who bore the extraordinary name of Fright, tended me with many luxuries, and just as I had got used to this tender treatment the ship steamed past the Statue of Liberty and plunged into the ice that covered the Hudson river.

Passing ships had broken this into great slabs, which piled up and tumbled around the vessel as we ploughed a lane through to the landing-stage.

Upon my first visit to New York, made nearly seventeen years before, I had come with a preconceived, thoroughly English idea of what America was like, and what I found did not quite fit.

I had gained my knowledge from what I had read in books and newspapers, and, worst of all, from American tourists in Europe. They, I think, do much to distort the vision of people of other lands, for they are over-anxious to boost their country.

And yet in America one finds this same complaint levelled against the travelling Englishman—that he is over-full of boastfulness and conceit.

Compared with my first visit I found things very different in New York, apart from the fact that on that occasion there was a heat-wave, and now the mercury was dodging about between zero and freezing.

I did not, for instance, go to my hotel over shocking roads in a ramshackle horse cab as I had done in 1910. In those days I had been warned against taxis as being exclusively for the use of millionaires and fools, but, as it happened, my cabby, a brusque fellow who continually

flicked his horse with a long whip, counted me as both. He charged me the equivalent of eighteen shillings from the docks to the Hotel Astor, a journey for which a London taxi-man would have been glad of five or six shillings. I never forgot the insult, but I had to pay.

I know of no city that gives the newcomer a greater thrill than New York. When I had stepped out of that cab in Times Square and beheld the Flatiron Building towering above me I felt as small as an ant. On my later visit I had the same feeling, but I discovered that the pile that had caused me to gasp on the first occasion was now a mere toy squatting like a dwarf among a city of giants.

The one thing I found unaltered, however, was the hospitality and enthusiastic kindness with which the average American receives the stranger into his land.

I have heard it said that there is an ulterior motive behind this national characteristic, but I have rarely been able to discover it.

Invitations to entertainments and various homes were showered upon me, not only from business friends, but from people I had met in the ship, from fellow guests at parties, and a number of others.

When I left New York I was "passed on" to friends in other cities, total strangers to me, and so the round of invitations continued.

On this occasion I found all this a little embarrassing, because the American looks upon it as nothing short of a national duty to prove to the visitor that the laws of his land are ridiculous. He contends that he can have as many drinks as he likes, and it becomes his life's work to prove the point.

I was told that there were 22,000 speakeasies in New York, and nearly everyone I met seemed to feel

he had not achieved success as a host until he had introduced me to several of these during an evening.

Luckily my plea of internal indisposition was usually accepted—except where specially prescribed for—and as a rule I was merely carefully inspected and assured that I should be remembered and admitted on all future occasions.

So far as I could discover, the only difference in getting a drink now and before prohibition became law is that in the old days the public-houses were on the street level, whereas now they are usually in a basement.

Often one is inspected through a little shuttered grating in the outer door, but this, I presumed, was for theatrical effect, for quite obviously the police knew they were there.

I did not think the prices abnormally high in all the circumstances, though, of course, they varied.

It was quite possible to get a reasonably good whisky-and-soda for two shillings, and this was the usual price for a large cocktail, unless one preferred to pay double at one of the ultra-fashionable resorts.

The country seemed to be full of locally distilled gin, and when I visited an American home I found I could hardly get off the doormat before a drink was produced, a mark, in these days, of the perfect host.

With snow blowing about like dust in a high wind, I left New York for Chicago in the famous "Twentieth Century" express on the first part of my journey to San Francisco.

I had travelled in an American sleeping-car before, but to the uninitiated they are something of a mystery.

The berths are fixed lengthways in a large saloon

with a passage down the centre, and are covered with curtains hanging from the roof.

At first I wondered where to undress, but by watching others I discovered that one either does this while sitting on an upper berth or while under the curtain if occupying a lower one.

Deep-seated ideas, relics of my Victorian youth, caused me to think that this arrangement must be for men only, but I soon found that women braved the semi-publicity with the unconcern of long practice and good sense.

In Chicago I spent a day and, as I expected, heard neither the rattle of a machine-gun nor so much as a pistol-shot. That, however, did not destroy the citizens' right to boast that they had an average of one wilful killing upon every day of the year.

I was shown the sights by an American who quite honestly believed that Chicago was the pole round which the earth turned.

He would point to some object and remark: "They say that is the biggest block of buildings in the world," or the brightest lit street, and so on. And then he would always add: "Well, I don't know, but I guess they are right."

It would be untrue to say he was boastful. To him the world held no greater place than Chicago, and he was desperately anxious that when I left I should share this opinion.

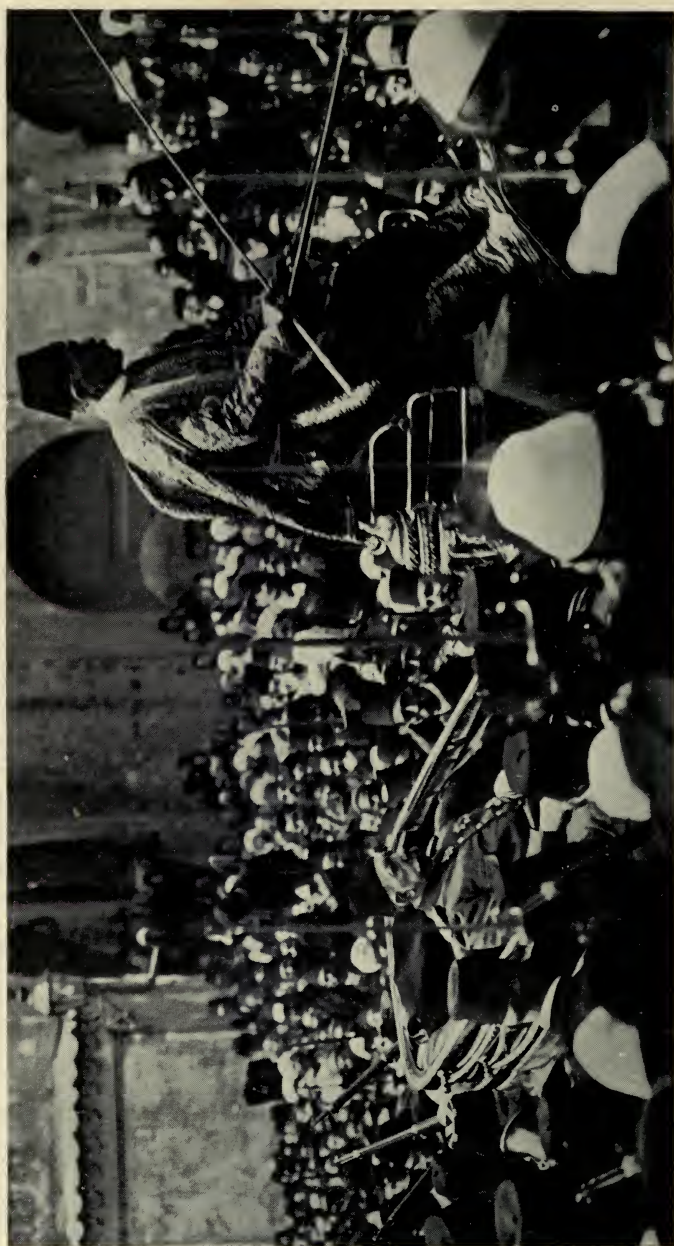
The train run from Chicago to San Francisco, if one travels, as I did, by the Overland Limited via Utah, takes two and a half days, and everything possible is done to cause passengers to speak well of the journey.

I found many comforts unknown in England because of our comparatively short runs. Besides the usual

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YOUNG TURKS OVERTHROW "ABDUL THE DAMNED" AND  
PARADE CONSTANTINOPLE WITH BANDS AND ARMoured  
CARS. (See page 257.)



MOHAMMED V, THE SULTAN SET UP BY THE YOUNG TURKS, MAKES HIS FIRST OFFICIAL DRIVE THROUGH CONSTANTINOPLE. HE WAS BROTHER TO ABDUL, THE DEPOSED RULER. (*See page 258.*)

dining- and sleeping-saloons, there was a writing-room, a library in the observation car, a shower-bath, and, available for hire, the services of a barber, a lady's maid, a manicurist, and a valet.

My chief impression from the journey was that the United States has almost unlimited space in which to grow.

Outside the big cities the country seemed very undeveloped, and there were many typical "cowboy film" towns where the train, as often as not, ambled down the main street among the gathered inhabitants.

Aerodromes were dotted about in the very heart of the prairie, and once in the dead of night I heard above the rattle of the train the roar of the engine of the mail 'plane on its way to the eastern seaboard.

The dawn of the second day was of extraordinary beauty. Lying on my bunk I saw the snow on the Rocky Mountains turned to pink by the rays of the rising sun, and there was unfolded a panorama of unsurpassed grandeur. It was one of those scenes one never forgets.

Later in the morning the train stopped at Ogden, the junction for Salt Lake City, the home of the Mormons a few miles to the south.

Here we were joined by a Mormon missionary, a young man bound for Australia on a two years' visit in search of converts.

He spoke to me of the beauties of his faith, and vehemently denied that they now practise polygamy, for in these days he said it is not permitted by their creed.

He also explained why, in the State of Utah, the seagull is sacred and heavy penalties are imposed upon any who may kill or injure them.

In 1848, he said, the early settlers were threatened with starvation owing to the ravages among their crops by a plague of crickets. The situation soon became desperate, because seven hundred miles of prairie divided them from San Francisco, their nearest help, and their only means of transit was by ox-wagon.

Again and again the people were called together in prayer, and at last, while they prayed, there appeared a white cloud in the Western sky—a vast flock of gulls coming swiftly to their relief.

In four days not a cricket was left, and the gulls returned from whence they had come.

To this day there stands in the centre of Salt Lake City an elaborate stone memorial to the glorification of the sacred seagull.

From Ogden it is but a short journey to Salt Lake, over which the train runs on a light bridge of seemingly endless length—actually nearly thirty-three miles, though there is land at some places on the way.

On the brink of the lake there were large notice-boards, not advertising pills and pickles, but announcing the size of the lake to be seventy-five miles by thirty miles, and that every five pounds of its waters contain one pound of salt.

So cold was the weather, however, that in spite of this much of the lake was frozen over—an unusual occurrence, I was told.

One more night in the train and I awoke in California to the perfect conditions of an English spring day.

Soon I reached San Francisco, and there began for me another week of entertainment and, as the Americans so aptly term it, "rubber-necking". I was motored about everywhere, visiting some of the fruit farms,

which all looked very clean and prosperous, and I was duly impressed by the number of cars on the roads.

In California alone there were at that time more than one million registrations of cars out of a population of four millions. On many of the runs we made, particularly during week-ends, we had to keep our place in a line of traffic which apparently reached from end to end of the United States.

After the warning of the earthquake of some twenty-five years before I was surprised to find skyscrapers in San Francisco.

One I went up had forty stories, a mere baby compared with others being built, and, though people assured me that the reinforced concrete being used would withstand any shock, I was not convinced.

I had seen the effect of the Messina disaster and felt the awful strength of those later tremors blandly described by experts as minor shocks.

## CHAPTER XXV

### IN HONOLULU AND SAMOA

Through the Golden Gates—Excitement at sea—The glorious beauty of Honolulu—Honolulu gin—Blindness—Crossing the Line—Pago-Pago—A school for warriors—I address the class—A Samoan king—Scantly clad dancers—I suffer an ordeal—Escape.

At the end of January I boarded the S.S. *Ventura* in San Francisco Bay and, sailing out through the Golden Gates, headed south-west for the Hawaiian Islands.

In an American ship with a white crew it is best to shake hands with your steward, for he will do more for a friend than one who expects to be served as a matter of right.

It was probably owing to this precaution that I was conceded the privilege, common in most ships, of having hot water for shaving brought to my room.

When I had asked for this the man looking after me had informed me that I was "the only gink who didn't shave in the bathroom", a fact I had assumed when I had looked in there and seen a mass of scantily clad humanity, swaying drunkenly with the movement of the ship, trying to squeeze itself into two small mirrors.

Americans do not make good servants, and I believe they take great pride in the fact.

My first night on the Pacific Ocean was as unpleasant as any I have known.

In the small hours of the morning I was startled into sudden wakefulness by the sound of rushing feet

and the cries of men, pierced by the wild shrieks of women in distress.

I dashed from my cabin, and in an instant was gasping in fumes that made it almost impossible to breathe.

Unlike the melodrama hero, I was back in my room again in the fraction of a second in spite of the cries of those women, and, thrusting my head out of the porthole, breathed freely once more.

Later I solved the mystery.

An ammonia tank in the refrigerating plant had burst, causing a really dangerous situation in the crew's quarters, where the fumes had been heaviest, and considerable distress among some of the passengers. Two women had been carried screaming to the deck, where most of the crew had gathered in search of fresh air.

It is a mere parrotism to say that Honolulu, our first port of call, is the most beautiful place in the world; certainly I do not know anywhere to beat it, nor where life is more costly.

Flowers of a thousand hues, palms of all kinds, and tropical vegetation in glorious profusion, plus almost unlimited sunshine and every device known to man in the supply of luxury, goes to make it a millionaire's playground of almost unhealthy perfection.

Never have I heard ukuleles played as they were by an orchestra of some twenty Hawaiian men, hidden among the trees, as I dined with a party of friends on the lawn of one of the great hotels overlooking the softly rippling sea.

On each dining-table was a shaded light, the only other illumination coming from the moon and stars and dainty fairy-lamps hung among the foliage of the trees. The scene of enchantment was made complete by the plaintive notes of the ukuleles, to which the

players sang in perfect harmony, their voices at times swelling out in great volume and dying away again as they chanted their love songs.

Of course Honolulu is "dry", which means that one is served at the back door and pays double.

A friend with whom I landed bought two bottles of gin for twenty-five shillings each, a very low price, the vendor assured him, considering the excellence of its quality.

The next night, after dinner, he was my partner in a game of bridge, when, with no apparent warning, he suddenly went blind.

"I'm sorry I must stop," he said, fumbling for the cards; "I can't see."

And there followed some awful minutes for us all as he sat there, thinking heaven knows what, staring straight before him but seeing nothing.

After about ten minutes he told us that objects were beginning to take blurred shapes, and later on, to our great relief, his sight returned.

This is not a propaganda story, in fact I do not know whether it would best suit the prohibitionists or the advocates of the "pure liquor" movement, but it is quite certain that my friend, a man of sober habits, went blind for that short period as a result of drinking two small glasses of Honolulu gin some two hours before.

He had not fully regained his sight before, at his request, I had hurled those bottles over the side with a gusto that could not have been equalled by Pussy-foot Johnson himself.

We crossed the line on a very hot day, and in common with the other first-timers I was taken before King Neptune and his court, tried for a crime I had not

committed, and sentenced to be shaved, shampooed, and ducked in the swimming-bath.

The lather, put on with a whitewash brush, was wallpaper paste, and, having offered resistance to the Royal will in this matter, I was treated as a special case and had real eggs broken on my head to supply the material for hair drill. It was all good fun, but I was glad when the time came for me to be thrown bodily into the bath.

Conditions in American Samoa are very primitive, because it is too far off the beaten track to have been developed by financiers and tourist agents.

At Pago-Pago, where I had some time to spare, I hired a car by the hour, an act of courage which surprised me when, later on, it seriously threatened to fall to pieces on the rough tracks many miles from the ship.

My chauffeur, guide, and interpreter spoke English with great limitation, for, so far as I discovered, the only words he knew were "Yep" and "Nope", though he had a clever system of pantomime signs.

Around the quay there were, as is usual in such places, numbers of natives selling their wares: beads, skirts made from reeds and grasses, wooden "gods", and hundreds of other odds and ends designed for sale to the rich whites whom, I am quite sure, they looked upon as feeble-minded for buying such trash.

Tiring of this display, I caused the car to be headed out of the "town", and before long came upon a school for young Samoan men. This was presided over by a charming American professor who invited me to make a tour of inspection.

At first I thought the pupils had been chosen for their perfect physique and muscular development, but this was not the case; each represented a village, having

been selected and sent by his elders so that he might gain great learning and return to impart his knowledge to the young of his district.

The professor introduced me in glowing terms to the students; and then with the object, apparently, of allowing me to see them in action, he asked, "Now, who can tell me in which country is London?"

The bomblike suddenness of the question undoubtedly threw the class off its balance. Two great fellows flung their heads upon their outstretched arms, in the hope, I supposed, of being better able to think, others gazed fixedly at the roof rafters, some frowned deeply, and all looked more or less blank.

At last an arm, rippling with muscles and a fist useful, I thought, for felling oxen, was shyly raised.

"Please, yes," gasped the owner.

"Ah, I thought so," said the professor in an aside to me—"one of my brightest pupils"; and, sure enough, came the right answer.

"And how big do you imagine London to be?" he asked.

The budding schoolmaster tapped his forehead for a moment and, quickly gaining inspiration, shouted quite suddenly:

"My village three times!"

His village, to which he would shortly return to superintend the education of his juniors, had a population of less than fifty souls!

It now became my turn to provide the entertainment, because the genial professor insisted that I should address the class.

I went much hotter than I already was, and began my talk just as a great hailstorm burst over the land.

The noise of the stones, of almost incredible size,

beating on the corrugated-iron roof was so deafening that by a merciful Providence I could not hear what I said. The professor, however, by keeping an alert ear close to my mouth, appeared to gather that I had talked about the Great White King having sent his son, with his bride, to see the peoples of his Empire in the South Seas, and more to that effect.

As soon as I had finished the sun came out and the storm was over, but my fear that I might be asked to repeat the turn was groundless.

"Only two or three would have understood you even if they could have heard," my friend assured me, but he proposed to make my visit the subject for future discussions, and he knew he would be asked questions about it for weeks to come.

The great difficulty in teaching these simple warriors was to find comparisons they could understand, for, having seen but little outside their own villages, it was upon these that they based their ideas.

Imagination was, of course, almost entirely lacking; numbers, distances, heights, or sizes meant nothing unless compared with something known to them within their limited world.

I left, almost overwhelmed by the cheers of those splendid fellows.

Soon after this I met some friends from the ship and joined them upon learning that they were about to visit the King of the island—uncrowned, perhaps, but, nevertheless, the chief of the chiefs.

He lived in a large round hut, or rather under a thatched roof, without walls, supported on poles, between which were hung a few grass mats to provide his womenfolk with some protection from the vulgar gaze.

This was the common design of the dwellings in Samoa, and the publicity of the arrangement suggested a simple morality which I have rarely met.

The King, judging by his appearance, was, I imagine, a centenarian, for he had a face and bald head like the shell of a walnut, the creases of which went into deeper folds as each of our party gave him a dollar.

This facial alteration, was, I think, his interpretation of a smile, and he further showed his satisfaction by loudly clapping his hands, thus causing a number of women, girls, and children to appear before us from behind some screens.

They were all more or less clothed except the younger children, who scorned covering of any kind, but they, in common with the rest, entered into the preparations being made for our entertainment—a dance by three copper-skinned maidens of very comely build.

Most of the court provided themselves with mats, some rolled tightly and others in various stages of looseness, so that when beaten with sticks each would give out a different “note.”

When we had seated ourselves on the ground at a point indicated, the King signalled to the orchestra, and with a crash there arose a din of rhythmic beatings, hand-clapping, and grunts which set every foot wagging to its time. Even the tiniest tots, who had mats and sticks to match their size, never missed a beat, and when the overture was in full swing the dancers appeared from behind a mat.

Each wore a skirt of graceful “cut”, made of dried grass, and each had a scarlet flower twisted neatly into her shock of black hair. The rest of their costumes, which did not cover them very completely, were composed chiefly of contraptions calculated to jingle and

make a clatter as they danced, and their skins glistened brilliantly with the coconut-oil with which they had smothered themselves.

The dance started, slow wriggings of their bodies while doing "snakes" with their arms, and their movements became more and more sinuous as they warmed to their work.

There was no prancing about, no light movement of any kind, just heavy twistings at the hips and shoulders and great stampings.

As the dance went on I made a discovery.

Without question I was being danced at by one of the performers, just as the others had selected two of my men companions for their inspiration.

Obviously showing off for my benefit, she wriggled and twisted nearer and nearer to me until her skirt almost brushed my face. I could not retreat further than I had already done because my back was now against a hanging mat, and just as I was preparing to make a dash for the outer sunshine the dance came to a sudden end with a final crash from the "band".

My special dancer, collapsed into a panting heap before me, had her arms outstretched with her palms forming a cup just under my nose, and, enfeebled as I was by the ordeal, my intelligence told me that I must still find strength to drop a coin into those waiting hands.

To this day the smell of coconut, which permeated the heavy atmosphere of the dance hall owing to the girls' custom of anointing themselves with its oil, recalls to me that humid island in the South Pacific.

Once again I see the King seated on a mat fingering his seven dollars while critically watching the performance he must have seen thousands of times before.

I was not sorry to leave the "palace", which was

certainly very finely built compared with the collection of odd-shaped roofs which formed the villages.

At these most of the young children were naked, and, so far as I could see, quite happy. Nearly all of them had learned to beg almost before they could walk, which is inevitable at such places where passenger ships call.

This was not the case, however, at some of the more distant villages, where many of the youngsters bolted when they saw my car, frightened, probably, by the extraordinary noise it made rather than by my whiteness.

By great good fortune I got back to the ship without mishap, and, as the sun was sinking, in an egg-shell blue sky, sailed for Fiji, where I was to stay for nearly three weeks.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN FIJI

Suva—Fijian generosity—A vicious mosquito—Fire walkers—Presentation of whale's teeth as a welcome—Duke of York drinks kava—Ratu Popi, cultured Prince, grandson of a cannibal king—Duchess of York receives ivory token—How to be first with the pictures?—A modern Christopher Columbus—Lone cruise of forty thousand miles.

It is a curious experience to go to bed on Thursday and wake up the next morning to find it is Saturday, which is what happened to us during the voyage between Samoa and Fiji.

This is, of course, a quite normal occurrence, for we had reached the meridian so far west of Greenwich that a whole day is missed. On re-crossing on the return journey there are two days of the same name following each other.

In the sweltering heat of a February day I landed at Suva, the capital of Fiji on Vitilevu, the chief of the two hundred and fifty islands forming the Fiji group.

It was here that I was to begin my principal work, but as the Duke and Duchess were not expected until nearly a week later, I had time to look round while making my plans.

The first thing that must strike the newcomer is the splendid physique and bearing of the Fijians, and in spite of their one-time reputation for fierceness and cannibalism, which still lingers in the minds of some

people, they are an easygoing, generous race, with many very likeable characteristics.

Both the men and the women are extremely proud of their fine heads of hair, which is their most pronounced national feature. Thick and black, it grows in great profusion over the head and far down the nape of the neck, standing up straight from its roots, giving an appearance of fierceness most useful to the warriors in those days when tribal wars were their only occupation.

To become possessed of an umbrella is one of their greatest ambitions, because they so detest getting their hair wet, and I imagine some bright trader realized this some time ago, judging by the number to be seen.

The Fijian will work so long as it is necessary for present needs, but nothing will he store for the morrow. Outside the larger towns he lives the communal life of true socialism, and he is, in fact, unfitted for anything else.

National custom and a generous spirit make it impossible for them to keep shops, because they cannot resist making gifts, nor can they refuse requests from their friends for their goods and possessions.

In the native quarters, therefore, all the trading is done by East Indians, an industrious people who are thriving so strongly that they will soon outnumber the original natives. They were imported in the first place for labour purposes, and, finding the conditions ideal from their point of view, they quickly settled down and multiplied, while the Fijian population remains almost at a standstill.

Although I do not think the thermometer stood at much more than ninety in the shade at any time I was here, I found Suva, with the exception of West Africa,



ALAIN GERBULT, THE FAMOUS FRENCH NAVIGATOR, IN HIS TEN-TON CUTTER 'FIRECREST' AT SUVA, FIJI. IN THIS TINY BOAT HE MADE A LONE CRUISE OF 40,000 MILES. (See page 219.)



A FIJIAN WARRIOR REHEARSING A DANCE OF WELCOME TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK. HE AND HIS COMPANIONS WERE UNABLE TO CARRY THIS OUT BECAUSE SOME OF THEM CAUGHT MEASLES.

the hottest place I have visited, owing to its heavy humidity.

The local mosquito was wild and vicious and had abominable habits. He attacked me in vast numbers, and I was not consoled by the information that he was harmless. It is true that malaria is almost unknown, but I found the wretched insect to have teeth like knives, which I verily believe he used to bite through my net at nights. Anyhow, they always found their way in.

There was considerable excitement and preparation for the coming of the Duke and Duchess, and it was unfortunate for me, in search of photographs, that some of the picturesque native ceremonies had to be cancelled owing to an outbreak of measles. These included a wild war dance by some five hundred warriors, and a demonstration of their mystic rights by the fire walkers of the Island of Bequ.

Only members of one tribe can perform this feat, and in spite of close enquiry on the spot by doctors and scientists no satisfactory explanation of the extraordinary mystery has ever been forthcoming.

A shallow pit is dug in which are placed flat stones, and a large fire of logs kindled over and around them. This is kept burning for several hours, when the stones are cleared and the performers, advancing bare-foot in single file, walk over them without haste or harm.

After throwing in leaves for the purpose of causing smoke and steam to rise, they go in amongst this reek and chant a song before returning to the cover from which they have come.

There usually follows a feast, probably arranged as a further proof of the genuineness of the performance, for the food is placed upon the stones and covered with turf until fully cooked.

There were two ceremonies, however, which could not be cancelled on such an occasion as this, because they symbolized the fervent loyalty of those simple-hearted Fijians: the presentation of whales' teeth to the Royal guests, a rite which opens every ceremonial, and the preparation, with great pomp and circumstance, of a drink of which the Duke must partake as a token of welcome.

Had these things been omitted in such circumstances, the Fijian would have felt he had offered an insult equivalent to an Englishman failing to shake hands with his guests.

The presentation of the whales' tooth, or tambua, by one Fijian to another holds a significance most difficult for the outsider to understand.

It is not only a token of welcome, for its acceptance may be followed by demands upon the receiver ranging from the handing over of his personal possessions to the committing of a murder, though this extreme is not likely to occur in these days.

It plays a part, not only in the marriage ceremony, but in softening the heart of a father towards the lover seeking the hand of his daughter. At the birth of a child the father presents a whale's tooth to the relations of the mother, and when a woman dies the husband must make a similar gift to his father-in-law.

A law-breaker may use it as a token of atonement by presenting it to his chief with a request for forgiveness, and no diplomatic negotiations or important business deals could be begun until the tambua had been offered and accepted.

There are many cases of its being used to bring about the death of an enemy, the most notorious instance being the killing and eating of the Rev. Thomas Baker.

This missionary was about to make a journey, and a chief who wished to be rid of him without personal risk sent a messenger on ahead with a whale's tooth to be presented to the chief of any tribe who would accept it.

On such an occasion the gift would be offered in a curious way—in a pudding, or, not unusually, in the mouth of a dead pig—and the first three chiefs, realizing the significance of the messenger's business, refused to take it.

The fourth did so and unhesitatingly carried out the demand of its sender.

To this day the Fijian believes implicitly in the power of the tooth. Quite recently the people of the district in which this murder was done presented to the head of the Methodist Mission there three teeth to condone the crime committed by their fathers many years previously.

Having travelled nearly twelve thousand miles to take a few photographs, it is not surprising that I was greatly concerned that the native ceremonies were to be performed late in the afternoon, when the light, never very good from a photographic point of view, was waning.

Previous experience is, of course, of great assistance in overcoming difficulties, but there is nothing more depressing to a self-respecting photographer than to have to explain why his pictures are not so good as it was hoped they would be.

On this occasion I was fortunate in having a camera which made it possible for me to be fairly successful, but I pined for the light of an ordinary sunless English day.

The Duke and Duchess landed from H.M.S.

*Renown* in a tropical rainstorm which added still further to my troubles, and, after the usual hand-shaking and inspections of guards of honour, went to the sports ground, where they were to receive the Fijian welcome.

In the centre of an enclosure squatted some fifty or sixty half-naked chiefs, their faces and bodies splashed with paint, and armlets and ankle-bands of coloured leaves and grasses. Their fibre "skirts" were brilliant in all colours of the rainbow.

In the forefront sat Ratu Popi, the grandson of the late King Cakobau, the nominal head of all Fijians, and it would be difficult to imagine a more imposing figure.

He was gorgeously attired in the native bark cloth known as "tapa", with a necklace of thirty-two whales' teeth, each ground to a tenth of its normal size. Round his arms at the elbows were picturesque ruffles, and his fine shoulders and face were adorned with patches of bright paint.

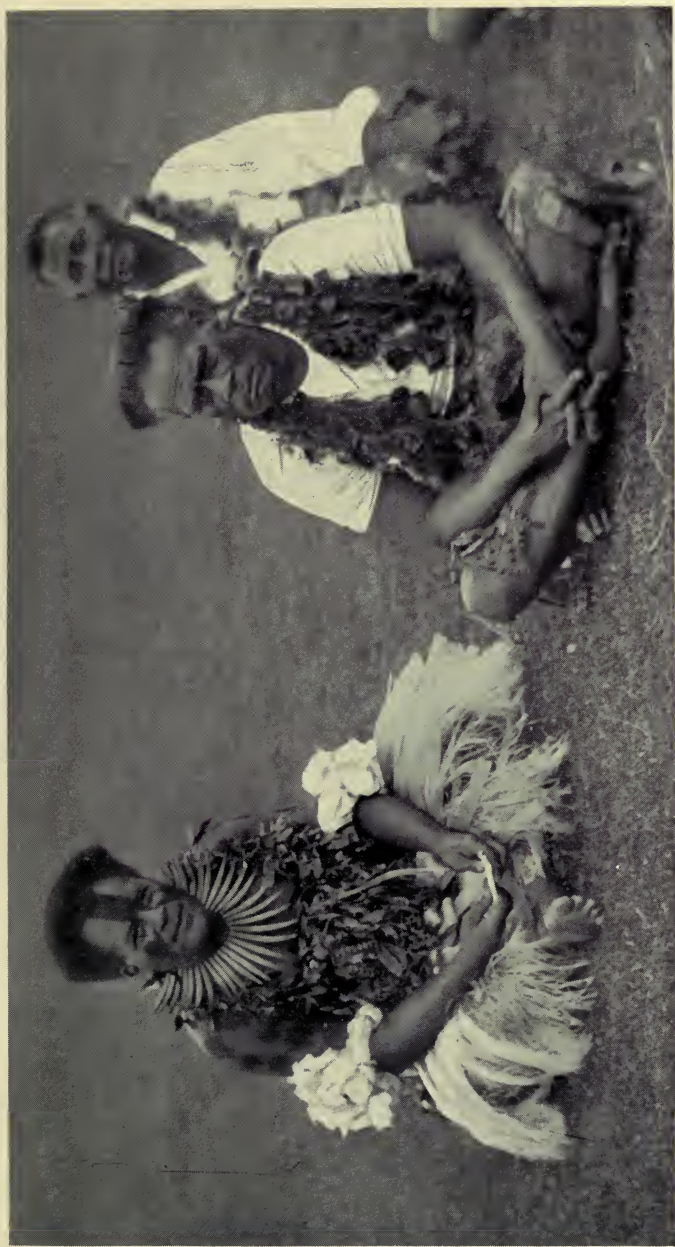
Splendidly built, he looked a princely savage, and yet he spoke perfect English in soft tones, and had been educated in a famous school in New Zealand.

When the Royal party was seated Ratu Popi advanced and, bowing deeply before the Duke, handed to him the whale's tooth.

As he did so his followers set up a weirdly mournful chant, grunting in chorus, and fading out with a prolonged sound like a coachman drawling "Whoa" to a horse.

There followed the presentation of the tambua to the Duchess by the native women, a very rare occurrence, as only wives of the greatest chiefs are welcomed in this way.

Normally this would have been done by women



RATU POPI, GRANDSON OF THE LAST FUJIAN KING, WEARING HIS FAMOUS NECKLACE OF THIRTY-TWO WHALES' TEETH, EACH GROUND TO A TENTH OF ITS NORMAL SIZE. (*See page 214.*)



"WHEN THE ROYAL PARTY WAS SEATED RATU POPI ADVANCED AND, BOWING DEEPLY BEFORE THE DUKE, HANDED TO HIM THE WHALE'S TOOTH." (See page 214).

swimming out to sea to meet the visitor, the senior swimmer placing the tooth on the prow of the incoming canoe. To assist the ceremony on this occasion a canoe was brought on land and put before the Duchess, while Adi Cakobau, the highest woman chief in Fiji, handed to her the ivory token.

Adi Cakobau moved with great dignity. She held her head high as became the direct descendant of a king, and she was proud of her resplendent raiment, a multi-coloured bark skirt with masses of green leaves hung about her neck.

There followed the big event of the day, the preparation of the beverage called "kava".

The roots of a yangona plant, from which it is made, were placed beside a chief who sat cross-legged in front of a large bowl, an antique that had done service at many cannibal feasts, since it had been carved from a solid piece of wood more than a century before.

Around him were lesser chiefs, who acted as assistants, some handing him pieces of the root to be pounded in the bowl, while another added water when he grunted an order.

When the bowl was nearly full the officiating chief plunged his hands into the mess and began the process of straining by passing through it matted strands of fibre, a business that was accompanied by the assembled chiefs wailing out a chant, the origin and even the meaning of which has been lost in the obscurity of time.

At last all was ready, and the cup-bearer, a chief of splendid build, came to within about three yards of the bowl and performed a series of gymnastic movements. Bending slowly at the knees while keeping the body erect, bowing deeply from the waist and making numerous

twists and turns, he finally fell on one knee before the presiding chief.

In his hand he held a polished coconut shell, and when this had been filled he strode off proudly, carrying it high in the air.

Before the Duke he stopped, bowed with great dignity, and poured some of the drink into the shell with which the Royal visitor had been provided.

As the Duke raised the cup to his lips there was a regulated and slow hand-clapping by the assembled Fijians which continued until he had flung the empty shell upon the ground before him, an important feature of the rite to prove that he had drunk the potion to the last drop.

Others of the party were then supplied in strict order of precedence, for no London hostess could be more of a stickler for etiquette than the Fijian.

In the olden days, in fact, an offence against good form would almost certainly have been punished by death, and many of their fiercest wars have been brought about by no greater cause than a supposed "insult" at a feast.

That evening there was a ball at the Grand Pacific Hotel, where the guarding of the Duke and Duchess by Fijian warriors added an extraordinary touch to a modern scene.

At each corner of the Royal daïs stood a half-naked "savage", fully arrayed for war with bent head and spear at the slant, motionless as if carved out of stone. No sculptor could have produced more perfect figures, and so still did they stand that it was difficult to see them breathe.

Every twenty minutes the guard was changed, and each newcomer tried to be more rocklike than the man he had relieved.

They "stood" for the honour of their land.

The following afternoon the Royal party left for New Zealand, where I proposed to follow them in the next ship in about ten days' time.

My only thought now, however, was to get my pictures to London before those taken by the official photographer, who was travelling with the Royal party, and one or two others who had taken photographs.

In this case it was not difficult, because they had to rely upon the ordinary mail and I had my paper's elaborate organization in America to assist me.

I persuaded a passenger in the next ship leaving for San Francisco to hand my parcel to our representative who would board them on arrival, and this he did.

Some of the pictures were telegraphed to New York and transmitted from there by cable by the Bartlane process to our London office, while the others were flown across America and were in time to catch a ship ahead of the one carrying the Fijian mail.

It is not often so easy to gain an advantage of more than a week over one's rivals.

I now had time to relax and make a tour of the wilder parts of the island, where I found something of that glamour so useful to the novelist.

Most impressive of all to me were the virgin forests : majestic trees of colossal height massed with foliage too thick to allow a single ray of sunlight to penetrate, and undergrowth matted and twisted among the trunks through which it was difficult to pass.

There were countless palms and lesser trees, and festooned among the branches were flowering creepers of extraordinary beauty.

Inside there was a great stillness, and on first entering

I thought the silence was complete. Then I became conscious of the hum of a million insects filling the air without a break in its monotonous drone.

As I stood alone in that semi-darkness I felt awed by the grandeur of Nature's work unspoiled by the hand of man. It had the impressiveness of a great cathedral.

One evening I met Ratu Popi, the paramount chief, a cultured gentleman greatly honoured in his land.

Devotion to their chiefs is a characteristic of the Fijians, and such history as they have is full of incidents in proof of this.

When a war canoe containing a chief and thirty followers overturned in shark-infested waters they swam for the beach in a mass, the warriors keeping the chief in the centre. One by one they were dragged into the depths, and as each man disappeared another took his place near his master, willingly sacrificing himself to the devouring monsters.

In the end three men landed, and the first to set foot on the beach was the chief.

I think without question history would repeat itself to-day if Ratu Popi were thrown into the water in similar circumstances. He is loved by his followers, and his word is law.

King Cakobau, his grandfather, once a cannibal, who became a Christian later in his reign offered the Fiji Islands to Great Britain in 1855 conditionally upon our shouldering his debt of £9,000 to the United States.

He owed the money by way of reparations for damage done to American property by his followers, but he knew of no way of raising even a hundred pounds, and eventually we accepted the land for the amount of his liability.

Probably we have never regretted the bargain.

While I was awaiting my ship there arrived in Suva that modern Christopher Columbus, Alain Gerbault, the famous French navigator, airman, and tennis player.

He had then made a voyage, quite alone, of more than thirteen thousand miles in his ten-ton cutter, the *Firecrest*.

I paid him a visit and found him seated on the deck of his little craft wearing nothing but a loin-cloth, unless one might mention his deeply tanned skin. His story is unique.

In 1914, at the age of eighteen, he played tennis for France and distinguished himself at Wimbledon, and, becoming a pilot on the outbreak of war, earned fame as a fighter by his many victories in the air.

Horror of the things he had seen in a "civilized" war caused him, when peace came, to pine for the fresh air of the open sea. He had learned navigation as an airman, and eventually he set sail.

The genial man who welcomed me on board was quite different from the person I had expected to find; I thought he would be disinterested in the happenings of the modern world, but he was far more anxious to talk about tennis than navigation and tempests.

He seemed to think it quite an ordinary matter to sail off for months on end, without means of communication with the outside world, without anyone to turn to in time of difficulty, with no one to take turn on watch nor assist in fighting a gale.

"Oh, I just lash the tiller and turn in," he said, when I asked him about sleep, and he explained there was no risk because he awoke instantly if there was any change of conditions. He knew the sound of every block, and any added strain on one of them would be enough to bring him on deck.

It was a strange life for a young man, but he was very sincere and scorned to profit by the yarns he could so easily have invented.

He told me, with great indignation, of an offer he had received from America that he should be given ten thousand dollars for his life story upon the one condition that the book should be written for him and that he should not object to what was said.

Gerbault is a fatalist who lives dangerously and without fear.

While I was with him he plunged into the shark-infested waters for a swim, and when I spoke of the risk he assured me that no shark would ever touch him. So far he has been right.

About a year later I once again saw that gallant little ship with its lone figure at the tiller.

In brilliant sunshine it was tacking gracefully into Durban harbour at the end of a five-thousand miles' voyage across the Indian Ocean.

Since I had left him in Fiji, Gerbault had visited Australia, New Guinea, Java, Madagascar, and numerous islands besides. He was now on his way home.

Later he sailed on round Africa and returned to France, thus completing a lone cruise of 40,000 miles during an absence of four years and nine months.

Drake himself might have been proud of such an achievement.

Eventually I left Suva for Auckland in the S.S. *Tabiti*, the ship which recently sprang a leak and sank. By a strange coincidence her passengers and crew were rescued by the *Ventura*, the boat that had brought me to Fiji.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA

Unpaid helpers—Paderewski—Auckland—The lost prisoner—  
Sydney harbour not a joke—Duke and Duchess of York  
in Australia—Wonderful welcome—Bishop of London's  
agility—Rickshaw boys of Colombo.

"MOMENTS spent in thought are moments well spent,"  
said the sage, and he was right.

I have made it a rule when on a voyage or long journey never to let a day pass without thinking over all the details of the job I am on, and it is surprising how often some new angle will present itself and guide one's actions.

This habit stood me in good stead during my voyage from America to Fiji, for it suddenly occurred to me that there was a way of being first in London with the pictures of the Duke and Duchess in New Zealand in spite of the fact that the *Renown* would reach there at least a week before I could follow in the next passenger ship from Suva.

The scheme involved a great deal of detail work; I had to arrange by letter and cable with strangers in Auckland to supply the pictures, and, above all, I had to discover the plans of my fellow passengers in the *Ventura*. Without the assistance of two or three of them I was helpless.

Whatever may be said of this imperfect world, it is certainly true that there are large numbers of people willing to do a good turn if they can.

On this occasion my work was successfully carried out in my absence by a party of casual acquaintances for no payment whatever.

Pictures of the Royal couple in Auckland were rushed across the island to Wellington and handed to one of my *Ventura* friends who was returning to the United States by the next ship. He passed them on to our agent in San Francisco, and the rest was plain sailing, for the opposition pictures had been dispatched by ordinary mail.

On board the *Tabiti* was Paderewski, who was carefully looked after by his wife and five retainers.

He had with him three grand pianos, and upon one of them, which almost filled his deck cabin, he practised for several hours a day. Outside a crowd was always gathered, for he played his scales and exercises with a master touch and suppleness of finger unimpaired by his sixty-seven years.

During the voyage the ship had put into Honolulu for a few hours. Quickly a piano was landed and he gave a recital for a fee of £1,000—big money, perhaps, but his expenses are very great, and it is said that he is a comparatively poor man, because no Polish beggar ever applies to him in vain.

I was in a great hurry to land at Auckland, but had to suffer a delay of more than three hours while the ship, anchored off shore, was searched by police and crew for a man who had strangely disappeared.

He had been deported from Fiji, and on the morning of the last day at sea had gone into thin air in a most mysterious way.

Hours after the search had been given up he was seen strolling down the gangway trying to look like a

steward going off duty. He was arrested, but the mystery of his hiding-place was never discovered.

It had been my intention to spend a week in New Zealand before going on to Australia to await the arrival there of the Duke and Duchess. A pressman must be ever ready to change his ideas.

On reaching Auckland I was able to collect some interesting pictures of the Duke and Duchess with some Maori chiefs taken that day, and found that the quickest way to get them to London was to put them on a ship shortly leaving Melbourne.

Back I went to the *Tabiti*, therefore, and after a few more days at sea arrived at Sydney.

The Australian and his pride of Sydney harbour has long been a music-hall joke. That harbour is as wonderful as he says, and it would be difficult to exaggerate its beauty.

As the ship passed between the "Heads" and entered that vast expanse of water, my breath was taken away by the glorious scene.

I imagined the thrill of the settlers who first beheld it; here indeed was the promised land and the spot to found a city.

For what fell disease the medical officer at Sydney was in search I do not know, for he adopted methods quite new to me.

Like Fascisti troops parading before Mussolini, each of us had to bare an arm and file past him with it held out stiff from the shoulder. So far as I know he made no interesting discoveries.

On landing I soon came up against labour difficulties.

The ship's stewards were allowed to bring my baggage ashore and dump it on the quay, but as it happened

to be the porters' luncheon hour no one was permitted to take it into the shed a few yards further away, where the Customs officials were ready to deal with it.

After a wait of forty-five minutes the porters strolled back, and in return for the right number of pieces of silver two of them removed my trunks.

My experience of Australia is limited, because I spent little more than a month there in various parts, but I formed the impression that the Australian is suspicious of newcomers, and that more than most people he hates any form of criticism, however mild.

Once he is convinced, however, that the visitor is "white" he becomes a friend of unwavering staunchness.

There is one man he really hates, and the Sydney resident who first told me about him worked himself into a fury in the telling.

He is the Englishman who comes on a visit, strolls about the main streets of their cities wearing plus-fours, patronizes everybody quite indiscriminately, and talks of "you colonials".

I trust there are few of these people left in the world, and I do not think they were ever so numerous as tradition asserts. I am afraid Australians have allowed the mental picture of this fellow to grow in their minds, and are now inclined to accept him as a typical product of the Old Country.

One successful business man I met in Sydney, in discussing affairs, gave it as his opinion that the "centre" of the British Empire should be transferred to Sydney, and the King and Queen should come to live in Australia.

He was quite serious about it, explaining that a child could see that Australia must, in the nature of things, become the heart of the Universe.

Maybe, in the fullness of time, his words will come true. More unlikely things have happened.

Public interest in horse-racing seemed to me to be far more extensive than in England, and I was repeatedly asked by strangers for tips about races of which I had never heard.

Racing must be a big industry "down under", and very great crowds attend the meetings.

I have every sympathy with the organizers of a function of great public interest in their difficulties about the photographers.

If they hand permits to all who apply for them, giving freedom of action, the event will be shorn of all dignity.

It is not the photographers' fault that they will scuttle about in the centre of things, obscuring the real happenings, for it is up to them to get the best position possible.

But it is usually agreed that the pictures should be taken for the benefit of those members of the public unable to be present, and to overcome this problem at the arrival of the Duke and Duchess the authorities in Sydney had pens built in which to house the camera men.

There were three of them, and I accepted a ticket for the first that was offered to me. I knew they were all bad positions, and that when the time came I must escape from that enclosure or fail to get the pictures I wanted.

Experience teaches a photographer never to argue with a policeman, and only on rare occasions with an official. It is easy to get oneself "marked", with fatal results.

I relied upon the psychological fact that on such occasions there are always moments when almost every

eye is directed towards the point of interest. I hoped to take advantage of this to better my situation.

Of course, I realize how impossible it would be if everyone did this, and that it savours of the tricks I have decried, but the positions had apparently been chosen without expert advice, and I had much at stake.

Actually things worked out rather easier than I expected, for some time before the arrival I managed to slip in among a group of thirty-nine City Councillors, and, to fill in the time, began writing down their names and addresses "in case they appeared in my pictures".

Once the Royal couple were ashore all was well. I was known to the officials of the party, and they gave me every assistance.

I did not stay in Australia until the end of the tour ; after attending the wonderful welcome to the Duke and Duchess on Sydney cricket ground and arranging for special pictures to be taken at the opening of the first Parliament at Canberra, the new capital, I sailed for Egypt in the S.S. *Oronsay*.

She was a splendid ship, but far too crowded ; there were 640 first-class, and 900 third-class passengers, many of them emigrants making their way home again, "fed up".

Owing to the crush it was necessary for meals to be taken in relays, and on the games-decks there were queues all the time.

One of the keenest players of games was Dr. Ingram, the Bishop of London, and, knowing his years, I was amazed at his agility.

He would come straight up from lunch, and having sought out an opponent, on several occasions myself, would rush about on the tennis-court like a boy of twenty, with total disregard for the sweltering heat.

The enthusiasm he displayed in everything he did was very infectious, and he was a fine example to some of the modern youths who lolled about the decks in graceful ease.

We put into Adelaide and Fremantle, the last port of call before making the long voyage across the Indian Ocean to Ceylon.

The heat was intense, and I have experienced few hotter days than the one I spent in Colombo, a city in which Eastern squalor jostles glaringly with Western progress and luxury.

I viewed it all from the comparative comfort of a rickshaw drawn by a panting "boy", who was deeply insulted when I told him to reduce his pace to a walk.

He rightly sensed that I was showing him consideration, and thought it was because I looked upon him as a weakling; to prove how wrong I was he dashed off at yet greater speed, and I could do nothing but pay him well for his services.

I knew, of course, that he had had this end in view from the first, but I did not grudge him his extra tip. In that awful heat it seemed wrong for man or beast to work so hard.

At Port Said I left the *Oronsay* and, after visiting Cairo, went to Jerusalem, where I attended the unveiling of the War Memorial by the late Lord Plumer.

After that I was homeward bound at last, making that fascinating train journey through the desert to Ismailia, whence one may ferry across the Suez Canal.

From Port Said I left for Marseilles in the S.S. *Moultan*, and eventually reached London via Paris.

Thus ended a journey round the world in five crowded months.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### CELEBRITIES AND THE CAMERA

Prince of Wales and the hidden photographer—His dislike for “close-ups”—Duchess of York an ideal subject—Late President Roosevelt at Gibraltar—Miss Marie Corelli’s hatred of photographers—The famous test case : *Corelli v. Wall*—Thomas Hardy and Swinburne the poet—Lord Kitchener’s left eye—Politicians and the camera—Art of publicity and Mr. Lloyd George—Mr. Winston Churchill’s astonishing hats—President Wilson and what the camera revealed—The Fox twins of Stevenage.

PHOTOGRAPHING celebrities is sometimes very interesting, and often extremely difficult.

The difficulties usually arise through the officials who surround them, and this is, of course, not surprising.

With regard to Royalty, the King and Queen are ideal subjects for a newsman’s camera, and I can honestly say that in my long experience I have never yet heard a photographer complain that he has received anything but kindly consideration at their hands.

It is not surprising that members of the Royal Family should object to incidents in their private lives being “snapped”.

There is, however, a world demand for such pictures, and it is one of the constant duties of special Scotland Yard officers to prevent them being taken.

On one occasion, in America, the Prince of Wales was attending a ball in his honour, when a photographer, hidden in a tree, let off a huge flashlight and got a picture of him sitting out with some friends.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE, A MASTER OF THE ART OF PUBLICITY. HE KNOWS THAT AN EDITOR WANTS SOMETHING DISTINCTIVE IN A PICTURE, AND IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER HE USUALLY GIVES IT TO HIM. (See page 236.)



IN SPITE OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S RECENT DENIAL THAT HE EVER WORE ABNORMAL HATS HE STILL HAS TO FACE THE EVIDENCE OF THE CAMERA. LEFT, THE WEDDING-DAY HAT THAT DID NOT FIT, AND, RIGHT, WEARING HIS FAMOUS SQUARE FELT BOWLER.  
(See page 236.)

The photograph itself was harmless, but even in "the land of the free" this was felt to be carrying things too far. Official America had the plate destroyed.

It is to guard against such incidents as this, and, of course, more serious ones, that officials closely inspect the arrangements made for functions to be attended by Royalty.

The most photographed man in the world to-day is the Prince of Wales.

He must be the best friend the plate-makers ever had, but it is quite certain this would not be the case if his wishes were consulted.

He has had so much of it that I am quite sure he hates the sight of a camera. "Close-ups" he dislikes intensely, particularly if they are taken with a "movie" camera. I have known him to have the cinema men moved farther back before inspecting a guard of honour, lest he should have to walk into the lenses and afterwards appear on the screen as a swiftly growing giant.

However much some photographers may try to respect his wishes in this matter, it is not at all easy to do so. If one or two men insist upon going too near—and there are usually some who do—others must also come forward or be satisfied with views of the offenders' backs. And editors dislike such pictures.

I do not think the Prince, who usually does things for himself, has ever seriously taken up photography, and perhaps, in the circumstances, this is not surprising.

During one of his trips to Canada he sent for my brother Tom, who, on his way to Japan, was travelling in the same ship, and asked him to explain the working of a camera he had borrowed. He wanted to take pictures on his ranch, but I do not know whether he succeeded.

He obviously appreciated the fact that my brother,

knowing he was on holiday, had not attempted to photograph him. He knew perfectly well, however, that this was not because he did not want to do so, and before they parted he offered to pose on the bridge with the captain of the ship.

The Prince will always be popular, because he is so quick to do kind acts that have not been prearranged.

As a subject for Press photographs, the Duchess of York is considered by camera men to be ideal. But I am not the only one who thinks we rarely do her justice.

She is nearly always smiling, so there is little difficulty in obtaining a happy picture; but it is not easy to convey the spontaneous enthusiasm, the appearance of personal pleasure, she displays in everything she does. She is always animated—a charm often lost to the camera.

The late President Roosevelt was a celebrity I found "difficult". When he was on his way to East Africa on a big-game shoot I toiled through scorching Spain to Gibraltar to get pictures of him on the Rock.

On the journey out I had become friendly with a French journalist who knew the ex-President, and it was this gentleman who introduced me to him when his ship arrived.

As the Frenchman did this, Colonel Roosevelt swung round with both hands extended to shake mine, and his "Mr. Grant, I am delighted to meet you" was said in such a way that for a moment I thought he meant it!

"But, if you please, no photographs—no photographs of any kind!" he continued, and I knew that whatever may have been the truth of his first statement there was no doubt about the second.

His son, Mr. Kermit Roosevelt, had, I learned,

agreed to supply a newspaper syndicate with exclusive pictures of the trip, but I did not think this sufficient reason for me to refrain.

So I hired a cab and followed him everywhere he went, successfully hiding myself and my camera behind the curtains with which these unique vehicles are hung.

Miss Marie Corelli hated photographers, and it was one of the special duties of her servants to warn her of their approach ; nor would she enter her famous gondola, which graced the river Avon, without first making sure that the coast was clear.

And yet she once agreed to pose for me, though, as I soon discovered, it was not her intention to let the photograph be successful.

The occasion was the meeting of a committee formed, I believe, to purchase Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon for the nation, or some such purpose, and Marie Corelli was the chairman. Sir Thomas Lipton was on the Committee, and I have forgotten who else ; but, with the exception of the chairman, they were all anxious that I should take a photograph for the sake of the publicity the project needed.

At last Miss Corelli agreed, on the condition that I did not use flashlight, and I set up my camera. The light was very poor, making rather a long exposure necessary ; and whenever I asked the people to keep still, everyone did so except the famous authoress—she immediately seized that particular moment to pat her hair and fidget about generally.

I noticed, however, that she sat quite still while I was preparing to make the exposure, and in the end I got a good picture when she thought I was doing something else.

Her desire not to be photographed was very real.

She had issued for publication in her books a studio portrait taken early in her career, and it was by this picture that she wished to be remembered by the public. She believed she had legal rights in this matter, and as a result came the famous test case, *Corelli v. Wall*, in 1906.

Certain picture-postcards were being offered for sale illustrating incidents in her life. She objected strongly, and demanded that the publisher should at once withdraw them.

He refused; further, he declared war. He started an intensive advertising campaign, which included the selling of the cards by sandwichmen parading outside her home at Stratford-on-Avon.

This was the last straw, and Miss Corelli brought her action, suing for an injunction on two grounds. First, she alleged that the pictures were libellous, and secondly, she attempted to restrain publication of a portrait of herself taken without her permission.

The case was heard before Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady, and, since he quickly decided in favour of the defendant in regard to the libel, the issue turned solely upon the plaintiff's rights as a citizen.

And Miss Corelli lost the case.

His Lordship ruled that she had not established her right to restrain publication, even though the portrait was taken without her authority and was totally unlike her.

Few Press photographers realize the importance to them of that ruling; their fate rested upon his words.

Thomas Hardy was another famous writer who disliked the camera; but some time before he died he allowed me to photograph him with the company performing *Tess*, of which he was the author. They had

gone to his home in Dorchester for the last rehearsal before opening in London, because he was too weak to make the journey to Town.

Swinburne, the poet, would never pose; but I had no difficulty in getting a picture of him. He lived on Putney Hill, and it was his custom every morning to walk to Wimbledon, where he visited a certain public-house near the Common. There he would drink a pint of beer—no more and no less—and would then walk home again.

Sometimes he would talk to children while on the way; but he obviously lived with his thoughts and took little note of his surroundings.

I photographed him twice, but, although I stood in the open, he did not see me do so.

For obvious reasons actors and actresses are among the easiest of photographer's subjects; they know so well what we want, and are anxious that we should get it. And yet on the only occasion that I photographed Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, I found him difficult.

It was the first night of *Faust* at His Majesty's in 1908, and I had to take a picture of the great actor for the next day's paper.

I was waiting in his dressing-room, when he came in somewhat breathless from the stage.

"Ah, the photograph!" he cried, as he saw me. "I can give you just two minutes," and immediately he struck a pose in the doorway, throwing back his head and folding the scarlet wings of Mephistopheles across his splendid figure.

"How will this do?" he cried—"or this?" and he flung his wings aloft.

And so he went on, swiftly changing his postures and quoting the appropriate lines of his part, but never

remaining in one position long enough for me to expose a plate.

I am certain that during those few minutes he had quite forgotten the camera and lived only in his part, a fact that made my picture so late that I missed the early editions of the paper.

As a rule, great soldiers are not good subjects for the photographer.

I never asked Lord Kitchener to pose, and his austere demeanour did not encourage me to do so. He was in Egypt when I went there to take pictures of the King and Queen on their way to India, and I was warned to be careful what I did because he disliked photographers.

"Always get on his left side and he probably won't see you," I was told, and I took this precaution on several occasions with complete success. Whether my informant was correct when he said that the famous Field Marshal had an eye seriously injured in the fighting of 1888, I do not know.

I found Lord Roberts to be a soft-hearted gentleman, ever ready to do a good turn. On one occasion he was inspecting an ex-soldiers' organization housed on the top floor of a tall building, and, try as I would, I could not get a picture.

He was about to leave, and was on the ground floor when I approached him with a request to pose.

"Why didn't you ask me before?" he said.

"I hardly liked to worry you," I replied.

"Well, let me tell you this, my boy," he continued, tapping me on the shoulder, "stairs are among my chief worries in these days."

Nevertheless, he once again toiled up those three steep flights and, as soon as he had regained his breath, did everything that I asked of him.

Most politicians know the importance of publicity, and have come to realize that photographers have their uses.

In the early days of newspaper photography this was not the case, however, and I remember an occasion, when a party of us were taking snaps in Downing Street, when Mr. Lulu Harcourt exclaimed in indignant surprise, "How *dare* you photograph me?"

The Duke of Devonshire has always put himself to great pains to avoid being snapped, and when he was a member of the Cabinet he circularized the editors asking that they would not use pictures of him should they be offered for publication.

Mr. Asquith looked upon photography as an evil only to be endured during elections.

After he took office, photographers had a bad time. Whenever we gathered in Downing Street someone would come out of No. 10 and whisper to the inspector in charge of the police; the next minute we would be making for Whitehall as chaff before the wind.

Then came the order that we were not to be allowed in Downing Street at all, but it seemed that this difficulty might have been overcome if one cared to make up like a colonial on holiday or a tourist from the United States.

Of course, those ministers who liked the idea of being seen coming and going on the business of their countrymen usually walked as far as Whitehall to find their cars, but such is the perversity of life that these were rarely the people we most wished to snap.

It was surprising how things altered at the approach of an election, and I am inclined to think that it was we photographers who first sensed the coming of these interesting events.

Statesmen who usually slipped out of back doors or

escaped the camera men by diving headfirst into their cars now paused smilingly on the step or strolled about in such animated conversation with their colleagues that they appeared not to see the cameras!

In these days photographers and the news "movie" men take a definite place in politics, and many concessions are made to them that would have shocked some of the ministers of years ago.

Even now, however, there are some political celebrities who are not at all keen upon being snapped, but there are others who never miss an opportunity of keeping themselves before the public.

I have never doubted that photographers are to some extent responsible for Mr. Lloyd George's picturesque flowing locks, for he, of all people, is a master of the art of publicity.

He knows that an art editor wants something distinctive in a picture, something that will make the reader look at it twice, and in one way or another he usually gives it to him.

Note the ex-Premier before the camera; his dramatic poses, the very clothes he wears. What editor could resist publishing that picture of him with his hair and Sherlock Holmes cloak flying in the wind?

It was probably for much the same reason that many years ago Mr. Winston Churchill used to wear such astonishing hats. I noticed, however, that after his marriage he acquired a new discretion in the selection of his headgear, and it was not long after that important event that we photographers ceased to go on Churchill stories for the one reason that he might be wearing something funny. There can be little doubt, however, that, as proved by the snapshots, his wedding-day hat did not fit him.

Lord Balfour treated the whole business of snapshot photography with dignified aloofness; in fact, I always had the impression that, no matter how often I took him, I never for a moment caused him to change the even tenor of his thoughts.

Mr. Bonar Law rarely attempted to avoid photographers, but he was not keen on posing, and the same might be said of many others.

Mr. Baldwin is ever helpful, but he is no actor, the best one can hope to get is a genial smile and his pipe.

I do not think Mr. "Jim" Thomas objects to publicity in any form. He can talk himself into the news and phrase his speeches in words that are at least distinctive, but he has never caught the trick of helping the photographers to get interesting pictures.

I think Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would like to abolish photographers, except during times of crisis and election. In fact, if one carefully watched his demeanour towards us it would be possible to gauge fairly accurately the state of affairs. If he dodges the lenses, it is pretty safe to say he is worried and things are not going too well, but should he have succeeded in clearing up some difficult problem he will almost certainly pause just long enough to permit the cameras to depict his smile.

When Lord Lee of Fareham gave Chequers to the nation as a resting-place for tired Premiers, it was put in the deed of gift that professional photographers should not be allowed to work in the house or grounds. Apparently the idea was to supply the Prime Minister with a ready-made excuse for refusing all requests from the Press, quite regardless of the political situation.

Strangely enough, this clause in the deed does not seem to have been discovered until Mr. Ramsay Mac-

Donald took office, because both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Baldwin were photographed on several occasions within the precincts.

Snapshots proved that President Wilson was an absent-minded man, and a conventional public gasped when they saw in their papers that he had posed for his photograph with the King with one leg of his trousers turned up and the other down.

This happened when he came over for the Peace Conference and paid his official call at Buckingham Palace. In other respects he was immaculately dressed.

Photographs also revealed to the world a secret of Lord Balfour—that he scorned the use of any device to keep up his socks. When photographed sitting down, it was almost inevitable that these would be shown sagging in pleats round his ankles.

I cannot describe the famous Stevenage twins as celebrities—"cards" they certainly were.

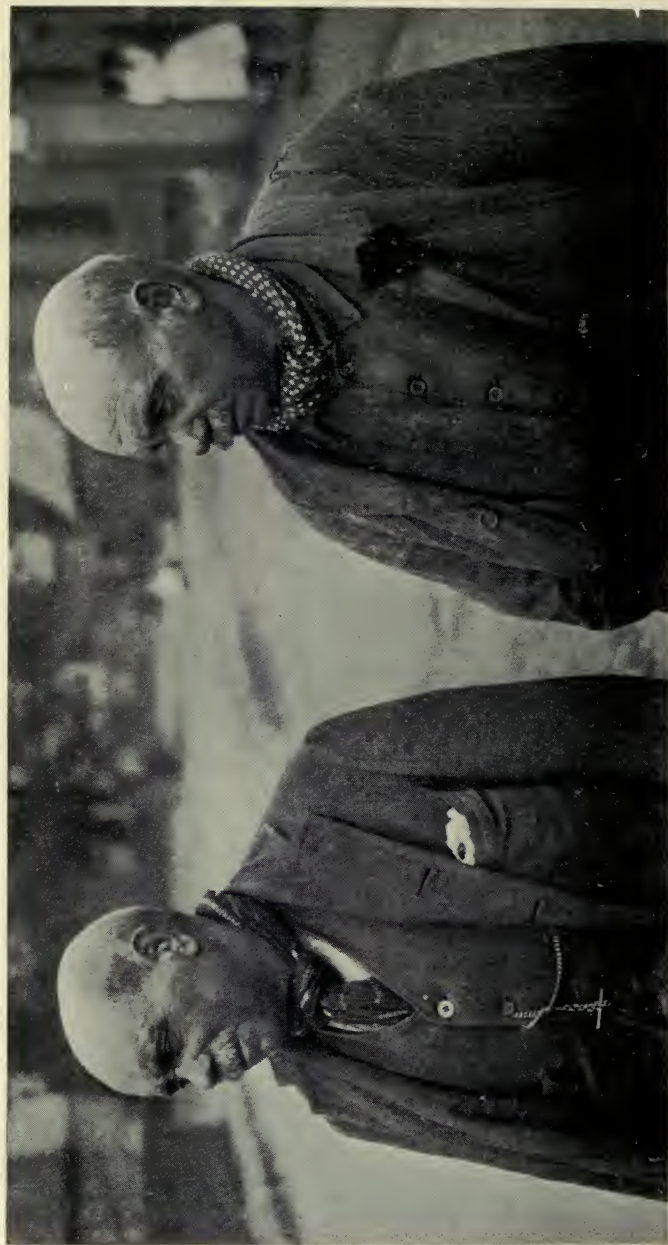
They were Albert Ebenezer Fox and Ebenezer Albert Fox, as like as two peas, for whom a fortune waited if they could have appeared on the stage and remained themselves.

When I called upon them and obtained rather a remarkable photograph, Albert Ebenezer had but recently returned from one month's rest at the expense of his country, a holiday from the worries of existence brought about by reason of his ninety-first conviction for contravening the game laws.

For this offence he assured me his brother should have suffered; in fact, they made it appear that their lives had been dogged by extraordinarily incompetent police officers, who, not being able to recognize one from the other, had invariably laid hands upon the innocent and let the guilty one go free.



THE KING WITH PRESIDENT WILSON AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE. THE PUBLICATION OF THIS PICTURE REVEALED THE PRESIDENT AS AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN; HE HAD FORGOTTEN TO TURN DOWN ONE LEG OF HIS TROUSERS. (See page 238).



EBENEZER ALBERT FOX AND ALBERT EBENEZER FOX, THE FAMOUS STEVENAGE TWINS. ALBERT IS WEARING THE CARNATION HE HAD JUST PLUCKED FROM A NEIGHBOUR'S GARDEN. (See page 238.)

It was Ebenezer Albert who told me something of their chequered careers.

"I shot my first rabbit when I was twelve," he began.

"Yus, and I got the blame for it," piped in Albert.

"Well, 'praps you did," continued Ebenezer, "but that was because we had swapped ribbons," a mysterious statement explained by the fact that their father, to assist identity, had decreed that one was to wear on his arm a red ribbon and the other a blue.

"See that old house?" went on Ebenezer, pointing to a dilapidated cottage. "There's where me and Albert were born. My old father built that chimney—see how straight and strong it is? That other ractory one was built by a man my brother pushed into this pond—I got whacked for that."

While Ebenezer was talking Albert walked over to a neighbour's garden and, having carefully selected the best, and no doubt most prized, carnation growing there, he plucked the bloom and put it in his button-hole.

"There," he said, coming back to us, "you can't mistake us now—I'm Albert—see?"

I knew what was coming. The moment my back was turned he slipped the flower into his brother's coat, and both screamed with childish glee when I fell into the trap.

And so they had gone through life doing all they could to muddle their identity by wearing each other's clothes and taking it in turns to display the one watch-chain they possessed between them.

Albert Ebenezer lost his best friend when Ebenezer Albert died in Hitchin Infirmary in 1926.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE MAN BEHIND THE CAMERA

Too many photographers—Why some behave badly—A picture that affected my life—"Always get your picture before you raise your hat."

SOME time ago I saw a film in which an American newspaper photographer is made to climb a stack-pipe against the side of a house, move with catlike stealth along a balcony, and succeed, by some miracle of manipulation, in taking a flashlight photograph of a very beautiful girl in a bath.

Let me assure my readers that even in America things are not quite so bad as that !

Nevertheless, Press photographers have a very bad name with most members of the public, and for many reasons, this is not at all surprising.

In fact, to attend a Society function and see forty or fifty camera men squirming about in a small space near the centre of interest is to see Press photographers at their worst.

It will be noticed that some are grubby ; that others—those who dash about on motor-cycles—are dressed up like Schneider Trophy airmen ; and there will probably be a note of crudeness about their shoutings and laughter.

Small wonder that many think a news photographer's task degrading and uninteresting. Small wonder that in America (as a visitor from New York once told me) the popular view is that a man can

never live down the disgrace of being a professional photographer!

But, as I have tried to show, these undignified scramblings form a small, if obtrusive, part of the life, and it would be impossible to find a more mixed body of men.

The difficulty about Press photography is that it is a profession into which young men drift—rather than enter by design after proper training—and they come into a business already overcrowded. As a result they meet such keen competition that many are led into using methods of which they are inwardly ashamed.

It must be remembered, too, that a measure of success can be obtained by men of but little education, provided they have a quick intelligence and a grasp of what is required—qualities, in fact, for which a Chicago gangster would seek in the selection of his staff. These men do not go far, but there is always a chance of their obtaining a really good picture, for which the world will pay big money.

One thing must be said in defence of the Press photographer: he is often blamed for misdeeds he has not committed.

At such functions as Society weddings there are always a number of men who take pictures for the purpose of hawking them among the people interested. Some carry out this work quite properly, but others, like the worst of the pressmen, will stop at nothing short of murder to obtain what they want.

My own entry into Fleet Street came about through a journey my brother Tom made to Norway soon after he had joined the staff of the newly established *Daily Mirror*.

While there he took a photograph of King Haakon

of Norway leading by the hand his toddling son and heir, Prince Olaf, in a street in Trondhjem, and this duly filled the front page of the paper.

I was greatly impressed by the picture, and decided at once that I, too, would tour the world at someone else's expense.

After a period of intensive training under my brother's tuition, I was given a trial, and finally taken on the staff. My first job was a football match at Fulham, and in spite of an almost overpowering excitement I managed to get some pictures.

The next morning one of them appeared in the paper; but I got my greatest thrill when I noticed on the principal news page a reference to the "excellent picture" appearing on the sports page.

I have always felt a glow of gratitude to the person who caused that paragraph to be inserted, for, although I did not realize it at the time, it was obviously the work of some kindly soul who, noticing my nervous keenness, had adopted that plan of encouragement. He was certainly successful, for, silly as it may seem, those few lines gave me a confidence and enthusiasm which were of the greatest help in the early days.

I was extraordinarily "green" at first; in fact, I remember my brother taking me on special journeys to all the big railway stations so that I should know the quickest routes when the time came, and he was full of good advice.

"Always get your pictures *before* you raise your hat," he said as a final warning, assuming, as a matter of course, that I should make that somewhat antiquated gesture of apology or thanks when photographing individuals.



THE STREET—THEN. USING THE FASTEST VEHICLE OBTAINABLE IN THOSE DAYS IT IS STILL NOT SURPRISING THAT I LOST MY TRAIN ON THIS OCCASION.

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THE STREET—NOW. A WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BURNING FRENCH LINER  
"L'ATLANTIQUE," TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE BY MY COLLEAGUE, W. E. HEANLY. SUCH

A PICTURE WAS UNDREAMED OF IN THE DAYS OF THE HANSOM CAB.

## CHAPTER XXX

### THE STREET, THEN AND NOW

The swift hansom cab—Horse buses quicker than motors—The room of mystery—Thankful Sturdee, the first news photographer—Dignified methods—Lord Northcliffe's enterprise—Distance no object to the newspaper photographer—Luck of an illness—The window smasher and her father—Audacity succeeds with Lord Alverstone—King Gustav poses a group—A tip from the sweep—Gus Elen and a famous song.

ON entering Fleet Street, I quickly learned that speed, and yet more speed, was to be the order of my life, and almost without exception I used the swift hansom cab in preference to the four-wheeled "growler" when the occasion warranted such extravagance.

A few motor-cabs and omnibuses were beginning to appear on the streets at that time, but they were so unreliable that in my haste I preferred the horse-drawn variety.

There was a particularly useful one-horse bus running over Blackfriars Bridge and to Farringdon Street station, upon which I had many a time-saving ride at the cost of a halfpenny; but I usually ran the short distances and was soon as fit as an Olympic athlete.

From the days of the bell-jingling hansom, rapid strides have been made in adding speed to the transit of photographs. The taxi-cab, the high-powered car, the speed-boat, and the aeroplane have all played their part, and we have now reached the stage when they are flashed by telegraph, cable, and wireless from all

parts of the world. For it must be said that picture journalism is an industry in which great enterprise has been shown from the first.

No new invention, no new idea, that could be used to add speed and efficiency has been ignored, and as a result, amazing advance has been made.

When I see my younger colleagues rushing off to an aerodrome to join a waiting 'plane, I am reminded of the time when the best I could do was to urge the boy who fetched the hansom to pick a good horse.

And yet the spirit of the undertaking is the same. Both they and I used such speed as we could command to its utmost limit.

Enter that room of mystery in our office, where whirring machines are receiving pictures by cable and telegraph, bridging distance in a flash, and one needs no further evidence of enterprise. Thus has the cause of progress and speed been served.

There is a famous old photographer, Thankful Sturdee by name, who carries his eighty-two years so lightly that he spends his retirement in making a daily visit to our office. He was undoubtedly the first Press photographer, for he was taking pictures for the papers more than fifty years ago.

It is appropriate, therefore, that when he cares to occupy it he has a corner in our library where more than three million photographs are indexed and stored. Some of them he himself took.

Recently he described to me his methods in those distant days. They were simple and full of quiet dignity.

Having read of a fire or an accident, or of some person in the news, he would set off, if the weather were fine, with his huge camera, tripod, slide cases, black cloths, and the rest of his impedimenta, and take

a photograph. This he would develop in the evening, leaving the negative to dry during the night. The next day he made prints, and, having toned them, would glaze by squeegeeing on to sheets of glass.

Here they would have to remain for at least one night to dry, and the next day he would post them to the papers in which they would appear four or five days after the event had taken place. And he tells me he was never beaten for speed.

This was still the state of affairs when Lord Northcliffe carried out his idea of making news pictures the chief feature of the *Daily Mirror*, which had proved a failure as a woman's paper. Success followed at once.

The first thing he did was to send out men with hand cameras capable of taking pictures of moving objects, instead of the heavy apparatus on legs, and, of course, speed became the chief consideration.

The difficulty at the outset was to find men able to use these cameras, and as recently as twenty-five years ago there were but few who understood them or the work. Thanks to Lord Northcliffe's enterprise, these men were almost all centred in London. Even New York and Paris lagged far behind, and in most of the great cities of the world there was no one able to take a "live" picture.

As a result, if a paper required illustrations of any particular event a man had to be sent to get them, no matter the distance involved.

Thus, when the news reached London of a new find of gold at Klondike in 1908, my paper without a moment's delay sent a man off to Canada to take pictures of the "rush".

In these days Canadian photographers would be

capable of photographing the installation of a Governor-General, but when the Duke of Connaught took up these duties in 1911 I was sent to Ottawa for the ceremonies.

In 1909 I was able to cross Europe to Messina and, in spite of many delays, get back to London with the first pictures of the city wrecked by earthquake. If that earthquake happened to-day, photographers would converge on the scene like homing pigeons, and it is probable that telegraphed pictures would be arriving in our office before a man from London could reach Paris on his outward journey—that is, if he were using the same means of transport as I did. He would not do so, of course. This would be an obvious occasion for an aeroplane, and none could hope to succeed who adopted slower methods.

For pictures of happenings of lesser importance away from home it is becoming more and more the custom to rely upon the work of local men, and for this reason the scope of the London photographer is more limited than it used to be.

Those who take up Press photography in these days should bear these facts in mind. They should remember that there are long periods when the work is very monotonous, when day after day they attend nothing more exciting than a wedding, a football match, a bazaar, or a stone-laying.

There are many “unlucky” photographers in Fleet Street, and some have the reputation for being lucky, but in a general way I think Dame Fortune gives us what we deserve.

Occasionally one can attribute success to nothing but chance, and I remember getting an interesting picture in this way.



KING EDWARD'S ESCAPE. THIS TRAIN, IN WHICH MY BROTHER WAS TRAVELLING WHEN IT CRASHED, WAS BEING FOLLOWED BY THE KING'S SPECIAL.



ONE OF MY LUCKY PICTURES. A SUFFRAGETTE IN COMPLETE SUBJECTION  
AFTER HER UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO REACH THE KING. (See page 247.)

Some years before the war I was sent to Buckingham Palace to photograph the King and Queen leaving on their drive in state to the House of Lords to open Parliament. Traffic being stopped, I had to walk from Admiralty Arch to the Palace; but it happened that I felt so ill that I was unable to make the full journey. About half-way along the Mall, therefore, I stopped and awaited the Royal coach.

It came—and less than ten yards away from where I stood a suffragette made a frantic effort to reach the King. She failed; but I got an unexpected news picture for no other reason than that I had a raging headache.

Some time ago a *Daily Mail* photographer named Turner was walking across Piccadilly Circus when he saw a man on the centre island draw a revolver and shoot himself dead. It was a gruesome picture to take, no doubt, but it was “news”, and he took it; judged from his point of view, he was lucky to be on the spot at that moment.

On the other hand, some pictures that would appear to be lucky are not quite what they seem.

I remember an occasion when, as the result of a mysterious voice on the telephone, I was told to go to a certain point in Piccadilly Circus and to make myself known to a man I would find there. He was to be wearing a grey suit and carrying a white handkerchief in his right hand. No further details were given.

I went along, and sure enough there was the man—an elderly fellow—obviously in a state of great excitement.

The moment I had joined him he insisted upon our taking cover—in a convenient saloon bar! There he became more and more excited as the minutes passed, but still he would not let me know what it was all about.

Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, and the glass chattered against his teeth when he drank.

Naturally I was most anxious to solve the mystery, but right up to a few minutes to noon all I could get out of him was—"It is not yet time!"

At last he led the way into the street and, with a dramatic gesture, pointed across the Circus.

"Do you see that sheet of glass?" he said in a hoarse whisper, indicating the largest window of a famous firm. "In three minutes my beautiful daughter will smash that with a hammer!"

He was now almost out of control with excitement, and tried to forcibly prevent me from getting within "shooting" distance. He seemed to think I should give the game away to the police, but in any case there was no time.

As I ran across the Circus I saw the girl walk up, take something out of a bag—a hammer decorated with the suffragette colours—and make a mighty slash at the plate-glass.

"Votes for Women!" she screamed as the hammer landed with a "sconch!" I had expected to see the window fly into a thousand pieces, but instead there came only a spider's web of cracks.

In a moment she disappeared from view, lost in the crowd that gathered like magic. Then I saw her again struggling in the arms of a policeman twice her size. Still she continued her battle-cry in a voice gone thin and squeaky with excitement.

I got my picture, but not such a good one as I should have done if the frightened father had not withheld the information just too long.

Thanks to their personality, some photographers can do audacious things with successful results.

I remember at a Bar Point-to-Point Meeting a friend of mine named Spry, wishing to obtain a photograph of the late Lord Alverstone, then the Lord Chief Justice of England, asked that gentleman to come down from an improvised grandstand—a farm cart—and pose in a more satisfactory light.

Not unnaturally Lord Alverstone refused, when Spry, drawing himself up to his full 5 feet 4 inches, and looking straight at the famous judge, said, "I shall fetch a policeman if you don't, you know!"

There was a burst of laughter from Lord Alverstone and his friends, and down clambered the Lord Chief Justice.

I cannot advocate this style, for I do not know another man who could have made that remark without looking silly or appearing rude.

"Billy" Field, a well-known Fleet Street man, adopted direct methods when, in Sweden, he got several of us a picture by taking a risk that might have caused his arrest.

The occasion was the wedding of the Swedish King's niece to the Crown Prince of Belgium, and we were finding it extremely difficult to get pictures.

The ceremonies were gorgeous enough, but they were nearly all taking place at night or within the Palace walls, where the light for photography was poor.

Then came the climax—the presentation of the newly wedded couple to the assembled citizens at the Town Hall in Stockholm. Still there was no opportunity for good pictures, and we faced failure, when the Royalties formed up to leave the hall in procession.

Headed by the Kings of Sweden, Belgium, Norway, and Denmark, with their Queens, and followed by the Princes and Princesses of many lands, the procession

passed with measured tread through the colonnades of that magnificent hall.

There was a great hush. Men of mark in the land stood with bowed heads paying homage with solemn dignity as befitted so great an occasion.

Suddenly, cutting into this grandeur, stepped Field, right in the Royal path.

"Excuse me, your Majesty," he said, "but there are five photographers from London who have not been able to get a picture."

"Oh, that will never do!" said the ever-genial King Gustav; and, breaking up the procession, he called up the bridal couple and himself posed the group.

Some men are very ingenious and will try out any new idea. I knew one who had a brainwave after watching a sweep at work in his home. It suggested to him a way to overcome the difficulty of getting elevation when working in crowds.

On the principle of the sweep's broom, he had a number of poles made, each to screw into the other after fixing his camera to the top one. From the camera there was to hang some thirty or forty feet of tubing, with a ball at the end, so that he could expose the plate from the ground with the camera high in the air.

The project failed for several reasons; I am not even sure that he risked the unwieldy business in a crowd. But the keenness that caused him to work out the invention brought him considerable success in Fleet Street.

One of the most enthusiastic and successful photographers I ever knew was a man on our staff who specialized in flashlight work, and he did amazing things; but there were one or two occasions when he had really bad luck.

One New Year's night, many years ago, he arranged to take a photograph from a balcony in St. Paul's Churchyard of the singing multitude which annually gathers there to celebrate the passing of the year.

As the hour approached he piled up a great heap of powder on a tray, and at this moment it began to rain—always a dangerous matter in outside flashlight work.

The hour of midnight struck.

Instantly there was a blinding flash, a terrific explosion, and the cries of frightened people. The flash had gone wrong! The balcony was badly damaged, windows were shattered, and the expert lay unconscious. He escaped with his life, but spent several weeks in bed.

But what, I think, annoyed that enthusiast most of all was that, though he had failed to get a picture himself, another photographer, hidden in a window near by, had done so by stealing his flash—a simple thing for an expert to do.

It was the same man who had an accident when taking flashlight photographs of Gus Elen, the famous comedian, at his home. He had occasion to work too near to some curtains and set them alight. The damage was considerable, because they could not put them out and the fire brigade had to be sent for; with true instinct for news my friend seized this opportunity to get a fine series of pictures of the firemen at work.

As a matter of fact, the incident ended happily, for after the paper had paid for the damage Gus Elen, a man with big ideas, squared the account by singing the coster song "Work", in which the following lines appeared in the chorus :

Lay yer head upon yer pillar,  
Read yer *Daily Mirror*,  
And wait till the work comes round.

This popular song, with its tricky tune, became a best seller, and one heard it everywhere one went. It has been suggested that this is the explanation for the curious fact that since those early days large numbers of letters have arrived addressed to the *Daily Mirrow*, rhyming with pillow. Certainly the mis-spelt correspondence continues in an unabated flow.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### MY BROTHER TOM

#### I

#### *Wars and Rumours of Wars*

King of Norway's coronation—The trespass—Belgrade in 1908—  
War brewing—Women soldiers—The League of Death—  
The young Turks—Adbul the Damned—His chief eunuch  
publicly hanged.

It has been said of my elder brother that he is the world's most travelled photographer. This is quite possibly correct, for there are but few countries he has not visited again and again since he joined the staff of the *Daily Mirror* and became one of the pioneers of Press photography.

His camera has done much to portray history in the making, and he has met many adventures in the process. I have no space to describe these in detail, but I propose to touch briefly upon some of his many journeys, and to quote from letters and articles he wrote at the time.

Quite recently I asked him what incident in his long career remained most clearly in his mind, and he told me of an occasion in Norway more than a quarter of a century ago.

He had gone there for the coronation of King Haakon, and, no provision having been made for Press photographers, he was without any facilities whatever when the time approached for the State procession.

The crowds were so dense that he could not get through; and when mighty cheers announced the coming of the King he began to hammer at the door of a private mansion, hoping he might be permitted to photograph from a window.

No one came, but, as he banged, the door, evidently improperly latched, suddenly swung open revealing a richly furnished hall and staircase.

He shouted, but without result, and, urged by the sound of the cheering outside and his fear of failure, he began to mount the stairs. They were thickly carpeted and he was not heard. He dared not enter a room, and full of anguish he went on up, now running as hard as he could run.

At the top of the fourth flight was a ladder, and, unbolting the trapdoor above it, he clambered through to find himself on the roof; rushing to the parapet he was just in time to take a photograph of the procession before it finally disappeared.

Then he began his descent in fear and trembling, expecting every minute to be asked to explain his trespass in a language he did not understand.

But again no one appeared, and soon he was once more in the street. Glancing up, he found the windows and balconies of that sumptuous home crammed with people, none of whom, it seemed, had heard him pass through.

I mention this simple story because it describes the feelings of a keen photographer faced with failure. To enter that house was a nightmare to my brother, but he went because it was his only chance of success.

And it accentuates a fact that dogs the lives of every news photographer—if he is not on the spot at the right moment he will get nothing.

Although we did not realize it at the time, there is little doubt that during the winter of 1908 we were very near to war, the terrible war, in fact, that eventually burst upon the world six years later.

Austria had just annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina from Turkey, and the Servians, as they were then called, were wildly anxious to go to war to free these "brother" States from their new yoke and perhaps to free themselves from the fear of a similar fate.

So serious did the situation become that my brother was sent off to the Balkans to await events, and there he remained for some months.

Belgrade,  
October 19, 1908.

... Foreign correspondents are gathering and everyone thinks there will be war. I parted from Charles Hands (the famous war correspondent) at Sofia; he has gone to Constantinople to feel the pulse of things in that quarter.

The mob went mad last night and toured round, smashing Austrian shops; it was very exciting to watch and I longed for daylight.

November 6.

We thought the war had really started last night. An excited officer appeared at the door of a café I was in and shouted an order. Instantly every officer in the room sprang up and, with much clattering of swords, rushed out.

Outside pandemonium reigned. In the darkness everyone was shouting, soldiers and civilians rushing about in a general mix-up. No one doubted that the Austrians were upon us. Soon came the artillery, dashing with a great commotion over the rough cobbles towards the frontier, which lies on the outskirts of Belgrade.

November 11, 1908.

... Unless one is among these people it is impossible to realize their hatred for the Austrians. The feeling is completely national and extends to every man, woman, and child, a fact that was brought home to me when I visited Kraguivatz, a Servian Aldershot, about a hundred miles from Belgrade.

Hearing that at this place a regiment of women volunteers

were being trained for war, I got permission to photograph them. The Servian Foreign Office sent an interpreter with me and I was received like a visiting prince. It was most embarrassing.

There, drawn up in fine array, was a regiment which, to my horror, the interpreter told me I was to inspect. I well knew all the movements of this business, so often had I seen it done, but I had never expected to experience the ordeal.

However, since there was nothing for it, I started off down the lines, trying to look as intelligent as I could in the difficult circumstances. Since then I have wondered how many soldiers there were; I have a jumbled vision of thousands and endless lines; certainly it was no mean parade.

I had been provided with a pair-horse carriage and the services of the Provincial Governor's private secretary and a captain of artillery. Everywhere I went people bowed before me, a graceful tribute to my nationality, for these Servians have no doubt we shall eventually fight their battles.

Several women of the regiment were hastily gathered for my benefit, some of them being fetched from the wash-tub, and they certainly seemed to know something about handling a rifle.

That evening there was a solemn ceremony at which I was made an honorary member of the League of Death, a desperate anti-Austrian society, whose members are sworn to commit any act required of them to confound the enemy—not excluding murder.

It was a curious business. We sat in a circle, myself in a place of honour among officers and veterans of the war of liberty, while as a preliminary we speared with forks long thin sausages from a common dish.

Then came speeches filled with heroic gestures, followed by my initiation. With much dramatic effect the oldest man present—and he was very old indeed—handed me the league's emblem—a death's head and cross-bones mounted on a ribbon.

With it came the assurance that I should not be bound by the usual rules of its acceptance, and I was very solemnly warned to throw it away before entering Austria. I shall hope, however, to bring it home as a souvenir of a strange adventure.

When the tension died down he came home; but not for long, for soon the discontent which had long been growing in Turkey led finally to open revolution in 1909.

As a result, the Young Turks, under the leadership of Enver Pasha, overthrew "Abdul the Damned",



“SEVERAL WOMEN OF THE REGIMENT WERE HASTILY GATHERED, SOME OF THEM BEING FETCHED FROM THE WASH-TUB.” (See page 255.) *Inset*, THE BADGE OF THE LEAGUE OF DEATH PRESENTED TO MY BROTHER.



PRINCESS VERA OF MONTENEGRO, WHO BEFRIENDED MY BROTHER HORACE DURING HIS VISIT TO THAT COUNTRY. (*See page 272.*)

whose despotic rule had lasted for many years. They set up his brother, Mohammed V, in his stead, and Abdul became a prisoner of State.

At the first rumour of these happenings my brother hurried off to the seat of the trouble, and he found a Constantinople that has since much changed.

On May 1, 1909, he wrote from the Turkish capital :

... It is said there is no place that resembles this extraordinary city, and I think this must be true.

Beautiful sights there certainly are ; sunset seen from this hill of Pera over the Golden Horn, so called because of the effect of the sinking sun glowing upon the intervening mist ; the many mosques with their graceful minarets, and the general picturesque-ness of the East, are pleasing enough, but hopelessly mixed with these things of beauty is endless filth and mismanagement. Anything can be "fixed" for money provided one knows how to distribute it.

The cruelty to animals is horrible. Turkish religion does not permit animals to be killed, but it is quite lawful to work a horse until it falls dead, or to let a dog die of starvation or exposure.

The streets are shocking and are crowded with thousands upon thousands of dogs. Nobody owns them nor troubles to give them food. They fight for this among the filth, and, of course, they are cannibalistic. At night there is no relief from the continuous barking, howling and fighting ; the din is dreadful, particularly when the moon is shining.

No one ever paints or does up a house here, and if anything falls down it stops where it is. A few more years of this and it will be a city of ruins.

I missed the fighting, but can see many signs of it, thousands of bullet-holes and much damage by cannon.

Two correspondents were hit. One, named Booth, fell wounded in the head, and Frederick Moore, of the *New York Sun*, ran out to his aid ; as he stooped he was shot through both shoulders. Booth was only scratched, but Moore, whom I have just seen in hospital, was seriously hurt.

The late Sultan's chief eunuch has been hanged in public on the famous Bridge of Galata. I understand he deserved his fate.

There are no telephones here. This was believed to be an invention of the devil and therefore prohibited. All this will be altered under the Young Turks.

Armoured cars and military bands playing marches of victory are parading the streets.

Constantinople,

May 9, 1909.

There has been no more fighting, but I was dug out of a tree with a bayonet when the Sultan was passing.

. . . . .

My brother speaks of the countless dogs of Constantinople. This was among the first of the problems tackled by the Young Turks, but ancient beliefs prevented them from adopting humane methods of destruction.

Instead, the dogs were collected from the streets—grabbed with specially made tongs—and shipped in loads to an uninhabited island, where they were left to prey upon one another and die.

When I was in Turkey during the Balkan War three years later the dogs were gone from Constantinople, but out in the country they were still a menace.

As a rule they slunk away at our approach, but on several occasions members of my party were attacked by animals mad with hunger. They preyed upon the stragglers from the army and cholera victims who died by the wayside.

## II

### *Japan Mourns her Ruler*

Suspected as a spy in Siberia—The duellist—Beautiful Japan—  
The praying multitudes—Death of the Mikado—Extraordinary funeral procession—Supreme sacrifice of General Nogi and his wife—On to China.

When the Mikado became seriously ill in 1912, my brother hurried off to Japan to take pictures of the

remarkable scenes—scenes of patriotic fervour in which the whole nation joined.

From the many letters and articles he wrote describing the strange things he saw I quote the following :

Vladivostok,  
July 30, 1912.

During the ten days' journey over the Trans-Siberian railway I have been an object of very grave suspicion.

I had intended to take a series of photographs on the way, but the first time I produced my camera two train attendants pounced upon me and made it quite clear that photography was not allowed.

Having tried again at the next stop I was given no further opportunity ; two gendarmes appeared at every station and kept strict watch over me. The Russians are doubling the line for strategic reasons, and no doubt feared that I might be a spy.

My best friend on the journey was a Frenchman. I noticed how ill he seemed, but he pretended to be all right. On the second day I happened to be passing his carriage and heard him groaning in great distress.

He was writhing on his berth, almost delirious with pain, and I learned the secret he had tried so hard to keep. He had fought a duel for the honour of a lady during his holidays in Paris, and had undertaken that severe journey with a deep sword-thrust between his ribs !

I became his nurse after that and he was able to walk again before the end of the journey.

Tsuruga,  
August 2, 1912.

... This is my first glimpse of Japan, and I am charmed ; it is indescribably beautiful—everything so clean and neat and small.

I believe cleanliness is a god to the Japanese, a god worshipped by all classes.

It is remarkable to find a nation whose people never show ill-temper. Everyone is polite. This morning my rickshaw collided with another ; each "boy" bowed to the other and apologized before continuing on his way. That was a mere incident, but it is typical of Japanese ways.

Tokio,

August 5, 1912.

... The Emperor has died and the funeral is to take place at midnight in six weeks' time. It is said that cameras and flashlight will be forbidden ; a great worry to me.

There is still an atmosphere of deep mystery surrounding the Japanese rulers ; the dynasty has been unbroken for 2,000 years, and they are counted as semi-divine.

When the late Emperor left his palace all upper rooms of the houses in the streets through which he passed had to be empty and the blinds closely drawn, for no person was allowed to look down upon His Majesty.

The fifteen Court physicians who attended him had no easy task when he lay dying ; his pulse might only be felt through silk, and no injections could be made, for this would have been akin to sacrilege.

Three days before he died a world-famous Japanese doctor was called, but he could do nothing until Royal decrees had been signed by the Empress and the Crown Prince giving him a free hand to make the necessary examination and injections. It was during this final examination that the stethoscope was used upon the Royal body for the first time.

Outside the palace crowds prayed silently by night and day ; they knelt upon the gravel for many hours as though anxious to do penance that their beloved sovereign might be spared. Women cut off their beautiful black hair for the same reason, and many committed suicide in the hope that their sacrifice might appease the gods ; in the country, people prostrated themselves in worship and prayer before gaudily coloured prints of the Mikado nailed to the trunks of trees.

But to no avail. Death brought to an end the forty-five years' reign of Emperor Mutsuhito, great ruler, maker of modern Japan.

Tokio,

August 30, 1912.

... Life in Tokio is most interesting.

At native cinematograph shows the audience remove their footgear before entering, but when my friends and I went we were provided with covers for our shoes so that we should not soil the spotless mats upon which the people walk and sit.

The films themselves were very dull, but we were fully entertained by a man who stood beside the screen and told the story in a voice made to suit the figures appearing in the drama.

He spoke in a squeaky treble when the child was being stolen by the villain, sobbed most mournfully when the heroine was in distress, and displayed a fine manly vigour when the hero, frustrating the evildoers, rescued the child and flung the villain

into the sea. Even the gurgling gasps of the drowning wretch were faithfully rendered.

At the theatre proper we occupied a box. The whole of the floor below us was divided into pens about a foot high, and seemingly all these were occupied by families who had brought their meals.

As Japanese plays go this was a short one, for it only lasted eleven hours, from noon to eleven p.m. We stayed for two hours, and after a time discovered that all the players were men; those playing the women's parts were most graceful and we were completely deceived.

There was no curtain, and the scene-shifters performed their duties in full view, but their heads were hidden in black bags with eye-holes, a contrivance denoting to the audience that the wearers were invisible.

In one scene two people were talking confidentially in what was meant to be a garden, the gate of which was represented by two posts held upright by a couple of "bagged" stage hands sitting on the ground.

An eavesdropper crawled across the stage to within two yards of the talkers, who could not see him because of an imaginary fence; and then the listener, having learned their secret, stood up boldly, went through the action of opening and shutting the gate that was not there, and entered the garden.

The onlookers were quite satisfied with these arrangements, and were only concerned about the villainy of the action.

Tokio,

September 1.

. . . After much agitation in the newspapers here it has been arranged that one man shall be permitted to take photographs of the funeral. He is the Court photographer, a good fellow, who has agreed that I shall be his assistant.

No flashlights are to be allowed, and we are spending much time in devising means of providing a light strong enough to enable us to take snapshots. Two men have been killed and several injured by an accidental explosion during these experiments.

Tokio,

September 16.

. . . On the night of the 13th came the funeral, when Tokio paid its last solemn tribute to the late sovereign, an event never to be forgotten by the comparative few who witnessed it.

Before the dawn of the previous day many people had taken

up positions in the decorated streets ; an orderly, patient crowd, something more than sightseers. For two days and nights they kept their places, sitting on their heels, suffering greatly without complaint.

The police regulations were somewhat quaint. The people were ordered to wear clean clothes, to keep strict silence and to refrain from eating and smoking. Also, it was forbidden to watch the procession from upper rooms, from stands, carriages, horseback, or other elevated places ; those with babies, cripples, and drunkards were instructed to keep clear of the route.

We took our photographs from a houselike structure built for the purpose. It had two stories, the top one enclosed in white muslin, and the lower in black, in which holes were cut to take our lenses.

In the upper room six men worked the apparatus which provided our light—a collection of powerful electric lights, Tungsten lamps, long and short arcs, mercury vapour and quartz lamps, together totalling hundreds of thousands of candle-power.

By order of the authorities every house displayed large mourning lanterns in black and white, and the effect, added to numberless other lights, was exceedingly beautiful.

Ten thousand workmen had been employed decorating and preparing the city, erecting buildings, laying a special railway track, strengthening bridges, and making new roadways.

I was among the privileged people, but it was still necessary for me to be in my place twelve hours before the time of the funeral. Also, in spite of the black muslin by which I was to be hidden, I had to wear evening clothes and a silk hat.

Darkness came ; the lanterns were lighted, and as the time drew near all was tense and silent ; so silent that the sound of a gun booming over the crowded city struck one with a startling thrill. It denoted that the procession had left the palace.

And that gun was the harbinger of yet more sorrow. It was the dramatic signal for which that great patriot, General Nogi, and his devoted wife were waiting—the signal for them to end their lives, partly as a protest against the lessening of the spirit of old Japan, and partly because life had no more to offer now their beloved master was dead.

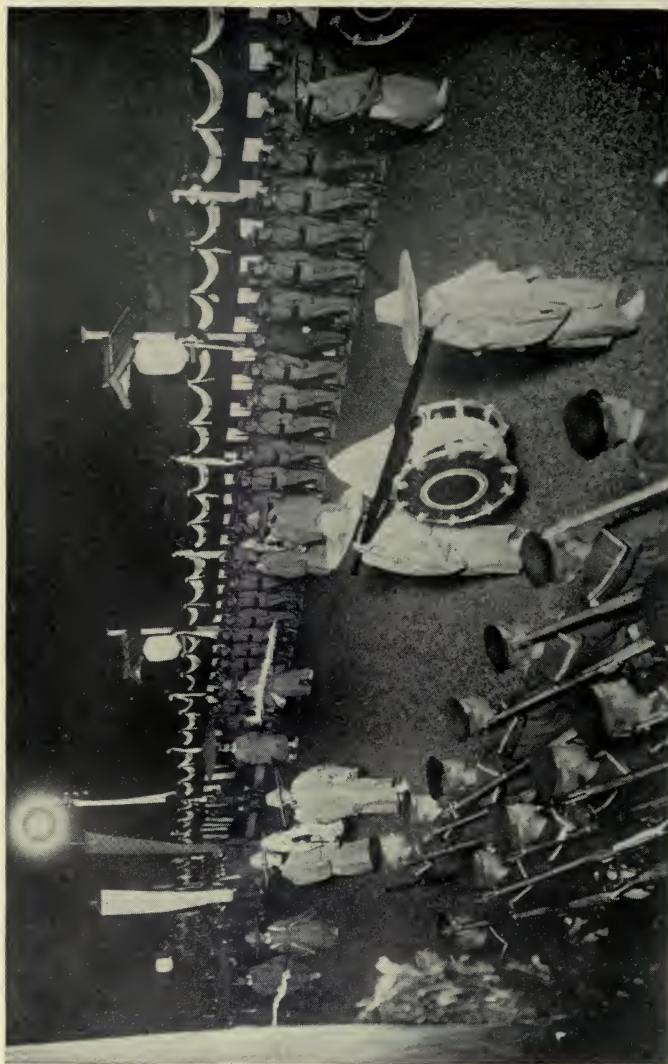
A quiet word of command and the soldiers lining the route sprang to attention and remained as immovable as statues. Thus they stood for two and a half hours, and the only sound until the procession had arrived was the mourning gun booming at minute intervals.

What a wonderful procession it was !

Blazing pine torches trailing sparks and smoke ; the great drums and gongs at intervals sending rolling crashes to echo into the darkness ; the shriek and skirl of barbaric music and



THE MIKADO'S FUNERAL. HOLY TREES BEING CARRIED IN THE PROCESSION THROUGH TOKIO. (See page 263.)



THE WEIRD SCENE AT MIDNIGHT IN TOKIO DURING THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPEROR.  
SACRED DRUMS AND GONGS, OF SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE IN THE SHINTO FAITH, FORM  
PART OF THE PROCESSION. (*See page 263.*)

the solemn rhythm of movement combined to make one thrill with emotion.

Little Japanese soldiers in khaki, burly British sailors, four abreast, marching with even tread, contrasted strangely with figures carrying bows and arrows, halberds and shields, banners of the sun and moon, sacred trees and other symbols, each with its special significance in the Shinto faith.

Following the ponderous funeral car drawn by five oxen on wheels purposely made to creak came the offerings for the use of the dead monarch in the next world; a pair of shoes and rich clothing, and chests filled with food.

And wailing through the outer silence the plaintive notes of reed pipes, played by twenty green-robed priests, filled the air. Never have I heard anything so exactly fitting the spirit of sadness and despair; like the cry of a soul in torment the unearthly moaning rose to a shriek only to die away to the softest sigh.

Finally, after elaborate ceremonies, the body was placed on the specially built railway and taken to Kioto, the ancient capital, where the actual burial took place quietly during the following night.

Now came my chief problem—how to get my pictures to London before the others. I could not take them myself because I had received instructions to go to Pekin to illustrate the Westernization of China.

The next train to leave was forty-eight hours after the funeral, and I spent the intervening time in an almost continuous round of enquiries at the hotels of Tokio and Yokohama and the railway offices in search of a passenger willing to act as my messenger.

Soon I learned the truth—there were no through bookings. Of course, I could post my parcel in the usual way, but it would then have arrived in London at the same time as those forwarded by agents to other papers; the only object of my coming was to be first.

As the time of departure drew near I became desperate, feeling like a man who calls from house to house trying to sell an encyclopædia which nobody wants. I stopped all Europeans in the streets, hoping that they might know of someone leaving for England that night, but it was no use.

At last I saw a gleam of hope. While making one of my frequent calls at the home of the Wagon-Lit agent, a telegram came reserving a berth on the train for a passenger coming from Manila. I got his name and began a new search of the hotels, at one of which I discovered he had just arrived.

I sent in my card and he refused to see me; so I went straight to his room and explained the situation—I was far too desperate to take no for an answer. I found it was an interview for

publication he feared, and he readily agreed to take my parcel to his destination—Berlin.

At Berlin the pictures were met and rushed across Europe, part of the way by special train, to a boat specially chartered for the cross-Channel run. During this journey half-tone blocks were made in readiness for the printing machines, and as a result we were able to publish twenty-four hours ahead of the other papers.

En Route for China,  
October 1, 1912.

... I have spent the last fortnight in Tokio trying to get permission to photograph the new Emperor in his state robes. It was not possible; I saw the highest officials, but none would agree to such sacrilege.

Indeed, this was not surprising when one realizes their reverence for the Mikado. In the principal streets several shops displayed at this time alleged portraits of the late Emperor. Soon an order was issued by which it was forbidden to openly show the face of His Majesty, and police officers went from shop to shop to enforce the decree.

Their methods were simple. Each picture was provided with a little square of tissue paper just large enough to cover the face, the paper being gummed by the top edge so that those wishing to examine the whole print had to reverently raise the flap.

### III

#### *Wasted Effort*

A Channel flight and the *Titanic*—Useless journey of ten thousand miles—Across deserts to Teheran—Mirages—From private soldier to Shah—In Soviet Russia.

If the cost of wasted effort in the production of a

daily newspaper could be calculated, it would provide a very large item on the annual balance sheet.

It is a common occurrence for pictures, some obtained at great expense, to be useless by the time they reach the office because news of greater importance has come in.

When Miss Harriet Quimby flew the Channel in 1912, she was the first woman to do so and it was counted a fine news story. My paper had organized the flight, and seven or eight of us had spent nearly three weeks in France and Dover on the business. We had gone to all kinds of expense, hiring tugs and so forth, and at last she succeeded. We made a mad rush back to the office with the pictures, to find that no one wanted them. News had come in of the terrible disaster to the *Titanic*.

In 1926 my brother made a wasted journey of 10,000 miles. He went to Persia to photograph the coronation of Riza Shah Pahlevi, the private soldier who became king. His journey touched thirteen countries, and included 4,000 miles by sea, 4,400 by railway, and nearly 1,800 by motor, and he got back to London during the height of the General Strike.

He found the paper being published in tabloid form under most difficult conditions; one small picture was used.

The most interesting part of my trip began [he writes] at Haifa in Palestine, the terminus of the railway from Egypt. From here I went nearly 800 miles by car in convoy with others, mostly over the desert, to Bagdad, making short stops at Tripoli in Syria, Sidon, Homs, and the ruins of Palmyra, the ancient desert city of Queen Zenobia, who was taken prisoner to Rome.

Here some four hundred columns, the remains of many fine temples, are still standing, and the ruins of the Queen's castle may be seen on a well-chosen site on a hilltop.

The track over which we travelled was shocking. Although we kept going for two days and most of two nights, it was not

possible to sleep for more than a few minutes at a time owing to the bumping; again and again I was nearly stunned by being thrown against the woodwork of the hood.

I was really amazed at the extraordinary mirages. I have, of course, often read about them, but never thought they could be so real; beautiful lakes reflecting trees, camels drinking in picturesque settings, all to fade away as we drew near. In future I will believe anything one likes to tell me about mirages; we saw dozens of them.

Much of the track was patrolled by French armoured cars owing to the repeated attacks upon these convoys. Each of the cars carried sixteen gallons of water and condensed provisions to last one month, a precaution against the frequent delays.

Shortly before, a convoy was stuck in the mud for ten days; it was located by aeroplanes from Bagdad, which are kept ready to search for missing cars. Motors are not allowed to travel singly.

At Bagdad I took train to the railhead at Khaniquin, near the Persian frontier, and from there joined a convoy of six cars for the 600 miles run to Teheran. The Persian roads were worse than the desert itself, and I arrived wearied to the bone.

One can have no idea of the dirt and squalor of Teheran until one has seen it. Of course, as the capital of the country, it was far superior to the towns through which we passed; these were little better than Kaffir kraals, whereas Teheran is built more or less of brick.

I obtained permission to photograph the Crown Prince, a bright little lad about seven years old. I wanted pictures of the youngster playing in the garden, but that did not fit in with the Persian ideas of dignity.

He came out in a stiff new uniform of the Royal Guard, accompanied by six frock-coated guardians, and nothing I could do would make him unbend.

There was a gorgeous scene inside the palace at the coronation, and I succeeded in getting a picture in spite of the bad light.

In accordance with the ancient custom the Shah crowned himself. Seated on Nadir Shah's throne in front of the famous Peacock throne, this son of an army N.C.O. placed upon his head the Crown of Persia. It was simply done; nothing theatrical, and I much admired the fine bearing of the man, his calm dignity, his massiveness and strength. He looked every inch a king.

Having taken my photographs I was faced with the problem of finding the quickest way home, so as to be ahead of my rivals. They would, I knew, rely upon the mail route, so I decided to go out for several days' advantage by travelling through Russia.

I soon regretted the move, though I did, in the end, beat the mail. The first stage was a mountainous motor run of 240 miles to Pavlevi on the Caspian Sea, which took the better part of two

days. Here I spent a busy time obtaining visas and permits to depart, and then took the small weekly steamer to Baku, the oil town in the Caucasus.

When the steamer arrived I had my first taste of Russian officialdom. All passports were taken ashore, and Soviet soldiers with bayonets fixed prevented any passenger from attempting to land.

On the quay I was made to wait in the hot sun for four hours while my baggage was minutely examined.

Three porters carried my goods for about sixty yards to the Government hotel, and in the lobby I gave them the equivalent of ten shillings. They turned upon me in fury. The money was thrown to the floor, they took me by the arms, jostled and swung me round, and shook their fists in my face.

I appealed to the concierge and others in vain; they merely shrugged their shoulders and scowled. Unable to speak Russian, and having been warned that prison awaits the central figure of the smallest disturbance, particularly if he is a foreigner, I paid—heavily.

The hotel, run by the Soviet, had an excellent orchestra, but no baths!

In the Moscow train I journeyed for three days and nights through the dreariest country imaginable. At the stations I was beset by beggars, hungry people, wretched and in despair.

At the Government hotel in Moscow I was charged for a bedroom for one night, without food or extras, the equivalent of £2 18s. 2d., and a cup of soup and a beefsteak (hard) cost 11s. 6d.

Almost the first thing I saw in Moscow was a man walking down the road, followed by another in uniform pointing a revolver at his back—probably a convict changing his prison.

It was here that they told me that revolution had broken out in England; at the British Consulate I learned the true facts—the possibility of a general strike.

My experience of Russia was most unpleasant. Every possible obstacle was put in my way and I was treated as an enemy. I had the greatest difficulty in getting permission to leave the country, was forced to take a longer route than the one I had planned, and was subjected to many unnecessary discomforts.

## IV

*The Wreck of the s.s. Sontay*

Disasters and the photographer—Torpedoed—To the boats—  
Ship sinks in four minutes—Wonderful pictures—French  
sailors' gallantry—Rescued—Voyage to Malta—King  
Edward misses a train wreck.

I HAVE often heard it said that in moments of great peril there passes through one's mind a swift review of one's worst sins, but I have not found this to be so.

In the case of the news photographer I have noticed again and again that next to an effort to save his own life comes the instinctive thought of pictures—pictures at almost any cost.

This is not a matter of pluck so much as use becoming second nature, and he is not really callous when, having himself escaped from the railway accident, he leaves the attention of the injured to others while he photographs the scene.

I do not know a more outstanding example of this strong survival of professional instinct than that shown by my brother Tom when the ship in which he was travelling in the Mediterranean was torpedoed during the war.

He had been the official photographer with the Allied Forces in Salonica, and was on his way home in the French transport *Sontay*, in a convoy under the protection of two French gunboats.

From the time when the vessel was struck to when she went to the bottom only four minutes elapsed,

and during that short period my brother took an extraordinary series of photographs.

The following extract from a letter from him written at the time gives a vivid description of the dramatic tragedy :

. . . I was enjoying an afternoon sleep in my cabin when the crash came, a great concussion which I afterwards learned had shattered our bows.

I grabbed my lifebelt and ran to the deck. Water and debris were raining down, and as the ship was already tilting forward I rushed back for my camera.

In the cabin I remember taking off my slippers and putting them tidily against the wall, but so quickly was the floor rearing up that I snatched my camera and shoes and made for the deck in my stocking feet.

The sailors were working frantically to lower the boats, and I made for the one to which I had been allotted in "abandon ship" rehearsals. She was already in the water, and as I slid down a rope to reach her she was carried away, leaving me dangling with the sea swirling round my feet.

My camera case, suspended from a strap round my neck, soon became a serious burden, and just as I had given up hope of hanging on any longer the boat was dashed against the side of the ship by a heavy sea. She was out of control, because the mass of people who had tumbled into her were sitting and lying on the oars, but someone grabbed my leg and I fell in.

Luckily my camera was still fairly dry, but I had only a short time in which to get some pictures before the ship, which had been going down by the head in a continuous movement, finally sank.

The last moments were awful.

There came a time when the doomed ship reached such an acute angle that everything movable—chains, coals, crockery, gear, and a thousand other things suddenly carried away with an unforgettable rattle and roar.

Men hanging on to ropes and ladders were carried up higher and higher as the stern lifted ; some dropped, but others, like those who clung to the deck rails, held on too long and were sucked down with the ship.

The captain was splendid. He refused a lifebelt because there were not enough undamaged boats to save us all, and just before the end he scrambled up the slope to the highest point of the stern.

"*Vive la France !*" he cried defiantly, waving his cap, and that was the last we saw of him.

A few moments later the ship was vertical, with steam exploding from her funnel; it looked certain that the great mass must topple upon us, and all around there were cries of terror.

One man in my boat, with a scream, dived straight and deep over the side, and by the time he came to the surface again the ship was gone, for she took her final plunge with incredible swiftness.

The sea now seemed filled with heads and debris, and I saw a cow swimming aimlessly in a circle. Out of the water there came spars and other objects shooting high into the air, and I was amazed at the length of time this continued. Later I learned that the sea is a mile deep at that point, and these things must have broken away from the wreck when at a great depth.

After those minutes of tumult and noise at the sinking I had time to consider my own situation.

Our boat, the only one with a full complement, was a third full of water, and we were in danger of capsizing owing to the roughness of the sea, plus the difficulty of getting out the oars without transferring the weight to one side. Those who had room to move were bailing with their caps, and several were badly injured.

With quite proper judgment neither the gunboats nor the other transports had taken the risk of attempting to save life. The convoy had gone on under the escort of one boat, while the other had dashed to attack the submarine—steaming in circles near the spot she had been last seen, and dropping depth-charges.

I had soon used up my loaded films, and you will realize the difficulty of putting in a new pack under those conditions; I did it somehow, sitting with my legs in water while shielding the camera from spray with my coat.

Don't think I let the others do all the bailing, for I was hard at it for more than two hours before we were rescued.

Nothing I can say in praise of those splendid French sailors would be adequate; many deliberately sacrificed their lives by remaining on board to try and launch the remaining boats, and they all showed great gallantry.

The order had been given, "Save the foreigners first", and this was carried out to the letter, even if it meant a Frenchman going to his death.

There was one woman on board and she was in my boat, thrown there bodily as the craft, lowered from an upper deck, had passed the one she was on. This had not been mere roughness, but because during abandon-ship rehearsal early in the voyage she had climbed half-way down a rope ladder and, having taken sudden fright, had clung on shrieking. She would not go up nor down, and it was with the greatest difficulty that a sailor had hauled her back. So they took no risk with her when the time came.



ONE OF MY BROTHER'S WONDERFUL PICTURES OF THE SINKING OF THE S.S. "SONTAY". "OTHERS HELD ON TOO LONG AND WERE SUCKED DOWN WITH THE SHIP." (See page 269.)



ANOTHER OF MY BROTHER'S "SONTAY" PICTURES, TAKEN DURING THE FOUR MINUTES WHICH ELAPSED  
BETWEEN HER BEING HIT BY THE TORPEDO AND HER FINAL DISAPPEARANCE.

There were four other Englishmen besides myself, officers going home on leave, and we were all in the same boat, the first to be launched.

At last the gunboat gave up the chase and picked us up, a perilous business in the rough sea.

As we went alongside our boat was stove in against her steel hull and the water began to gain upon us rapidly, but, in spite of all, those Frenchmen did not lose their heads.

Moments were very precious, but when the officer in command of the boat, the purser of the *Sontay*, saw the rescuing rope being fixed round a French soldier after the woman had been hauled to safety he shouted at them to stop.

"No, no!" he cried. "The Englishmen first!" and the tackle was taken from the Frenchman and put round me.

Two hundred and ninety-eight of us were crushed into that little warship, and we left forty-nine of our late comrades to their last rest.

I remember little of the voyage to Malta, where we landed, except that for twenty-four hours I lay on a lower deck among a mass of others, all of us soaked to the skin, and, at that time, with little hope of life.

There was no food, but I know someone gave me a cup of coffee. The plight of some of the others was really terrible, for many were badly injured, and two died during that day of suspense and anguish.

My brother's pictures were in great demand at the time and they were widely published.

They formed a pictorial record of historic interest, for they illustrated one of the most sinister phases of the war—the work of the submarine.

Another occasion when my brother seized an unexpected opportunity to take some striking photographs was when a train in which he was travelling crashed at Tonbridge in March 1909. He was badly shaken, and two people were killed in the accident.

Closely following this train was a special in which King Edward was making his way to Dover, and it was fortunate that the officials learned in time that the line was blocked. The first train was acting as pilot to the Royal special.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### MY BROTHER HORACE

#### I

#### *Adventures in the Balkans*

Befriended by a Princess—Montenegrins at war—Excessive hospitality—Balkan stew—The mad warrior—Trial on a doorstep—Punishment to fit the crime.

It falls to the lot of few photographers to be befriended by a princess, but my brother Horace had this very pleasant experience in Montenegro during the second Balkan War.

He had found it quite impossible to get permission to go to the Front, and had almost given up hope of doing so, when he obtained an interview with Princess Vera, the King's youngest daughter.

During the conversation he explained to her his difficulties, and she seemed greatly surprised.

"But you are English," she said. "Of course, you may go anywhere you wish in our country. Come with me."

And she drove him in her own car to see the King, who was then at his little villa at Rjeka, a village by Lake Scutari.

On arrival she explained that she could not take my brother to see the King as he was ill in bed, so he sat in the car while she went in. In a few moments she reappeared.

"It is all right," she cried, running down the steps of the villa; "my father says you may go. We must hurry off to Cetinje and get the pass stamped."

The Princess then took him to the War Ministry and herself interviewed M. Martinitch, the minister, on his behalf. Soon she returned and handed to my brother a permit, which read: "Pass bearer to the firing line and anywhere else in Montenegro."

"And now I will telegraph to my brothers to say you are coming," she said; "but remember, our soldiers are poor and have little food, so take plenty for yourself."

Referring to these words in a letter written after his visit to the Front, my brother says:

. . . I took her kindly advice; but, although I loaded myself with stores, I was never permitted to touch my own food. I lived for many days after that in any rough shelter I could find, in the company of Montenegrin troops, and always they insisted upon sharing with me their food and tobacco.

Fortunately some of them spoke English, those who had lived in England and America, and I found them to be splendid fellows, simple, loyal, brave to a degree, but, at times, far too hospitable.

As a visiting Englishman I was welcome everywhere, and since it gives serious offence to refuse their food, I was greatly embarrassed by the amount they forced upon me.

Montenegrians do their fighting in family parties, many of the women members taking their share of the hard work and dangers, well within range of the Turkish guns.

On one occasion I stayed for several days with a fighting family encamped behind the guns shelling the Turks at Tarabosh. I arrived to find the company squatting round a fire in the middle of a mud-floored shanty. Over the fire hung a huge iron cauldron full of a rich, oily stew, and I was soon being liberally served, the war-bitten soldiers vying with each other to find for me the most tasty pieces of fat.

This had gone on for some time, and, not knowing how to refuse, I had eaten far too much, when a soldier who spoke English asked me to join him on a visit to some friends. Gladly I went; but it was a false move.

We merely joined another feast, and again I had to endure those specially selected pieces of fat fished from the boiling pot. And then relief came in the form of a burly, black-bearded Montenegrin.

He had a great reputation as a fighter, having fought for the

Russians against the Japanese, and he claimed me as a heaven-sent friend in the few words of English that he knew.

Suddenly he almost knocked me over with a slap on the shoulder from his massive paw and, taking me by the arm, roared, "Come!"

He marched me off to a broken-down hut and bade me enter. Squatting about on the mud floor were about a dozen men, and to my horror I saw amongst them yet another cauldron of Balkan stew bubbling over a blazing fire.

I tried to escape, but the giant was deaf to all my entreaties, and with the air of one born to command he bade me sit.

Producing a bottle of native spirit, he wiped the mouthpiece with the palm of his hand and ordered me to drink, an order he repeated again and again each time he had himself partaken. I quickly realized the scheme: alternate drinks until the bottle was empty; but, with all my show, I swallowed very little of that liquid fire.

After many drinks the bright idea occurred to my friend to give an exhibition of the difference between the Turkish and the Montenegrin methods of fighting.

Seizing a rifle, he retired to a corner, and crouching behind a box, which, I gathered, represented a trench, he took a hurried and imaginary shot; the voice behind the box shouted, "Tur-r-r-k!" amid roars of derisive laughter of the onlookers.

Thus encouraged, our entertainer now stepped boldly forward, and holding himself stiffly erect, his black beard bristling, he fired, then, quickly clubbing his rifle, aimed a smashing blow at an imaginary Turk.

"Montenegrin!" he yelled, slapping himself on his expanded chest, amid the wild plaudits of his friends.

Back went the warrior to the corner, and having repeated the performance of the skulking Turk, bounded out again to give the ever popular turn of the brave Montenegrin of the frontal attack.

And so he went on, each representation more fiery than the last, until, like a man possessed, and roaring execrations upon the Turks, his passion knew no bounds.

Suddenly he saw red; the imaginary business became real, and by a hair's breadth he missed one of his friends with the butt of the rifle. There was a general scramble to escape, and at that moment the fighter's eye lighted upon the black cauldron.

With a bound and a yell down smashed the gun on the pot, smothering us with flying soup. Stampeding after the rolling vessel, he rained blow after blow upon it, screaming "Tur-r-r-k!" with every smash.

Friends sprang upon him and, after a fierce struggle, got him down. From the centre of the mêlée on the floor still came his

roars, but the tune had changed to "Montenegrin!" doubtless in the belief that his enemies were upon him.

In the heat of the battle I escaped, thankful to the madman for ridding me of the awful prospect of a third lunch.

It was in Virpaser, a Montenegrin village on the shore of Lake Scutari, that I unintentionally caused a man to be imprisoned for overcharging me for coffee.

He was the proprietor of a café who had acquired the curious habit of accepting whatever coin I gave him in payment for my coffee and, taking advantage of our lack of a common tongue, totally disregarding my obvious demands for change.

One morning he pocketed the equivalent of 1s. 8d. for a cup of coffee, and since my somewhat heated protests produced nothing but a bland smile, I told the story to the English-speaking prefect of the village when next I saw him.

He took a very serious view of the matter. "Come with me," he ordered, after buckling on his sword and a pistol.

At the door of the café he drew his sword and with the hilt dealt it several blows. Stepping back a pace, he waited, hand on hip, until the somewhat startled proprietor appeared.

The trial took place without any delay on the doorstep before a crowded court. And since my friend had appointed himself both prosecuting counsel and judge the proceedings were swift and to the point.

The accused produced a cup far larger than the one I had used in an effort to justify his charge, but the judge, snatching this from him, flung it to the ground with fine dramatic effect.

No further evidence was taken. Beckoning to two heavily armed policemen of very fierce aspect who had been standing by, the prefect pointed with his sword to the trembling man, and he was at once plucked from the shelter of his doorway.

Down the street they marched with bayonets fixed, the miserable man between the two, hatless, coatless, and dejected, suffering the gibes of a chattering mob of children who ran at his heels.

Rolling a cigarette which he licked and handed to me, the prefect nodded his head in the direction of the retreating figure. "He no do it again," he remarked.

"What have you done?" I asked.

"Oh, he go to prison pretty quick, he no good."

"What!" I gasped. "You have sent him to prison for charging too much?"

"Sure, he deserves it. I be pretty powerful these times when we are fighting. I send anybody to prison I want to pretty quick."

Needless to say, I did my best to persuade the prefect to take a more lenient view of the case.

"Sir, it is not possible, you no understand. I let him off pretty

easy. He no good to the country. We want lots of visitors ; that man frighten them away when they come. Next time I put him in irons. I only sent him to prison for twenty-four hours, then he can remember what he have done. See ? Anyone don't treat you 'orright, you tell me. See ?"

Those of the Montenegrin Princes whom I met were as kind and unaffected as their sister. For example, there was an incident at the formal occupation of Scutari.

To obtain a picture of the procession of Montenegrin troops into the city, I climbed on to the wall of the citadel. My position was precarious. On one side of me was a sheer drop of some fifty feet on to rocks, on the other the fixed bayonets of the troops lining the route.

However, it was a good position from a photographic point of view, and I had already taken some pictures, when the Crown Prince came along. He saw me, and at once stopped the procession, calling to me to come down, as my position on the wall was far too dangerous. Then he instructed some soldiers to give me a hand and to see that I was well placed in front of the guard. And so, satisfied that I was no longer in danger, he gave the signal for the troops to move on.

It is sad that this little kingdom should have disappeared into the melting-pot of the World War. Exile to that simple Royal Family, so much beloved by their people, must be very hard to bear.

## II

### *The Ex-Crown Prince of Germany in Exile*

Seizing an opportunity—Perseverance wins—Guard over the Prince—He states his case—Clogs, and work in the smithy—The first interview.

AMONG the chief qualities required to achieve success as a news photographer, and, in fact, in almost any walk of life, are dogged perseverance and the ability quickly to seize an opportunity.

It is usually quite easy for an expert photographer



"THE BOAT, WITH ITS PROPELLER STILL RACING, IS IN MID AIR, AND THE GIRLS ARE IN THE ACT OF FALLING." (See page 277.)

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EX-CROWN PRINCE IN EXILE. "NEVERTHELESS, HE WAS GOOD-NATURED ENOUGH TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HIS ISLAND FRIENDS AND FAVOURITE HOUND." (*See page 280.*)

to take pictures of a set event, but it is when the unexpected happens, as it so often does, that the man who keeps cool and is swift to act reaps his just reward.

I cannot give a better example of this than in the picture taken by my colleague, W. E. Heanly, at a motor-boat race on a lake at Rickmansworth.

One of the boats in making a turn threw its only occupant into the water and, charging the bank, took a flying leap and landed among the spectators.

Heanly, who was standing a few yards away, took his picture at exactly the right moment, for it will be seen that the boat, with its propeller still racing, is in mid-air and the girls are in the act of falling ; further, he did not commit the sin of jerking his camera at the moment of exposure, a fatal error so easy to make in moments of excitement.

In the circumstances it is remarkable that no one was hurt in this extraordinary accident.

Perseverance and, I think, considerable moral courage brought to my brother Horace a fine "scoop" when he was the first man to interview and photograph the Ex-Crown Prince after he had bolted from Germany and taken up residence on the island of Wieringen in Holland.

There were many journalists of various nationalities gathered in Holland for this purpose, but as they had all failed to break through the guard set over the Prince, my brother made his way, one very wet night, to the village whence a boat ran to the island.

Having some time to wait, he entered a quayside café, and there quickly made a discovery.

He was not popular—more, the occupants of the bar, mostly young fishermen, were openly hostile to him, for they had seen his camera and knew he was yet

another come to worry their friend the exile. They bumped against him, they deliberately and repeatedly trod on his feet with their heavy wooden clogs as they pushed past his chair, and they obviously discussed him very fully in their own language, of which he did not understand a word.

Luckily he was befriended by an English-speaking Dutchman, who warned him that they were trying to make him lose his temper, and that there would be trouble if he did. Instead, he asked his friend to invite the company to drink with him, and when this was refused by them all he was advised to leave without further delay. It was a serious matter, he was told, for Dutchmen to thus insult a visitor to their land.

He left with the good Samaritan, and together they made their way to the boat, where the Dutchman insisted upon hiding him behind some gear in the bow in case the men in the café followed him.

On reaching the island he was taken to the Dutchman's home, for he was assured that local sympathy for the Prince was so keen that they would not tolerate the presence of an unauthorized stranger; also, there might be trouble with the "Green Guard", a special body of men appointed to protect the exile.

In the morning my brother went to the Prince's house and asked to see him. Undoubtedly there was some mistake owing to language difficulty, for without more ado he was shown into a room where the Prince was discussing business with a friend.

"Good morning," said the newcomer brightly.

"Why, damn it, you are English! Get out at once, get out!" shouted Wilhelm, junior, excitedly springing to his feet, and it was a moment for swift thinking by the interloper.

"Yes," he said, "I am an English newspaper man and I have come to ask you one question : Can Germany carry out the terms of the Armistice?"

"That is the one question I should like to answer," replied the ex-War Lord, and followed with a voluble discourse, in excellent English, on the political situation.

Once launched, he talked and talked, glad, it seemed, to have someone with whom to discuss his troubles.

He was obviously in a very nervous state, which was not surprising when one remembers the situation in his own country, and the clamour among the Allies for his trial and probable execution for war guilt.

Undoubtedly he believed he was in danger of assassination, and his outburst had been caused by fright that an "enemy" should have succeeded in reaching him without warning. As soon as he realized there was no danger he was quite ready to be friends.

"There is one thing I want to make clear," he said. "I have never wished to follow my father to the throne. I tell you there is only one life—the one I should like to lead—that of an English gentleman. It would please me greatly if I could arrange to live in England, for I have many friends there."

And then in a burst of confidence he continued : "Here, you can do something for me when you go home; I have a friend at Westgate whom I should like to see out here, and I wish you would call with a message."

He tore out a sheet from his notebook and, writing down the name and address, handed it over.

"Of course, this is a lonely life," he continued. "I walk, I read, I play billiards, and sometimes I work in the blacksmith's shop—Ah, you smile, but it is true!—with the heavy hammer I go smash! smash! on the anvil, and I enjoy the work. But I should like to leave

here and come to England, where you are sportsmen and would treat me well."

Not unnaturally, he greatly objected to the way he was sometimes ridiculed. "They depict me as deficient here," and he tapped his forehead, "but I am not so dense. I'm as sharp as any of them," he added with a laugh.

And so he went on, discussing many subjects, until at last he agreed to be photographed wearing clogs, for it had become his custom to use the local footgear while on the island.

"I will if you promise not to ridicule me," he said, and was proceeding to take off one of his riding-boots, when he suddenly exclaimed, "No, damn it, you are certain to make fun of clogs!" and retied the boot. Nevertheless, he was good-natured enough to go into the fog and drizzle outside to be photographed with his island friends and favourite hound.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### FAMOUS MEN OF FLEET STREET

A great editor—Edgar Wallace as a reporter—Charles Hands and his whimsical humour—His nose for news—Leatherdale, the crime expert—Reporter who became a famous K.C.—Alphonse Courlander who had a premonition of his end.

My first editor was the late Mr. Alexander Kenealy known to all as "K", the famous son of a famous father. He was a great editor, with very definite ideas on journalism.

"Don't be a bore," was his dictum. "If you have anything to say, say it brightly. If not, don't say it. When you have a story that matters throw everything else away. Give it hot, give it strong, and give a lot of it. If you want to shout, by all means shout, but see that it is a good old-fashioned yell. Don't try to scream and be ladylike at the same time."

These were the lines upon which he ran the paper, and success proved that he was right. He was full of enterprise and cool judgment, and he never worried what other papers were doing.

Sometimes he questioned me about my work. I was rather afraid of him during those interviews in his sanctum, but I soon found that I was doing all the talking, which was what he intended. He was a great listener.

He had a curious habit when sitting at his desk of tearing off tiny pieces of paper from a larger sheet, and

it was easy to gauge the state of affairs by the amount of "confetti" piled round his chair.

From him I received nothing but encouragement; and one piece of advice he gave me, which I have already mentioned, I commend to all young newspaper men. His words, "It is better to do wrong than to do nothing", have again and again urged me to action and brought unexpected success.

Sometimes he used to pose as being hard and cynical, but one soon found him out. He was warm-hearted and enormously enthusiastic and very human. There was plenty of proof of this.

I remember a very shy girl on the staff who lost her father, and as a result money became extremely short at home. "K" got to hear of this. He spared the girl the ordeal of an interview, but the following week there was a substantial increase in her salary envelope.

He was very fond of children and animals, and would often himself reply to letters from youngsters addressed to the paper. Those epistles would be long and full of Puckish fun.

He was famous in America as a journalist who brought off many "scoops". He was the only newspaper correspondent to accompany Peary's first Arctic Expedition, and he was a war correspondent with the Americans in their war with Spain.

"K" was the son of the late Dr. Edward Kenealy, Q.C., M.P., famous advocate in the Tichbourne case, and he had many memories of his childhood days in the Temple. One of these was his fright when he was borne on his father's shoulder to face the enthusiastic crowd that gathered to cheer Dr. Kenealy at the finish of the Tichbourne trial.

"K" died in 1915, a sad loss to the paper he did so much to build.

Many of the well-known journalists with whom I worked before the war, and since, have now made their mark in other walks of life. Some are still in the Street, and not a few have written their last stories on this earth.

There were Percival Phillips, Philip Gibbs (both knighted for war services), Ward Price, Edgar Wallace, Charles Hands, Harold Ashton, Alphonse Courlander, Leatherdale the crime expert, and J. D. Cassels, now the eminent K.C., who was on the staff of the *Daily Express*.

Gibbs, I know, always preferred novel-writing to the daily grind of newspaper life, but it seems a pity that such a fine descriptive writer should be lost to Fleet Street. To see him work was a revelation to me, so swiftly did his thoughts and phrases come to him, and for speed when at work I doubt whether he was far behind Edgar Wallace.

Wallace I knew best before he reached the zenith of his power, when he was a reporter, as he liked to call himself; and a fine reporter he was, too, for he had an almost uncanny faculty for noting small details. Nothing seemed to escape his observation.

Why it should have stuck in my mind I do not know, but I recollect on a train journey—we were returning from the first aviation meeting, held at Doncaster in 1909—he asked me why I wore a seal on my watch-chain.

Of course, I had not the least idea; and in a fatherly way he advised me to remove it, because seals were out of date, and a young man should never appear to be old-fashioned!

It was good advice, I know, and I took it. Later

it came to me that for the same reason the chain must go also, though I believe he wore his to the end of his life.

Edgar Wallace was always a good friend to the Fleet Street youngster.

So many people must remember the writings of Charles Hands that it is not necessary for me to remind them of his genius.

He, like Edgar Wallace, had the faculty, not only of vivid description, but of "spotting" news hidden behind the merest hint.

I have often worked on the same story with him, and his methods were such that to me he was something of a wizard; he was never in a hurry, never excited. I never saw him make a written note, and he did not even seem particularly alert, and yet he was gathering news and storing facts all the time.

When on a story he could be seen wandering about, sitting in an hotel lounge perhaps, apparently doing nothing in particular, until the time came for his stuff to be sent. Then it quickly became apparent that he had not been wasting his time.

He would go to the post office and, standing at the counter, would write a brilliant article, swiftly filling in telegraph forms and passing them in sheet by sheet until he had completed the amount required.

He never spoke of his achievements, but it was a great joy to hear him talk at one of those gatherings of newspaper men which always take place, after the day's work is done, on big stories away from London.

Most of the time he would listen quietly, until, suddenly warming to some subject under discussion, he would give his views and reveal a clearness of thought that one hardly expected.



SIR PHILIP GIBBS (LEFT) AND MY BROTHER HORACE, PREPARED FOR A WINTER CAMPAIGN IN THE BALKAN WAR. THEY SHARED MANY ADVENTURES DURING SOME MONTHS WITH THE BULGARIANS.



TWO FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENTS POSE FOR ME IN 1909.  
CHARLES HANDS (BOWLER HAT) AND THE LATE EDGAR WALLACE,  
OFF DUTY AT A RACE MEETING.

There are far too many good stories of "Charlie" Hands for them all to be true; but he certainly had a whimsical humour which left people in doubt as to what he would do next.

For quite a long time there appeared an item in his expense sheet which eventually caught the eye of the cashiers. It read "Time" against an amount in the money column, which, on enquiry, was found to be the charge he made for the trouble and time occasioned him in making out the accounts.

He had made a wager that it would "go through" for a certain number of weeks, and he won.

On another occasion it is said that he made a charge for the time it took him to walk up the office stairs when the lift had broken down!

He was a great favourite with Lord Northcliffe, who always appreciated an independent spirit backed by real ability; and when the time drew near for his retirement the Chief called a meeting of directors to discuss his future.

After a time he was sent for, and in a few moments the door of the council-room began stealthily to open.

All eyes were focused on the door, and when it had opened sufficiently there appeared, less than three feet from the floor, the head of Charlie Hands, hoarsely whispering into the silence, "Is it safe?"

It was! He was made a director of the *Daily Mail*.

Poor Alphonse Courlander, so full of life, as I knew him, came to his end as the central figure in one of the saddest of all the Fleet Street tragedies.

A man of exceptional keenness and ability, he made the hero of his fine book, *Mightier than the Sword*, depict his own ambitions and fears; but it must have been something of a premonition that caused him, in the

days of his success, to write of Fleet Street in the same work :

It lures you like a siren, coaxing with soft promises of prizes to be wrested from it : you shall be the favoured of the gods, and you become Sisyphus, rolling his stone eternally, day after day. Here are the things of life you covet, they shall be yours, says the Street : and you are Tantalus, reaching out everlastingly, and grasping nothing, until your heart is parched within you. You shall be strong and mighty, it says, sapping your strength like Delilah, until you pull down the pillars of hope, and fall buried beneath the reckless ruins of your career.

This might suggest that he was a gloomy pessimist, but actually his whimsical humour was always delightful.

I have a vivid recollection of him standing in the doorway of my room in a Lewes hotel, clad in bright pyjamas, with a large parcel of newspapers on his shoulder, shouting "Purpers!" at the top of his voice.

It seems he had recently returned from a trip abroad, and had been engaged in the difficult task of explaining his expense accounts to the cashiers, when he had been sent off, as I had been, to cover a murder trial.

His recent journey had taken him through many countries, and he had used all kinds of money ; but to facilitate matters he had reduced these moneys to a common standard, valued at twenty-five to the pound, and had invented the word "Purper" to describe the imaginary international coinage.

With these facts fresh in his mind, what should be more natural than that, upon finding himself short of money at Lewes, and wanting £3, he should have wired to his office—"Send seventy-five purpers, urgent"? Anyway, he did so, with the result that the wire was misunderstood, and seventy-five copies of the *Daily Express* reached him with swift despatch, and not a single "purper".

Leatherdale died shortly before the war, and Harold Ashton while it was in progress. Fleet Street was the poorer for their loss. Ashton, a fine writer with a keen sense of humour, was always good company, while Leatherdale was never without a story to tell.

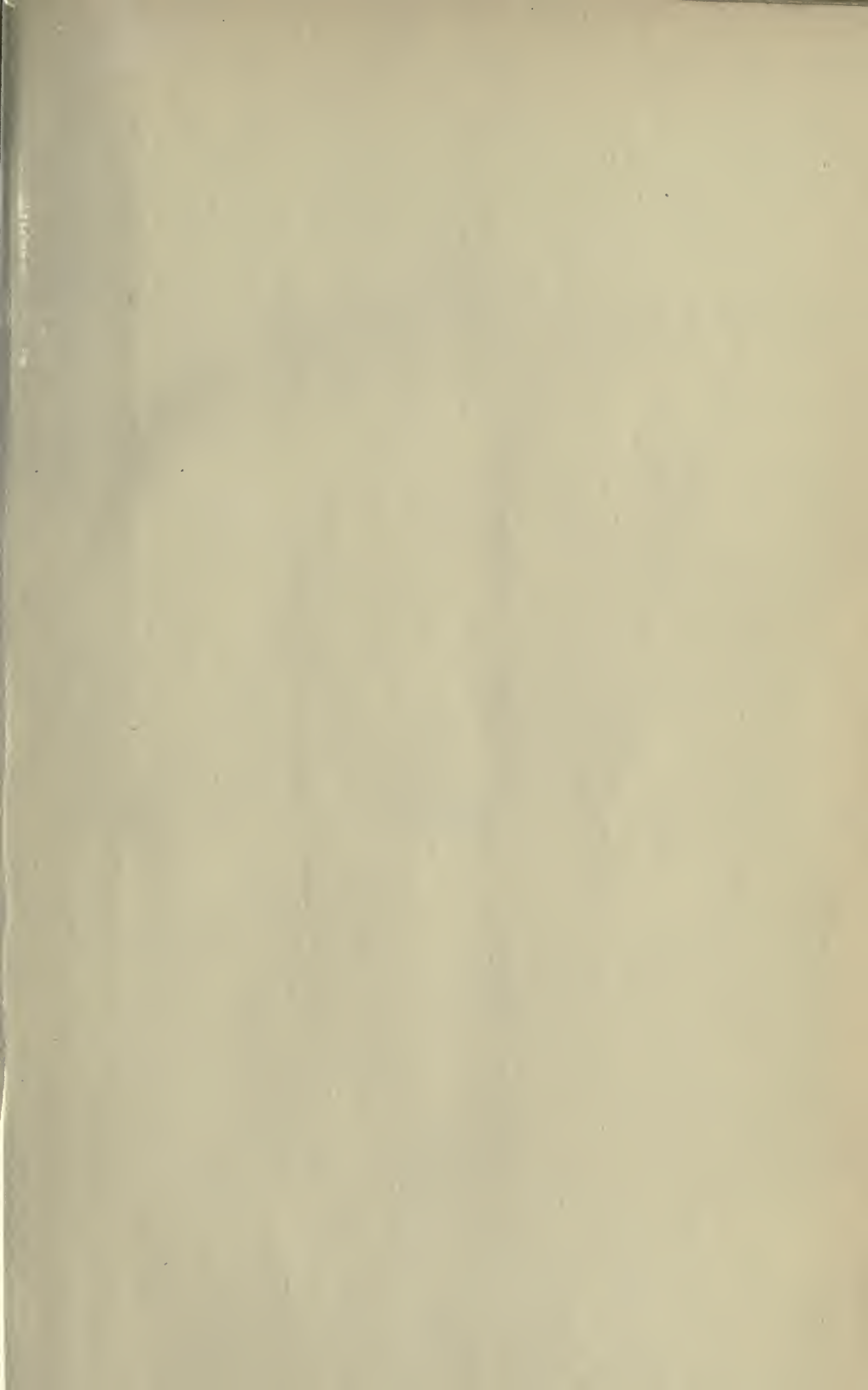
The longest train journey with him as a companion was relieved of all boredom, and I do not think any man knew more of the inner history of the crimes of his day. He had that faculty of gaining the confidence of everyone he met, and he was always popular.

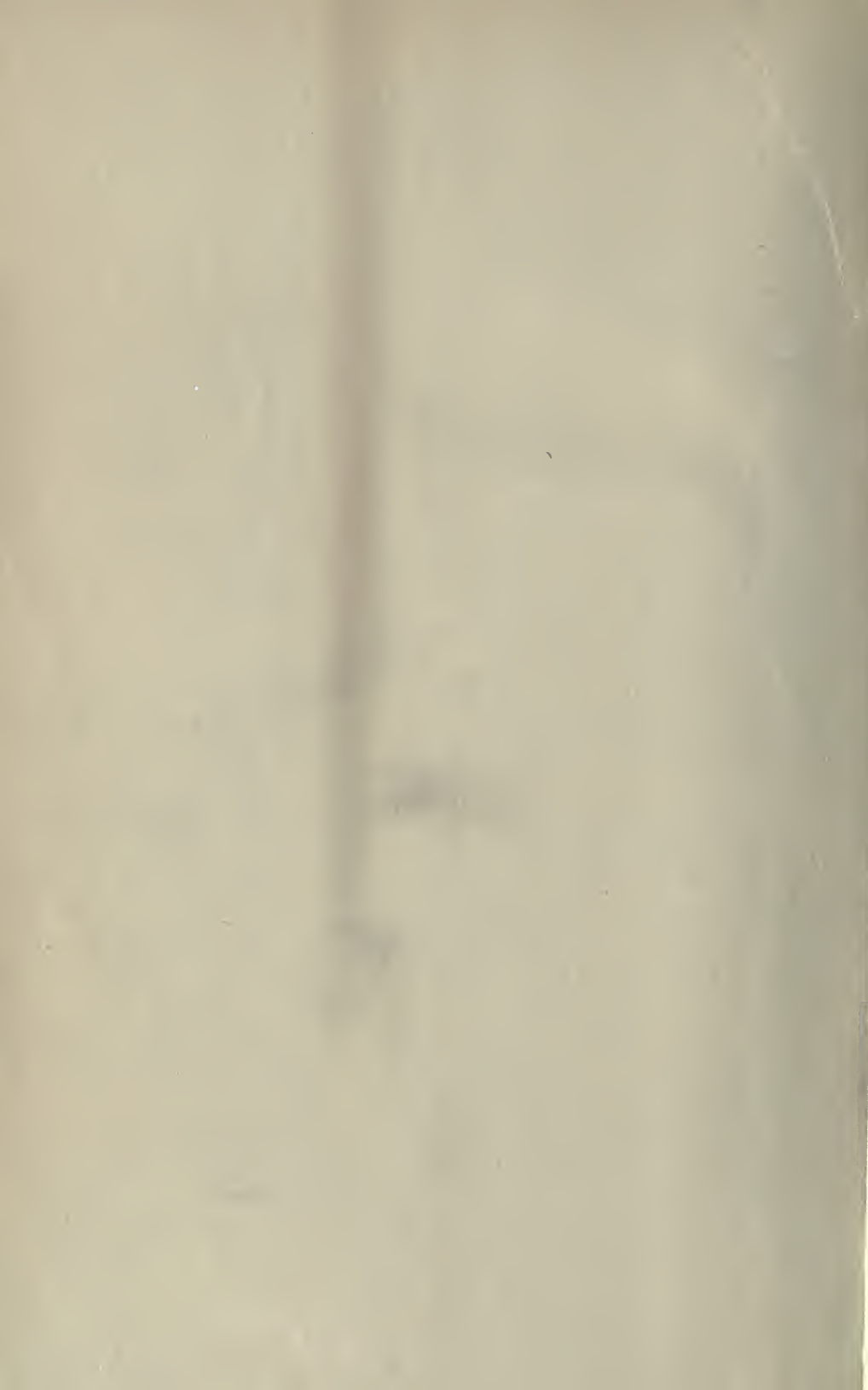
Well, they were all good fellows, they and many others, keen rivals and good friends.

And now that circumstances demand that I shall move a little slower and take a less active part in the work of the Street, its lure remains. But life holds many happy memories.

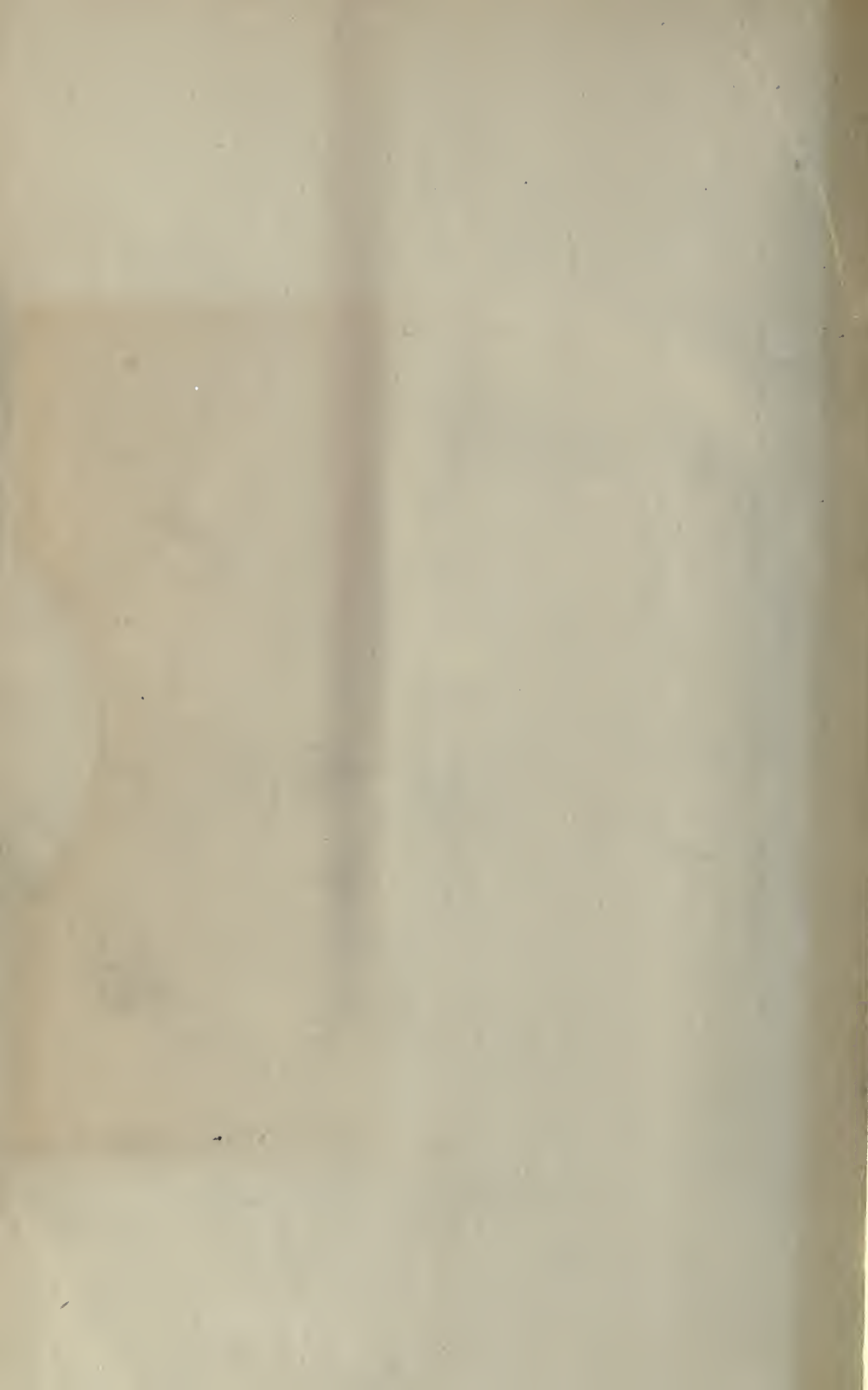
THE END











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Grant, Bernard

To the four corners.

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DATE.

NAME OF BOOK

University of Toronto  
Library

DO NOT  
REMOVE  
THE  
CARD  
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